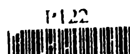
ELIZABETH DE BRUCE.



BY THE AUTHOR OF CLAN-ALBIN.

O! GOOD, YOUR WORSHIP, TELL IT OF ALL THINGS, FOR I MIGHTILY DELIGHT IN HEARING OF LOVE STORIES.

SANCHO PANZA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ELIZABETH DE BRUCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HONEY-MOON.

I've gotten a wife o' my ain,
Thanks, thanks to naebody.

* * * * * * *

But I'll gar our gudeman trow
That I'll tak' the fling-strings.

Old Songs.

It has already been noticed, that the ungallant provision of the Scottish or Roman law—or of both for what we know—which Mistress Euphane Fechnie called the *Juice Mariti*, long gaped like a hungry lion in the way of her matrimonial hopes; for, notwithstanding their frequent quarrels, Effie had all the respect for Frisel's legal knowledge on

this redoubtable point, to which he, as an old advocate's first clerk, was certainly entitled. But as soon as her alarm was allayed by private negotiation with Mr. Hutchen, who kindly undertook to take care of her money, Gideon's happiness was consummated by the speedy, and, indeed, unsolicited surrender of her fair hand—otherwise the felicity within his grasp might probably have for ever escaped him.

On the details of Effie's wedding history is mute. We only know that tender Baby Strang blubbered through the part of bridemaid, that Jacobina Pingle came uninvited "to give her countenance to the young folks," and that Gideon entered a strong protest against the public bedding, for which facetious ceremony Effie had put herself to charges, having purchased from her friend, Ailie Sellathing, a new Kilmarnock night-cap for the bridegroom, which was of course so much dead loss. But human felicity was never yet perfect: she laid it aside to dress his corpse.

The softening influence of prosperity on dry and rugged natures has often been observed. The fruition of Effie's matrimonial schemes, made her, for the time, a new woman. She talked, she smiled, she joked—she gave a substantial tea-

party in the "Manse," with corned beef liberally sliced, and a dram to Ailie and all the other gude-wives invited; and as the sphere of the Sourholes appeared too contracted for her glory and felicity, at length boldly proposed, though at the risk of "breaking the back of a pound note," to make a marriage jaunt to Edinburgh. It was still Effie's Honey-moon, a time privileged for fondling, folly, and expense.

In many points, and these no doubt important ones, Effie made an excellent wife, though unfortunately her merits were not of a kind to be all at once duly appreciated by her husband. Her admirable habits of domestic arrangement in three days brought order, comfort, and even neatness out of the chaos and cobwebs of his tabernacle in the Sourholes. His shoes were blackened, his shirts were whitened "like a drap o' dew," his nails were pared—an emblematic process, his "fine linen" and priests' grey were already noted among the elders, and in the gates. Gideon knew that this was all admirable; yet he thanklessly shook his head, and said, "The woman was the Martha, cumbered about many things;" and these things were, unluckily, such as his tastes and inclination found not in the least congenial.

Gideon's marriage, as the sagacious reader may have remarked, was not quite a love match, at least on his side—not that he altogether followed Cupid for his loaves and fishes—but Effie certainly adored her Minister; and consequently tortured him from morning to night with cumbersome kindness, and endless remonstrances, to which he listened with patience, so long as they only referred to not losing, or to mislaying buckles, shoes, towels, soap, and pocket-handkerchiefs; but resented like a very rampant husband, when they gently touched on the needless expense of maintaining Jenny Geddes "at hack and manger;" for what husband, even in the first week of his honey-moon, could tolerate interference with his stud.

However, the young couple continued, like other sensible folks, to rub on together tolerably well,—all the better certainly that Gideon surrendered the purse at discretion, and allowed Effie, ever afterwards, to act as Chancellor of the Sourholes' Exchequer, unquestioned and uncontrolled. The only key to his true conjugal feelings, which his watchful and affectionate pupil, Elizabeth, ever found, was this—In talking of his first wife, Gideon's emphatic phrase was, "Marion Harvey, *my wife*;" and in contrast it was, "this

woman, Effie," or "the woman but the house yonder."

If Effie's womanly vanity inclined her to visit the metropolis, Gideon's heart leaned the same way. In the first place, there was some sort of Cameronian Synod to be held in the Loanhead of Lasswade; secondly, as he was a truly honest and candid man, he wished to apprise the calumniator of Janet Geddes, (not Janet the mare, but Janet the Martyr,) of his intention to take up the cudgels in her defence, and to have a regular "Exchange of Flytings" anent her case; unlike some members of a certain Honourable House, who are sometimes fain to steal a march in the absence of a formidable adversary;—in the third and last place, and far above all, he longed to learn how it fared with his "Burd 'Lizbeth!" who, for sixteen years, had never been half so long out of his sight.

"If Jenny would carry double—and no fling," said Effie, as over their evening tea, of which Gideon now regularly partook, the new-married pair lovingly discoursed of the marriage jaunt.

"Carry double—forbye her ain aits! for stabling I have heard is a perfect ransom at the *Harrow*; and ye say the Laird has no up-putting in the Palace for Jenny——"

"But, aboon a', minister, my jewel, can ye insure me, who never crossed Queen Margaret's Ferry, nor was ever boated, against thae wild ante-nuptial gells that's blawing about."

"I think ye ha'e fairly weathered them, Effie lass," replied Gideon jocosely, fancying, rightly perhaps, that his fair spouse might mean the equinoctial gales;—"if we can only ride out the post-nuptial breezes." Now if a man may not cut a sly joke at the expense of his unlettered wife, after having attended St. Andrews for seven years, we do not know what a university education is good for.

"Pooh, Minister! my dearest dawtie," said Effie, "I dinna care a prin head for a bit breezie."

"Weel—but, Effie, there is one thing," said Gideon, blushing up below the wig and all over the ears, and with an averted look of really delicate and yet awkward, grave embarrassment—"before we gang to Edinburgh—hem;—I'm sure I ought to be thankful for your great conjugal affection too, now; but men are ungratefu' creatures, and aye were,—besides, I never, a' my days, could thole butterin' and phrasin', and especially being at my time o' the day ca'ed 'my dawtie' and 'my jewel.'

Now this was a conjugal privilege which Effie had exultingly assumed in the very first hour of her wedded life; and she justly thought her minister not a little unreasonable, in thus trying to abridge, or, indeed, to annul its loving exercise—not a little unkind in never using it himself.

"But, Effie, my woman, dinna greet about it; and if ye must, frae your great tenderness of nature, ca' me your 'lamb' let it be as sinnel as may be, and only when we are by oursel's if possible; for folks—ay, e'en douce folks like Dr. ——— or Mr. ———, will have their laugh and their gibe at young married folk like us. Ye dinna ken the warld as I do, Effie. It's a jeerin', evil-minded warld, I wot."

"I'm sure it's a hard and a sore matter, that a new-married wife cannot get the gude o' her ain gudeman for clashin tongues," rejoined Effie; dolorous, but angry withal. "I ne'er heard there was ony great danger o' married folks being overly fain o' ither."

"I'll no say it either, Effie—lang." And Gideon went on to initiate the innocence of his bride in the ways of life, while she, in her turn, promised, if possible—for Gideon was a reasonable man—to restrain the vivacity of her honey-moon tran-

sports, at least in public; an example which might with some advantage be followed by other brides and bridegrooms; though, by this means, a good deal of harmless amusement would certainly be lost to their friends and society.

In the bleared and winking starlight of the next morning, Mr. Gideon, his huge great-coat flaps puffed out around him like a patent cork swimming-jacket, with a formidable stowage of shirts and rig-and-fur stockings, and a "Canne's Notes" duodecimo Bible balancing a huge manuscript, docketed V. J. G., appeared at his cottage door bestriding Jenny Geddes. Effie, in high spirits, and still almost in bridal bloom, her upper quilted green silken petticoat kilted "aboon the knees," for special preservation, with "Willie Cossars,"† each of which might have made a lark-spit, her waist garlanded with bundles containing divers changes of goodly raiment, next appeared, and clombe to the nether hemisphere of Jenny—

"Ah, she could tell how hard it was to climb!"

even with the aid of a creepie stool; but now fairly hitched into a rather precarious settlement, and satisfied that the house-door key was safe in

† Willie Cossar was a celebrated pin-maker, who has given his name to a gigantic class of this valuable commodity.

her bosom, she clung lovingly to the body of her Minister, and they merrily jogged the foot-path way.

Of the happy trio, Jenny Geddes seemed the least satisfied with that new order of things, which, with shortened commons, brought to her double toils. By sundry little preliminary fuffs and flings she already began to manifest this secret temper, without, however, as yet coming to any open breach; giving Gideon and his spouse, as it were, what the law of Scotland calls " a peace warning," before attempting an active dislodgement. Mrs. Haliburton soared above all sublunary fear, save that the snoring inhabitants of the Sourholes might not have the happiness of seeing her in her glory riding off from the " Manse" to Edinburgh, " behint the Minister, on a visit to the Laird."

Gideon was, at first, a little discomposed by this unwonted procedure on the part of douce Jenny; but Effie, in her strong affection, grappled to his ribs as if with hooks of steel, sticking to her swinging pillion like a limpet to the native rock; so, at ease as to her personal safety, he jogged on, as we have said, and was soon as completely over head and ears in meditation, as ever was Dutch divine smoking and musing his prelections by a slimy canal-bank.

Gideon had passed the Fords of Oran, the river rushing loudly, and ascended those steep grounds beyond them which have already been described. He was just entering on the dull expanse of the Pitbauchlie moor, when the military figure of Corporal Fugal was seen emerging from the still uncertain morning twilight. The veteran was but just retiring from a protracted debauch at Pitbauchlie, half seas over, reeling across the path, and, from association which might easily be traced, whistling, "Steady, boys, steady!"

"Who goes there?—a friend—all's well!" shouted Fugal, singing out the challenge, the reply, and the hail!

"Is that you Corporal?—ye're early astir," said Gideon.

"So, ho! Master Haliburton! Is it you? a fair good even—and much joy too. How is the young mistress since she gaed through the rig. Ould sparrows—ill to tame. D'ye take me? *Oude rossen zijn kwaad te fangen*, as we say in Flanders."

"Through the rig!" muttered Gideon, looking considerably alarmed, and hastily groping *en croupe.*—"As I am a living sinner, I have drappit the woman and a' her bulyiements!—I thought

I heard something play plunk as we splashed through Oran. Oh, Jenny, Jenny, this is a sad pliskie ye ha'e played me, if aught evil has befa'en the woman!"

Gideon was already on the ground, and desperately turning Jenny to browse, or go whither she would, he rushed back to the Fords of Oran. On the near bank of the river, whither she had scrambled out of the stream with all her dripping bundles round her, sat Effie, like a rain-beaten lily, or a Niobe, or a Naiad, or a water wagtail, or whatever else of weeping and watery the reader pleases.

"Oh, Effie! what's this o't woman!" cried the afflicted Gideon.

"It's no to seek what I've to say to you, minister o' Sourholes!" sobbed the heart-struck bride, in a small moist voice.

"Soh ho!" shouted Fugal, striding down the bank after him. "Puss squat on her haunches—devil the fear of her drowning. Get up Mistress Effie. Kiss her, and cure her, ould boy."

"Ye brought me out of a bein, warm, *dry*, down-sitting, minister.—I was weel and wotted na—I behooved to be married; and so sains on me, miserable wretch that I am!"

"But, Effie, Effie, my joe;—Effie, hinny;" said Gideon, soothingly, and with some laudable, and really wonderful first attempts at fondling.

"Keep your hands aff me—ye'll be my dead—and that's what ye want!" cried she bitterly.

"Be rational Effie, my woman; ye ken weel that baith poor Jenny and mysel' would have been loath——"

"I ken nothing," cried Effie, warming in her wrath; but that I'm yoked, to my sorrow, to a man without naturality—*that* I ken!—unplackable, unmerciful!—wha wad dance on my green grave, or gi'e me a watery ane, e'en wi' right gude will."

"Whisht, woman!—ye ken I never danced a foot in a' my life. Come away now, and get your bits o' duds dried;" and he kindly drew her towards him. But Effie was one of Eve's genuine, low-born daughters; the more she was entreated the crosser she became—her maxim, "the more you ax me the more I wont"—the softer the pleading the more violent the repulse. Bony shoulder blade and sharp elbow were pushed up to shove off the caressing hand which she disdained to touch with her own.

This, it must be noticed, was Gideon and Effie's

first great matrimonial struggle; and the field, at this moment, it will be owned, wore a very threatening aspect for the Minister.

The old rusty blunderbuss who stood unheeded apart, would have burst had he kept silence longer. He had had no great love for Effie in her maiden state; and was, besides, at this moment, "considerably disguised;" so with a glorious jolly swagger he reeled forward, shouting—"Hark ye, Master Haliburton!—do you know how we managed our leaguer lasses in Flanders—we jintlemen of the Grey hŏ'se!—the strappado!—D'ye take me?—a touch of the long-taw:—whizz." Fugal cocked his eye, and made a tipsy flourish of flogging over the recumbent fair, which proved a fortunate diversion in Gideon's favour, by turning all her fury on the "'dacious Corporal."

"Go your gate, Corporal Scrymmager," she cried—"my husband is nae compeer for you.—Go your gate, and look after your ain bonnie Bess Slattery, wi' four Edinburgh beagles at her heels up the dean wood of Ernescraig yestreen, and a Bill-Chalmer warrant in their pouches. The limmer wanted to palm her papers on me, and to get my simple gudeman to bring his throat into a

rape for the like o' her. I shewed her, I think, what it was to look a vertuous new-married woman in the face."

"Senseless woman!" howled Gideon. "What ha'e ye done?—Were these papers for 'Lizbeth de Bruce?"

"I wish, minister, ye would think o' them that's nearer and dearer to you than fifty 'Lizbeth de Bruces."

Gideon smote on his thigh in his extremity, unheeding Effie, though her teeth were now rattling in her head with cold.

"Haste ye, Fugal, after your runagate wife.—I must see her if it should cost gold," cried Gideon.

"Ye must see her if it should cost gold!" screamed Effie. "Oh, whatna a great sinner am I that I should be sae trysted and afflicted in a husband!" and she wrung her hands—but this was all too much.

"Hold your peace, woman!" thundered Gideon, in a voice which made the river banks resound, and Effie's conscious heart quail in her bosom, and grow cold as the key of the "manse" which lay there. "Yes! ye're a sinner—a great

sinner!—without bowels, without mercy, without charity! forgetting who made ye to differ frae that poor stravaiging woman left to herself."

"Who—my Bess Slattery?" said Fugal, with a martial frown and an angry shake of his head.

"*She* has some touch o' gratitude and kindness, if ye but kent it," continued Gideon.

"Oh, Gideon Haliburton! to even me, the wife of your bosom—bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh——"

"D——d tough ould flesh too!" hickupped Fugal, by no means satisfied with the liberties which both husband and wife were taking with "his Bess Slattery."

"—To even me, the wife of your vows, to a noughty randy like that!" And now wayward Effie passionately seized the very same horny hand which she had so lately repulsed, hugging it and rocking herself over it, singing out "Oh, minister! since I am debarred from ca'ing you dear minister, dinna break the heart that adores ye!" Luckily for Effie, Fugal was absorbed in angry meditation.

"Be quiet then, woman, and rise," said Gideon, withdrawing his hand by gentle degrees.

"My Bess Slattery!" again hickupped Fugal,

swinging and swaggering on his *crummock* like a pendulum, his maudlin, half-closed eye gleaming in the grey dawn, his arched nose, flushed complexion, and the small cocked hat, pushed back to its very last peg, on his head,—all making up a complete picture of a glorious, jolly, but angry trooper.

"Did ye, Mistress Effie"—and he lolled to one side—"say black was the eye"—and he recovered himself, but swung as far the other way—"of my Bess Slattery?—Devilish dashing 'ooman!" continued he, now muttering in soliloquy—"loved her swing"—and Fugal made a fearful swing—"a town life, and a hot supper! Wizzened, hide-bound, ould jade, to compare *herself* with my Bess Slattery!"

Gideon had twice raised his holly knotted stick in anger, and twice lowered it in sorrow. Groaning over the drunken old reprobate, and seeing no hope of making any thing of him, he led the dripping, and now repentant Effie, to the next cottage to have her garments dried.

The poor weaver, who there plied his weary thrift, was always at his shuttle some hours before day; and there the mourning bride was left, while her lord sallied forth, avowedly to beat up

hill and dale for Bess Slattery. In this search, however, he was unsuccessful, whatever his object might be. So, also, were the officers of the law who had been in quest of this stroller, backed with all the aid and authority of Mr. Hutchen, who affected to be as anxious in the chase as any one.

On the following day, with bundles dried, and temper recovered, Mr. and Mrs. Haliburton resumed their journey. Except that Effie, who had never before even seen the sea, much less risked her precious person on the faithless element, was even more difficult to *boat* than Jenny Geddes; and, once on board, clung round Gideon's neck throughout their passage like a Boa Constrictor, putting him in actual peril of strangulation,—nothing occurred on the journey worthy of notice in this history.

The happy pair reached the Grassmarket of Edinburgh about five o'clock on the second day—Effie sorely bruised and pounded no doubt. But, instead of taking "her ease in her own inn," as Gideon had business of importance demanding immediate attention, she proceeded to Monkshaugh's lodgings under the protection of a gentleman-usher, lately exported from Lord Reay's *country*, who helped to carry her numerous bun-

dles, and tortured her by fears of theft or escape as he trotted his rapid and tortuous way through the sinuosities of the Cowgate. Mr. Gideon was to join her in an hour :—his business lay in the New Town with his unknown literary adversary. Slowly, and leading his steed, he proceeded up the serpentine *West-Bow*, not from equestrian vanity, but for the convenience of making Jenny contribute her part towards the vindication of her name-mother, by carrying in her oats-bag a great many squab volumes, which had neither issued from the press nor been bound yesterday, and which Gideon called " The printed authorities and evidents."

CHAPTER II.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

Do not think, gentlemen, I'm drunk ; this is my Ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now. I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Othello.

MONKSHAUGH was delighted with the arrival of his former handmaiden. Her long, sharp, *blae* visage rose on his feelings of lonely exile like a map or picture of his native landscape, and restored him to that sense of individual importance which had been lost amid the distraction of new scenes and new objects. At Monkshaugh he would not, probably, in as many years, have talked so much with Mistress Effie as in the hours of this evening which they spent together. There was, indeed, no end to their interchange of mind. As Johnson says of Pope and Martha Blount: "Their acquaintance began early; the life of each

was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation was, therefore, endearing, for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions." Gideon's absence was therefore little remarked in the early part of the evening; but after Monkshaugh, who was still an invalid, had retired, Effie began to weary, and by ten o'clock her terror for her Gideon's safety became extreme. Of street robbery she had taken care to leave herself no cause of fear; for, as she at all times sensibly remarked, "What would the Minister do wi' siller? he would only lose it out of his breek-pouch." Her Scylla and Charybdis were Bess Slattery and the doctors.

"If Dr. Munro, or ony o' thae villain colleginars clap a plaister on his mouth i' the dark, and make an atomy o' my Gideon!—Oh, what for did I let him gang wandering through this Sodom and Gomorrah of a town, his lee lane; for, with a' his clergy and lear, he has never a grain of motherwit to guide himsel'."

Elizabeth tried to sooth Mrs. Haliburton's fears regarding the doctors,—a source of horror which does no great credit to the boasted intelligence of the lower orders of Scotland, that is, if the surgeons be really innocent of half the mummy-

makings of live people which are laid to their charge.

When eleven o'clock came, Elizabeth herself, from her knowledge of the great simplicity of Mr. Gideon, was filled with anxious apprehensions for his personal safety; and had Monkshaugh been a younger or a different man, she certainly would have called him up to institute an immediate search for the Minister.

Midnight came, and Effie could scarcely be kept from rushing into the streets to search for her beloved. Elizabeth entreated her to be composed; and said, that if another half hour elapsed without Mr. Haliburton's appearance, she would certainly awaken Monkshaugh. They had not waited more than five minutes, when the wheels of a carriage were heard, then a buoyant step and a loud gay laugh, which seemed Gideon's and not Gideon's. Both females rushed to the door, and the reverend gentleman himself appeared, but in such a sort as Elizabeth had never imagined, much less had Effie ever beheld!—His complexion was slightly flushed, his wig a little awry, his eyes sparkling in light, and an inexpressible air of bland, aimless good-humour and benignity, without repose or purpose, was diffused over his whole countenance.

He burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter on first seeing them, and flew about the room like a happy and lively child revelling in its own delighted sensation.

"Lord be about us, Minister, what has come owre ye?" demanded Mrs. Haliburton.

"My dear sir, where are you from?" echoed Elizabeth.

"He! he! ho! Effie, woman;" and Gideon gave her a startling slap upon the shoulder.

Elizabeth found it impossible to resist the contagion of his extravagant humour, and stood laughing, in pure sympathy, till tears ran down her cheeks. Not so Mrs. Haliburton, who exclaimed in her grief, "He is out of his mind! he is out of his mind!—Or, think ye, is he fou?"—she added, as she earnestly eyed Gideon still capering about.

"Have you met your antagonist?" said Elizabeth, as soon as she could speak.

"Met him, Burd 'Lizbeth! I met them all, Mr. Delancy and all. Brave chields yon!—We held the grand symposium, lass!" and still he floated about the room with outstretched arms in all "the poetry of motion."

"Then, pray, sit down, and tell us how you spent the night."

"Spent the night, Burd!—singing Maggy Lauder, lass!"—And with a very tolerable, rough, manly voice, and the glee and enthusiasm which is the true soul of convivial song, Gideon half sung, half whistled, a St. Andrew's Latin version of this renowned ditty, snapping his fingers in accompaniment.

"Bravo!" cried Elizabeth. "I never before knew, sir, how well you sung."

"Sung, Burd!—I never myself knew till this night where my great strength lay. 'The *learned* Mr. Gideon Haliburton!'—That was the phrase, lasses."

"Will ye crook your leg to a seat!" said Effie, following him through the room.

"Sit!—Let us rather have a flee, Burd—owre the grey head o' Carnethy yonder, i' the merry moonlight!—Whew, Effie, lass!—would you rather like a swim in the waters o' the Frith a' glistering and rippling yonder to the bright Maiden Moon?—Ye'se be a mermaiden, and I'll ride by your side like a dauphin on the top of a billow—Tchick, Effie! we'll ding down Tamtallan, and build a brig to the Bass, and flee through the blue lyft gi'ein' the sternies a snuff, if they look bleary

and black i' the wick; or lie croodlin' in the link o' the green hill singing the Kelpie's bridal—

> 'Ho! a' ye sprites that haunt the lake,
> The sea, the stream, the linn!'

We'll hing *Janet's* Vindication on the horns of the moon, that all ends of the earth may read it."

"Oh, sirs! oh, sirs! what's this has come owre my douce Gideon?" cried the afflicted wife, while Gideon, still in his vein of tipsy inspiration, with extravagant gesticulation, gave vent to his incongruous imaginings.

"We'll go diving down among the coral caves, and wander in grottoes of silver spar,—Effie, ye like the siller—and up again, brushing the shimmering wave, like the wild swan's wing when the voice of the bonnie budding spring wiles her owre the faem to her ain mossy Norrawa'. Hey, lasses! will ye flee?" and he still flew about in the wildest excitement.

"He is certainly mad!" said Elizabeth; but her continued laughter at the pure absurdity of his extravagant humour, showed that the madness was not of a kind to alarm her seriously.

"Oh! think ye is he clean demented—wode—out o' his seven lawfu' senses—lawfu' senses?—Och, sirs! och, sirs!" and Effie turned to her

mad lord.—"I'm neither sea-maw, nor mermaiden, my joe:—I'm your ain woful wife this night, Euphane Fechnie o' the Sourholes. Do ye no ken me, Gideon, my jewel?"

"Hey, Effie! my bonnie doo!" and he chucked her long, peaked, and lappetted chin, quite roguishly.

"Waes heart! waes heart!—He ca's me his bonnie doo. He's louping as daft as e'er was the auld laird o' Glowcrowrum, (whilk the young laird ca's Bellevue,) that aye thought he had a bairn to bear;—and that's no sae daft-like neither as thinking me a mermaiden, or to ding down Tamtallan, which Thomas the Rhymer could never do. Och hone! what a trial to a new-married wife!"

"Perhaps the Minister has been taking a little wine," said Elizabeth, to relieve the conjugal terrors of Mrs. Haliburton by a lighter form of evil. "With his singularly abstemious habits very little would affect him."

"Wine! Can the mocking loons ha'e held the cup o' sorcery to the lip o' a saunt on earth like my Gideon! Oh, my jewel, Gideon, will ye no be guided, and gang to your bed!"

"Whew, Effie! Champagne—Falernian, lass!—

Interiore nota Falerni, 'Lizbeth! *Solvere præcordia virum*—'Wine that glads the heart o' man,' lasses. A grand symposium!—nothing going but Horace and Tully at the least bode, Effie lass."

"Oh, sirs! oh, sirs! He's speaking wi' tongues!—'too much learning hath made him mad,'" cried Effie; while Gideon, curiously ogling her, burst into a fresh lay, chanting, all himself, a catch or glee for three voices, which he had learned within the hour, with a running accompaniment of extravagant gesticulation, and solemn cracking of thumbs, altogether in a style which might have drawn "three souls out of one weaver."

Wine—"*I*, generous *Wine*, am for the Court,
Beere—The city calls for *Beere*;
Ale—But *Ale*, bonnie Ale, like a lord of the soil,
In the country shall domineere.
Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
For *Wine*, *Beere*, and *Ale* shall be drank to-day."

It was impossible for Effie to arrest her Minister in the joyous flow of his song.

"Here's to thee, Tom Browne,
With thee I'd spend a crown or two,
Were the money to be had"—

rang the gay change with,

"As we went to the Ferry,
We were all very merry"—

and there followed,

"Jolly companions every one"—

which fairly running Gideon out of breath, Effie again broke in.

"He's fou, my Leddy 'Lizbeth! He's as fou as the Baltic ocean! Oh! sirs, if the Sourholes' Session get wit o' this calamity, he'll be broken, cashiered, deposed, and his puir family harried out o' house and hauld! Speak to him, Leddy 'Lizbeth, my dear. Caution him; he minds no living sae much as you."

Never had Effie's conjugal feelings been so much excited, or so highly taxed to preserve her own self-possession, the credit of her Minister, and the fortunes of her house, as in this awful conjuncture.

"My dear sir, sit down," said Elizabeth, trying to fix him in a seat. "Sit down and tell us where you have been. You have been bit by the tarantula I believe."

"Tarantula," repeated Gideon, shaking his head at her, and smiling with vacant childish delight. "Ye are a blithe Burd—Eh, lassie! how mony are there o' ye? Ane, twa, three Leddy 'Lizbeths—and four candles. No! that's not it—twa, three, four candles, and three bonnie Leddy 'Lizbeths, a' glinting and dancing throughither.—But I'm a wae, wae man, Effie, this night,

so sing me a dolefu' sang, Burd,—something waesome to make me greet."

"Did ever mortal hear of a wise man wanting a sang to gar him greet before?" said Effie. "He is clean demented!"

Mrs. Haliburton had no idea of the voluptuous melancholy of the poet's mistress—

"Few sorrows has she of her own,
  My bright, my beauteous Genevieve,
Few sorrows has she, and she loves
  The song that makes her grieve."

But it appeared that Gideon's imagination was, to-night, of this luxurious cast, for he began to warble in shakes and grace-notes, with pathos utterly subversive of all Elizabeth's attempts at gravity, an exquisite old ballad—

"O, Martinmas' wind when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death when wilt thou ca',
  And take a life that wea-ea-ea-earies me?"

"Oh, sirs! when drink's in wit's out," sobbed Effie.

"What is that ye're saying?" cried Gideon sharply, and looking at her with suspicion. His features then swelled with anger, shading off gradually into an air of tipsy solemnity; and he began in a low voice to admonish—"Effie, ye are

in liquor—I see it—ne'er deny it;" and he shook his finger at her—"ye are *fou*—your een are reeling in your head, woman."

"Now, Minister, after that ony thing! Me in drink!" cried Effie indignantly and in tears at the cruel, the unjust aspersion.

"Fie upon you, woman! a female in drink is worse than a swine. Ye have a thirsty covetous heart, Effie. Ye drank all the ale i' the bicker this afternoon, at Luckie Scott's public at Cramond Brig—for fear it should be lost, ye said—for fear the poor wife at the door should get a taste of it. It has flown to your brain, woman!"

Effie, now unutterably indignant, would have become clamorous had not Elizabeth implored her to forbear and be silent.

"Go to your bed, woman, when I bid you!" added Gideon, sternly. "Sarah reverenced her husband, calling him lord—whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.—A text, Leddy 'Lizbeth," continued Gideon, addressing Elizabeth in a quiet and sagacious tone, "on whilk commentators differ; though I this night—but it is a clean new light—take it to refer to the skirling and squeeling the women-folk—ay, e'en yoursel', Burd—will set

up if they see an ettercap on their tucker, or if a bit mouse creep below their little-coat."

"Eh, save us, Minister!" interrupted Effie, in modest confusion, clapping her hand on his wide mouth—"ye do not consider!" And in this way she dragged, and Gideon followed her up stairs, leaving Elizabeth to reflect on the delirious effects of wine, even on a character so truly estimable as that of her simple and venerable tutor. "'Tis all very well," she thought; "but I trust I shall never see Mr. Haliburton tipsy again."

It was a sight no one ever could see. Gideon was a man of strong and high principle; his last cup was drained. But we anticipate.

Mr. Haliburton had once, in the course of his long life, felt his head rather muddled with repeated draughts urged upon him of "Auld Balwhirlie's" potent ale; and from that hour he had never tasted malt liquor stronger than Castleburn twopenny ("three barley pickles to the bottle," Frisel said), an "acid tiff" which a hermit might have profusely quaffed without any actual infringement of his vows to the crystal spring. Wolfe Grahame, when a lad of seventeen, had also, in a very improper frolic, taken advantage of his singular absence of mind, to make him swallow fully as much

Port as he could decently carry. But what were these muddy potations to the exhilarating Champagne which Gideon had quaffed at this "Symposium," as he called it, till his brain was on fire, and his eyes rolled in fine frenzy. To describe the influence of this bewitching fluid on Gideon is beyond our powers. It was at once poetic inspiration and musical fantasy.

Mr. Haliburton was, however, as we have seen, at last prevailed with to go bed, and to defer flying till next day. The coaxing, wheedling, and *wife-like* management of Effie throughout the affair "in humouring him," as she said, proved not the least amusing part of the after-scene to Elizabeth. Upon the whole, Mrs. Haliburton's conjugal feelings were highly creditable to her. It is not to be supposed that after thirty years near and intense contemplation of matrimony, Effie entered that high and holy state unprepared for its many trying duties, in all existing or possible circumstances. That "her Gideon," as, behind his back, she still persisted in calling the Minister, should have been "owreta'en," was scarcely within the scope of possible events; but even this phenomenon found her prepared. There was a touch of

Arria in the way she put to her lip, saying, "It's no sae dooms bitter, Minister, my jewel," the draught of Monkshaugh's soda water which Elizabeth prescribed as a sedative, and at which Gideon made hideous faces; for to this restorative beverage he was as much a stranger as to the more seducing Champagne and claret which rendered it necessary.

Next morning, when Mrs. Haliburton joined Elizabeth in the parlour, she looked not only the wife, but the calm, prudent, indulgent, we were going to say by consequence, the somewhat self-important new-made wife, almost *over anxious*, if such a thing be possible, to demonstrate how entire her forgiveness of an erring but beloved husband could be.

"I ken," whispered she, "that it behooves the dutifu' and affectionate gudewife to shew special prudence when the gudeman gangs gleid."

"There was no great *gleying* in the matter," said Elizabeth, provoked a little by this over-graciousness.

"I have na gi'en him as yet aboon the half of my mind on his conduct.—Let him digest that. Young gudewives, Leddy 'Lizbeth, should be ten-

ty how they sing the cod-croon† owre soon; for men at the best are o' pridefu' and obstreperous natures." And Effie thought on the tables turned upon herself at the Fords of Oran.

Mr. Gideon awoke at last and stared around him. The noon-day sun was flaring into his attic chamber; and by his bed-side stood Effie like a ministering angel, with a cup of Elizabeth's strong green tea. The occurrences of the past night returned in a broken dream of shame, folly, and intemperance. Gideon violently drew the curtains close around himself, and groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit. Had he been a Catholic he would have maccerated his flesh, or endowed a monastery, or undertaken a pilgrimage. As it was, he was a man of the tenderest conscience, of unspotted morals, and unspotted name; and his deep anguish and contrition probably far exceeded the measure of his error. After the first tumult of his feelings had subsided, he humbly, and even patiently, bore Effie's tender caresses, and even endured her con-

† Addison says somewhere of Milton, that the English language sunk under him. We presume the equally impressive and venerable Scottish dialect has given way under Mrs. Gideon Haliburton; for we have in vain searched the learned and recondite Dr. Jamieson for the above picturesque word, which a lover or a poet might render the "pillow-song;" married men, and those "of imagination less compact—curtain lecture."

jugal and loving forgiveness, a thousand and a thousand times repeated, which certainly, of itself, was penance enough.

It was twilight before he made his appearance down stairs.—He had not yet broken his fast. His parched lips, cadaverous complexion, and massy features, relaxed and elongated into a rueful and even ludicrous expression of shame and despondency, made strange contrast with the buoyant sprightliness of the whole man on the former night. His rueful physiognomy at once damped the fire of the *impromptu à loisir*, Monkshaugh had chuckled all day in hatching, and with which he intended to greet the appearance of the backsliding saint of the Sourholes.

While Monkshaugh remained in the parlour Gideon spoke not one word; but when left alone with his friend Elizabeth, and his tender and solicitous Effie, her delicate investigation elicited the following facts.

When Gideon reached what, probably under some mistake of his absent mind, he conceived the dwelling of his antagonist, a bright fire glancing through Venetian blinds, discovered the interior of a comfortable and handsome apartment, carpeted, curtained, and lined on three sides with

well filled book-shelves. A dinner-table, neatly laid out, showed that three persons were expected to share of the comforts and elegancies soon to be dispensed.

The servant who opened the door, on Gideon's awkward rustic summons and inquiry for his master, said his master was engaged; but a young gentleman, advancing from an inner door, invited the Minister to walk in; and as he seemed at a loss how to dispose of Jenny's halter, ordered the grinning domestic to hold "the gentleman's bridle."

"'I am Gideon Haliburton,' said I, 'Lizbeth, 'frae the Sourholes, in the parish of St. Serf, or St. Servanus, and no gentleman after this world's repute. But if ye be the author of what is alleged, I desire an instant communing wi' ye.' And I flung down the pock wi' the printed authorities, writs, and evidents, and told mine errand unfearing the face of clay."

"'Lizbeth, are the children o' this world wiser in their generation than the children o' light—or am I a vain-glorious self-deluding sinner?"

"'Have I the happiness,' quoth he, 'to see beneath my roof the *learned* Mr. Gideon Haliburton, who carries more Hebrew and Greek be-

neath his wig than all the synod of Dumblane?' and at a wink another trencher was clinkit on the board-end, and two other young gentlemen and the lad Delancy came in. How could I deny, 'Lizbeth, that I was Gideon Haliburton; and I'm sure yet, I ken none other of the name? 'I am no pretender to carnal knowledge,' quoth I—for I at first stood on my peremptors. 'As a plain Protestant Christian man I have buckled on the armour of truth in the cause of one, who, though neither Queen nor Countess, nor of high pedigree, was a mother in our reformed Israel, yea, even of *Janet Geddes* of St. Giles's parish, for whose good name I will stand up against all malignants and detractors, whatever their degree—ay, like a 'brazen wall.'"

One of the young chields made some light speech about *Jenny* being fortunate in having found so brave a *Knicht* to do battle for her—for a carnal man has aye a carnal tale, 'Lizbeth—and with that he pulled off my worsted mitten——"

"Preserve me! and has he lost his split-new mittens!" cried Effie, "that might ha'e been an honesty to him as lang as he lived. Lady Harrit wrought them wi' her own hands."

" —Saying it was my gage of battel; and that his friend could do no less than take it up," continued Gideon.

" The adversary is of a far mair composed and discreet nature, and, will he nill he, made me sit down at his board-end, saying, he was a bachelor for that day; and as I said I had eaten my bread and cheese at Gallowa' Tam's, I might, if I pleased, call this my supper meal. 'It's ill talking,' quoth he, 'between a full man and a fasting; and I shall need to recruit my strength before I come to handigrips with the learned Mr. Gideon Haliburton.' I'm a born idiot—there's no doubt of that, Effie."

" The vivers were savoury and tempting.—What ye ca' a roast goose among other sic like kickshaws and delicates——"

" Was it wi' apple sauce?" inquired Effie, gravely. " It was aye apple sauce we used in Monkshaugh; and rings o' raw ingans on the drum-sticks—the Laird called them aye the ruffle-cuffs, for weel he likes a joke."

" There were onions," said Gideon, drily. " So down I sat, 'Lizbeth. The adversary has the blithe ee, and the soft answer which turneth away wrath—I confess that.—There's glamour about

the man. I went like Balaam to curse, and lo, I returned !—But ye shall hear. I was something sharp set, too, after a lang ride and the sea-air—"

"I'm sure ye made an excellent full meltith at the Sourholes only the very day before yesterday !" said Effie.

"—And to my shame I own that I may be smelt the creature-comforts, reeking in fragrance on that board-head, as a hungry man will do.—There was an advocate chield with a tongue would have wiled the lavrock frae the blue cloud; and a third they called * * *, * * * that in pure mirth and merriment would have made twin rose-buds quarrel on one stalk. So I must take a glass of wine with this one, and a glass with that one, till the board-head was cleared; and then down came this Greek classic, and that Latin classic, all for the opinion of 'the *learned* Mr. Gideon Haliburton,' no doubt"—Gideon shook his rueful head—"Book me for an ass, 'Lizbeth,—weel did they ken all they asked far better, than I could tell them ! Perfect beauties of books, too—Elzivers and Alduses—miracles of typography; and aye between hands the tither ringing glass o' that elixir of Sathanus.—But why, self-deceiving sinner that I am, lay the blame of my folly on the crea-

tures of a bountiful providence, and spare my ain fule head and lustfu' appetites? I was puffed up wi' pride and vain-glory, 'Lizbeth:—I needed a brog frae the thorn of adversity to prick me and let the wind out of me. I thought I was fit for Abraham's bosom, while I was still wallowing in Delilah's lap!——"

"Eh, save us, Minister!" exclaimed modest Effie.

"——Let me be humble and thankful if I get the sanctified use of my downfa'. How the revel sped I cannot guess. There were auld tales, and auld rhymes, and St. Andrew's dog-latin clatter; and then, I think, one of the young chields gave the health of Mrs. Haliburton, and got me upon a chair——"

"They were very civil and kind, I'm sure," said Effie.

"——But my head began to bizz like a bees' bike in a sunny day in June. I believe I came under promise never to visit Edinburgh without dining wi' them; and if I ever sold *Jenny*, I was to gi'e one of them the first offer. They had heard from Mr. Delancy that this was my honey-moon, and how I drappit the woman at the Fords of Oran; so they hired a coach, saying they could keep me nae langer from my young gudewife—"

"Now that was very considerate.—I'm sure I'm obligated to them," said Effie; and Gideon groaned and proceeded, "——and vouchsafed me all needful service in getting *Janet's Vindication* through the press correctly.——That's a Christian champion's work even yet, 'Lizbeth; but it's nae langer mine. They maun have cleaner hands and more stedfast spirits that adventure that job. I burnt the haill *Vindication* up the stair, as the first fruits o' a sincere repentance."

"'Deed, Minister, ye are aye rash o' your hands."

Gideon looked round, all the author beaming in his face—the still fresh memory of literary toil encountered—of controversial triumph achieved, returning in their first glow—"Say ye sae, Effie, my woman?" said he, somewhat eagerly.—"I mind the best feck of the strong facts, and a' the ratiocination."

"Troth I say sae.—There was as muckle gude, clean, written paper yonder, as might have singet a bit chuckie to us at the Manse for seven year to come."

"Umph!" said Gideon with a sort of rumbling groan; and, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Self-righteous and vain-glorious again, 'Lizbeth. Truly and well has Luther said, 'That every man is born

with a Pope in his heart.' Mine ye see is now rampant and riotous—now hidden and subtle."

"I blame those with whom you fell in company," said Elizabeth; "and I think you must have been under a mistake altogether as to whom you met."

"No, no, Lizbeth. They were clever, gallant, well-natured young gentlemen, very facetious—and grand scholars. I shame to have been seen among them in such guise. Yet why should the cause o' truth suffer for the frailties o' the worms that adhere to it!"

"You judge yourself too severely," said Elizabeth. "You could not know the potency of the intoxicating beverage so liberally urged upon you."

"'Lizbeth de Bruce, league not your sweet speech with the deceitful heart to delude baith yourself and me. I *should* ha'e kenned; and, what is mair, *I did ken* what I was doing—at first at any rate. I tried to make myself believe it was, as one o' them said, small ale sparkling in their crystal goblets; but I was enticed by the enchantments o' the cup, and I tried to drown my conscience with potions and philtres. I trow if I had thought their wine like our ain Castleburn sma' drink, I would not have ta'en sae muckle of it."

Elizabeth could not help smiling at this rare candour.

"I lusted to quaff a maddening liquor that threw open a fule's paradise to me; and cleaved to a refuge of lies as an excuse for swilling, till both sense and grace were made shipwreck of. Well is drunkenness named *brevis insanis.* No, no! I wittingly committed the sin, let me openly dree the shame. 'Wo to the drunkards of Ephraim!' 'Howl! ye drinkers of wine!' And I would this night proclaim myself before my people as a wine-bibber, a man given to revelling, and vain jesting, and fule-rhymes, forgetting the pilgrim-songs of David, but for dread that my fall might prove a stumbling-block, or that through me reproach might be brought on the scattered remnant of the Lord's people, among whom I am an unworthy labourer."

"The labourer is worthy o' his hire," said Effie. "That's sound orthodox divinity. Ae swallow doesna make a simmer; and, 'deed, Minister, my joe, ye'll do nae sic thing. That wad be a proclamation and a half! for a' the wine-bibbing ye ha'e bibbet! The *Enemy* just got power owre ye when ye left your wife; and sae has he ere now over many a sappy preacher. If ye had only ta'en

a waucht o' gude brown ale, a frugal liquor, again' which there is naething said in scripture—"

"Whisht, woman!" interrupted Gideon. "Man's deadliest enemy lies in his ain heart. There lurks the *Legion* mair perilous to his soul than fifty devils raging hot from hell!"

"Now, minister, I aye thought that when a saunt like you was owreta'en, it was clean out and out the work o' the *Enemy*." Gideon groaned and frowned; but Effie persisted—"Rest your bit sinless infirmity wi' the wife o' your bosom, and it shall never come against ye. Mighty matter! Many a godly divine has been *fou* before now—ay, haill presbyteries—that's o' the Auld Kirk folk. David himsel' fell into bits o' scrapes—the man according——"

"Ye speak as one of the foolish women," said Gideon sternly, knitting his brows. "When ye speak of David's sins, think of David's repentance." He deigned no farther notice of his temporizing and judicious helpmate, but turned to Elizabeth with the same air of stern solemnity, saying, "Elizabeth de Bruce, ye are young; and, if innocent can be applied to a fallen creature, ye are innocent of great actual transgression; nor are ye like to fall into this snare of wine and revel; but the

Enemy baits his hooks in many cunning ways for a' sorts o' prey. With a' the watch and ward ye may keep, even you may stumble. Beware even then o' juggling and paltering with your ain conscience. Preserve the virginity of conscience. Seek not to think your evil good, even while its insidious strength is prevailing against you; nor your darkness light, e'en while your tossed spirit is wading and groping under its mirkest shadow. The hypocrite, Effie, would fain make the Devil his scape-goat. All is safe while the *Enemy* bears the burden. Let us look at hame, lass; and let me begin first." And he passed out to his own apartment.

Elizabeth recollected having heard Delancy—no very accurate theologian, perhaps, though an Oxford scholar—say, "That Mr. Haliburton was the first Methodist he had ever seen who had the honesty and magnanimity to "Give the Devil his due."

Gideon would have disdained the name of Methodist; but he deserved Delancy's praise at this time, from the candour with which he disclaimed Elizabeth's favourable construction of his case, and Effie's convenient mode of acquitting the saints.

CHAPTER III.

SEEING THE LIONS.

Edina, Scotia's darling seat,
All-hail thy Palaces and Towers!

BURNS.

On the third day of their visit, Monkshaugh's guests, having made an early dinner, went abroad to see sights. In this gadding purpose Gideon, however he might secretly grumble, durst not gainsay his lady; for he was still in sackcloth and ashes for his late backsliding. The Edinburgh lions most rampant in Effie's imagination were "Sir William's Bank"—a holy shrine, the Krames, Major Weir's Land, George Heriot's effigy, the Queen of Sheba, with scales and broadsword in hand, on a tomb in the Greyfriars' church-yard, fresh from executing justice on a baker who sold rolls of light weight, and whose headless trunk lay at her feet, a monument and warning to all generations. But above all, Effie longed to see what

she called "the Stone Statute of King Charles" jump off his horse whenever he heard St. Giles's clock strike two, of which Frisel had a thousand times assured her. She accordingly, in stewing haste, dragged her Minister up the Canongate, lest they should be too late for the phenomenon; and by half-past one o'clock the disconsolate Gideon took his station by her side, near Messrs. Bell and Bradfute's shop-window, St. Giles, the Reformation, *Janet Geddes* and her unlucky *Vindication* rising like spectres before his conscience, and caudie and 'prentice grinning around him.

After doing penance here for a quarter of an hour, Gideon once more tried to argue the point of the "Statute."

"It's clean against natural reason, Effie my woman," said he ingratiatingly, "that a stone image or statue can loup. Come away now, and I'll show you the tomb of the Blessed Martyrs: oxter me now. That Queen of Sheba, you Strathoran folks haver about, is just the heathen figure of Justice with her emblems of sword and scales. on the tomb of a Senator of the College of Justice; and the headless figure is not Deacon Daigh, I assure you; for the Deacon though warldly, is a very honest, and a living man, but clean another

cherub, that has by some accident fallen down and gotten its neck broken."

But Mrs. Haliburton knew better ; and Gideon groaned but yielded the point, merely saying, "Ye have a clearer sp'ritual, than a carnal discernment, Effie, my woman; ye aye understood, ye say, the deepest of my discourses,—will ye no believe me in a plain rational tale!—And yonder, as I am a living sinner! is Mr. Delancy, and the young birkie who would threep wi' me, on my black night, that Tacitus gives an account of a battle between Prester John and Alexander, near the Pillars of Hercules! He is but lame in his Latinity, or so pretends; but it requires no great chronology to mind that night."

Gideon blushed swarthy red as the young men advanced, arm in arm, from the Parliament House, and, in elegant modern phrase, fairly "rumped" them, pretending to study the title-pages displayed in the shop-window at which he stood.—"I would as soon see the muckle black de'il," was his sinful thought. But there was no escape. The young men made their advances with frankness and cordiality; and then paid their respects to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Eh! ye are the gentleman got your dinner in

our house!" cried Effie, delighted to challenge a friend of so good a mien as Delancy in the wilderness of society. "The Minister, he says, it's ane of Francie's skits that the Statute jumps aff his horse. What say ye, sir? we are just waiting to see it."

"My dear ma'am," replied Delancy, gravely, "the Minister is very sceptical.—'Tis a thing quite familiar to all the lawyers,—what they call 'Statutes at large.'"

"There now, Minister, didna I tell you that?" Gideon did not seem to relish this joke. It was the first pun, vile as it was, that ever he comprehended in his life: resentment probably sharpened his intellect.

"I am afraid your husband has no faith in the promise of a Royal Stuart, ma'am," said the young philosopher of the Stove School, who hung on Delancy's arm.

"And small grounds of confidence," returned Gideon, in a tone which proved that though *Janet's Vindication* was abandoned, her wrongs were not forgotten. "Covenant-breakers, saint-slayers, perjured men——"

"Tuts, tuts, Minister!" interrupted Effie, who, naturally somewhat of a trimmer, was, moreover,

in perfect ecstacy with the civility shewn to herself as "a new-married wife." "The Minister is a great Johnnie Knocks man, ye maun ken, sir," continued Effie, who had an undisturbed belief that the name of the Apostle of Reform came from his trade in hard blows. "But I, mysel', was bred and born in Monkshaugh—a 'piscopal family."

"Whisht, silly woman!" whispered Gideon, in whose bosom some sort of tenderness was now beginning to stir for her who lay there. But his resentment was ever as short-lived as open; and it fled entirely before the young lawyer's proposal of shewing Mrs. Haliburton "Our Library," assuring her the equestrian statue would not steal a march upon them.

To Gideon the subterranean Advocates' Library was a fairy land of wonder and enchantment. Mrs. Gideon was much more at her ease. After remarking that the chairs were "nae great things, and the carpet the *indentical* pattern of the second-auldest Monkshaugh dining-room carpet," she left the gentlemen to their learned talk, and took her station at a window, which commanded a birdseye peep of a few of the labyrinths, dark turnpikes, steep wynds, and other intricate approaches to the

seat of learning and law. Among other objects in view was the small window, seen through a vista of chimney-stacks, of the very outshot chamber, which, twenty years before, Gideon had rented at one and three-pence per week from Mrs. Metcalf the midwife. This was, in conjugal sympathy, pointed out to Effie. Her exclamations of surprise at all she saw, mingled, from time to time, with the conversation of the gentlemen, without disturbing it.

"Your lady formerly lived with the Monkshaugh family," said Delancy, in an under tone.

"Of a verity the woman, who is no leddy born, was long chief handmaiden there." Gideon, we have said, did not appreciate his wife's accomplishments in any selfish way. They, indeed, gave him little pleasure at any time, and much annoyance sometimes. They were, like other obtrusive female accomplishments, sometimes felt in the husband's way. It does not, however, follow, that Gideon was not to feel a little fond vanity in his wife's endowments. The vanity and the annoyance are, we think, quite compatible, even in minds as single as was his.

"She was chief woman over all the household of Monkshaugh," he whispered—"cooked with her

own hands all the Laird's delicates of blawmange and confected nowt's feet; forbye overseeing the napery and silver-warks, and keeping a sharp ee to the lasses and the milkness. Ay, Effie has her gifts. It might in a sense be thought a match aboon my degree; for Effie has a bein to-look. But she was of a simple, loving nature, though a modest maiden, Mr. Delancy; and it was not just altogether for lucre of world's wealth I married her, unless I deceive myself sair. Yon night, which I burn and blush to think on, may teach me to be wary how I boast myself either in motive or in deed."

"You shall not say one bad word either of yourself or of a flask of good wine, Mr. Haliburton—wine which lights up a man from within, like a taper placed in an alabaster vase, shewing all its beauty and delicacy of form, texture, and ornament. What else can so clearly shew how warmly the heart of a modest man may beat, how rich and balmy the fluid that feeds it, how pure and entire the whole substance!—That was one of the happiest evenings of my convivial life, Mr. Haliburton; and you made it so."

Gideon shook his head in grief and vexation. "Has my unseemly folly proved a snare to the

souls of the simple youths?" was his anxious thought; and he spoke to the young men for a few seconds in a tone of grave and earnest piety, and high-principled good sense, which appeared to affect them sincerely for the moment. His own tawny eyes were brimful of tears before he concluded; and it seemed tacitly resolved that the "Symposium" should never again be alluded to, either in penitence or in boastfulness.

They returned with cheerfulness to the examination of the books, Delancy obtaining information about Monkshaugh between hands; and, while thus engaged, the ancient dowager, Lady Tamtallan, attended by Mr. Dalrymple and one or two well-known lawyers of that day, entered the Library, fresh from an appearance in the adjoining Courts; her Ladyship evidently in a furious passion, now pausing, and now stamping and drumming her tall walking-stick on the floor, and then marching stoutly on.

"Where is there either law or justice in Scotland?" was her exclamation in one of her pauses. "If Scotland had a king or a parliament of her ain, where is the man would have held up his head, and used the house of de Bruce after this fashion? Have I not shewn you the d——d vil-

lain's treachery under his own hand and seal?—his villany to him that made him, and trusted him! whom he has driven mad, and kept mad, till now that he would make him wise only to drive all mad that ever bore his name?"

"My dear madam, you are aware, no one better, that it must be in regular course of law Lord de Bruce is consigned to other custody. The promptitude of your interference, which does so much honour to your understanding and feelings of relationship, and the lucky discovery of those papers, will enable the Judges——"

"Do not blaw in my lug, Andrew Dalrymple," said the lady, somewhat softened; "and tell na me of your Judges. The Judges! Five auld wives in blue rokelays would better execute judgment than the whole array, clad in crimson and ermine. A fine pass has Scotland come to, if, on the word and shewing of Grizel de Bruce, a villain's feet cannot be laid fast forthwith.—What are ye staring at honest man?"—and she turned to Gideon: "Saw ye never an auld wife in a passion before?"

"Of a surety," stammered Gideon, "I—I—"

"Ye never saw one with stronger cause, I'll swear," rejoined the lady.—"Mr. Andrew Dalrymple, lead me to my carriage—I am composed

now. I shake the dust off my feet, and spurn wi' my heel your Courts, Outer and Inner. I write Ichabod on your door-posts—I may write it on my ain. From my father's house *the glory has departed!*"

"Even sae, my Lady!" cried Miss Jacobina, flying in, having gained intelligence of the Haliburtons from some mischievous caudie. "Even sae!—The lamb was killed, and the bunch of hyssop was dipped in the blood, and the lintels and the side-posts were sprinkled. Did the destroying angel pass by for all that?—Were the first-born spared?—Na! na! First the puir boddie's bairn, then the lordly bantling. Fate maun have its way. Sin will bring its weird."

A deep pause followed this mad declamation, which the old lady first broke, crying, "Ye are mad, woman! Would that John de Bruce were as skaithless as sinless! I have been a beast in my thoughts of him—my wronged, my noble kinsman!" She trembled as she took the arm of Mr. Dalrymple and walked forth.

Mrs. Haliburton was transfixed during this brief scene; and Gideon, from amazement at the high-blooded, "*rampaging* woman, more like a Termagant or Heathen Mahound than a Christian

gentlewoman," passed into a state of intense interest as soon as the name of de Bruce was mentioned.

Jacobina first recovered herself, and tossing her head aloft, said, "I am as weel kenned i' the Inner House as she is. Harry ——— never passes me without a bicker of gibes and jeers between us. My certes we keep up the ball!—He insisted on being best-man at my bridal; but, indeed, Gideon, I told him plainly, that, for family reasons, it could not be, let him take it weel or ill. I was hand and glove with Lord Gardenstone; but auld * * * * *, sirs, was but a coarse tyke for a lady's man. I was obligated, d'ye ken, to drop the acquaintance."

The young gentlemen were not more amused than Effie appeared provoked by the familiar tone of Jacobina, whom Delancy again attempted to lead to the subject of the murdered infant. She muttered to herself, "The puir boddie's bairn.—What for, Effie Fechnie, should na we have a bairn, an heir male, as weel as ony ladies in the land?"

"Ye may ha'e a dizzen for what I care," said Effie bridling. "And make it the De'il's dizzen; and then the youngest may be its mother's pet:—Gideon, indeed!"

"Heigh ho!" sighed Jacobina, with a sudden fit of sentiment. "This maun a' be borne for a season:

'When the lord lightlies the lady,
The varlet's jeer is aye ready,'

And Monkshaugh is no the husband I looked for, Gideon;" and she began singing, in a plaintive voice, an old air of some beauty:

"When other lords they go to dine,
  Their lusty ladies go with them;
But I mysel' maun bide at hame,
  My young son's all my companie."

"If they had left the bairn to me,—if de Bruce's bride had her maiden bairn,—if the flames had not devoured what the sword and the poison-cup spared, proud mithers would we baith have been.—But I was turned from my ain gudeman's door, no longer than this same morning, when I gaed to tell him I had seen our cousin Lord de Bruce's *wraith* i' the hills yestreen."

Gideon and Delancy exchanged looks of intelligence. The latter had good reason to believe that the unhappy nobleman was now in Scotland, that preparation was making at Monkshaugh for his reception with his medical attendant, and that if he once went there his state was hopeless.

"And is Monkshaugh no sae kind to ye as he

should be, Jacky, my bonnie leddy?" said Gideon, trying to sooth her.—"And ye saw your noble cousin?"

"Troth no, Gideon—he is far from kind." And becoming exceedingly sentimental, she again sung,

> "Why do I wash my young son's face?
> And wherefore do I kame his hair?
> Since my gay lord has me forsook,
> And says he'll ne'er look on me mair."

Delancy turned from a conversation which he had held apart with Gideon, and, with an insinuating air of blandishment which threw Jacobina into ecstacy, inquired if she would take a walk with them to the place where she had seen her "noble cousin's" *wraith*. But he unluckily offered her money; and her mood suddenly changing, she exclaimed in frenzied haste,

"I'll have no gold! I'll touch no gold! Lack of gold, and the thirst of gold, and the canker of gold, have wrought black wo to me! Will gold, sirs, bring sound sleep? Will gold staunch life's blood? Will gold buy back gude-name? Will gold ransom the never-dying soul?—I'll have no gold!" And again she sung vehemently—

> "O, wicked woman, Heaven is high,
> All alone and alone, O;
> And that is the place ye'll never come nigh,
> Down by the green-wood side, O.

"For she has ta'en out her little penknife,
All alone and alone, O;
And she has ta'en the bonnie boy's life,
Down by the green-wood side, O.

"O, wicked woman, Hell is deep"—

"But that was the merchant's daughter of York, ye ken, Gideon, who fell in love with her father's clerk, clean below her degree. Now, John Hurcheon thought we looked aboon our station, though the bite was just as good as the sup."

"Whisht now, Jacky, my woman!" said Gideon, taking her hand. He knew, or suspected the original cause of her malady, and foresaw that a dreadful paroxysm was approaching. Her last wild song was as the red-hot wire touching the naked nerve.

"Keep your hands to yoursel' now, Gideon.—Strange what you men folk all see in me, Mr. Delancy," said Jacobina, returning to her natural coquetry of manner. "Dawt your ain wife, Gideon. To be sure she is nae ee-sweet bird, there where she stands.—But wha said we had a bairn? Or what came owre it?—Effie Fechnie, it is no business of one in your station to make dispeace between Monkshaugh and his leddy: let byganes be byganes."

This insane raving would certainly have drawn

forth a very smart reply from the indignant Mrs. Haliburton, had time been permitted; but at that instant, far below in the bottom of the architectural ravine which the window commanded, she perceived an object which made her unthinkingly exclaim,

"Minister! Minister! the limmer, Bess Slattery, and a beagle at her tail! She has jouked into the turnpike. She is fleeing—I see her—along a lang dark trance, with a' the window-chesses broken!"

"Where? where?" cried Gideon; and after one glance he darted off.

"There's blood on her red hand—there's cruelty in her black heart; and I'll have the throttling of her!" howled Jacobina, rushing after the Minister, and following the chase.

In vain Delancy tried to console the weeping bride. The more he soothed, the more clamorous her grief became; and, "Oh, Mr. Delancy; what ken ye o' the heart of a new-married wife!" was her reiterated sobbing exclamation. Mr. Delancy was more anxious to know the address of Monkshaugh, and the likelihood of Elizabeth's being at home. "I have had small experience hitherto," he said, laughingly, "but I do conceive your present alarm quite unnecessary."

"My alarm!—It is little ye ken.—Has he not twa new half-crowns in his pouch too, to buy a Big Ha' Bible to enter the bairns' names! He'll be robbed and murdered!—murdered and robbed!—i' the Back-stairs, or the President's stairs, or the Meal-market stairs, or Henderson's stairs, or the Auld Post-office stairs—dens o' thieves, cozeners, coiners, horners, tinklers, and causey-paikers—wi' Bess Slattery at their head! Oh, my innocent dove i' the snare o' the fowler!—And a' for ane that has turned the young head—ay, Wolfe Grahame's head—and will turn the head of the hoary hairs, that but for her wiles would be a crown of glory."

"For whom, pray, ma'am?" inquired Delancy.

"For whom but the apple of his ee, that comes between him and the wife of his bosom—that Leddy 'Lizbeth! and I wish she were a Leddy Landers! But I'll after him, and go to death with my Gideon."

This devoted wife rushed from the scene, leaving Delancy to muse on all he had heard and seen, as he pursued his way to the Sanctuary.

CHAPTER IV.

A SPRING RAMBLE.

Is not thilke the merry moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
— — — — — —
— Thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk pillows, eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and soppes in wine.

SPENSER.

IT was still early in spring when the Haliburtons made their visit to the city; but the season was lovely. The hyacinth had come before the primrose was faded. A series of bright, breezy weather had been followed by days of warmth and soft gloom; and these, again, by April's own sunny glimpses and fertilizing showers, to which Elizabeth could have bared her bosom and uncovered her hair, to welcome, as it were, the descend-

ing spirit of the Universe. As it was, she stretched her white hands from her casement, over the budding mossy orchard near the Palace wall, to gather the gracious moisture as it either floated down to the sweet-scented earth in rich warm dews, or came flashing in the sunbeams like diamond sparks.

" 'Lizbeth, my dear, I see you are sighing after yon rainbow," said Monkshaugh, shortly after the Minister and Effie went abroad. " Will ye go to the hill and catch it?—My spindle-shanks"—looking with some complacency on his silk-enclosed shrunk-shanks—" are scarce fit to do you that gallant service to-day."

Elizabeth's heart was, indeed, on the hill-side—all abroad—filled with vernal delights.

" Ye were aye something of a strolling gipsy," continued he, smiling indulgently; " more maybe than is just beseeming a young lady of family; but we must keep that to ourselves; and ye'll mend as ye grow older, no fear. But I would like you to take exercise to-day. There's too much of the white rose in your cheeks nowadays, even for my Jacobite taste; not that I fault your complexion, with your skin of what Mr. Delancy called such pearly clearness when he looked at the

Flower of Strathallan's picture.—Gideon, by the bye, says he is in town.—She was your great grand-aunt, 'Lizbeth. When she drank, the red wine could be seen trickling down her throat: so ye have a natural right to a fine skin; and a walk will help your complexion. The beautiful Countess of Eglinton used a wash of sow's milk. I must have you try that when we go home to Monkshaugh."

"I'll try the hill rather, with your permission," said Elizabeth, smiling; "many thanks for your care of my beauty, nevertheless. Pity to bestow so much care on a thing so unprized."

This brought fresh consolations and encouragements, with such gentle, sly hints of young Mr. Delancy's attentions, as brought the eloquent blood to Elizabeth's cheeks and brow, and a sharp pang of consciousness to her heart.

The family dinner despatched at a still early hour, and Monkshaugh disposed to his *siesta*, Elizabeth set out, and quickly circled the base of the rock-crested hills. The spirit of the young year had been stirring in other bosoms; and though she had no companion she did not miss society. Groups of girls were washing their summer habits around those springs which gush out in freshness

from the foot of these romantic crags. This was among the first of those sweet days of spring, when rural and suburban amities are renewed by the periodical intercourse of the smoky lanes and loathly alleys of the city, with the adjacent farm-houses and hamlets—one of nature's own holidays—" moveable feasts" of the heart, depending more on the sun than the calendar, which will occur in the vicinity of great towns, as long as nature retains her power over human affections. " Perhaps,' thought Elizabeth, looking on the holiday ramblers, " these cottages are beloved birth-places : in these hamlet burial-yards there may lie ancestral graves."

Troops of children were already on their way back to the city, laden with sylvan spoils ; sometimes a crabbed old lodge-keeper or woodman giving chase, and spreading dire dismay. Elizabeth had ransomed two little fur caps, and begged off twice that number of delinquents against the forest laws, before she had advanced three miles.

The ruby tassels of the larch, the downy catkins of the willow, and the gigantic buds of the chestnut and sycamore, now bursting from the russet cradles in which their lusty youthheid disdained to be longer cabined, made glorious spoil

for those bolder imps who had first tired themselves in trying to demolish the rooks' nests perched in the trees around an old mansion she had passed. The lesser wights and the girls were contented with gathering whole lapfuls of butter-cups and gowans, and those tender leaflets of the hawthorn, which, in their own pretty language, they call "Ladyes Meat." How was it, indeed, possible for the young vagrants to resist the desire of appropriation in the midst of so much of beauty and bounty.

Passing all these groups of young acquaintance, Elizabeth wandered out into the open country, loitered away the hour round Craig-millar Castle, and then reluctantly bent her steps homeward by the same delightfully roundabout paths.

Though the woodlands still mingled russet with tender green in one subdued tint, the wheat fields and pastures lay all fresh and brightly verdant in the evening sunshine. Little birds were already nestling in the whins and hedge-rows; cress-flowers were creeping up round the springs:

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath,"

were all strewed about the path and the hamlet

gardens: no wonder that Elizabeth lingered. In such fair evenings in her own valley she had often seen the first swallow—sometimes, first heard the cuckoo, that "Wandering Voice" which she could have fancied now in the call of the partridge from the distant fallows.

There is no season in which the lover of nature is so apt to linger over minute beauty, as in this the bud of the year. But Elizabeth was held by feelings deeper than simple admiration, though of more limited range. The noble landscape around her, the curtain of distant mountains, the coronet of hoary cliffs which encircled the hills above her path, the Forth gleaming in silvery links and fine expanses, the towers, and spires, and dusky broken outline of the Imperial City, bearing aloft, as it were on airy points, the rich canopy of crimson clouds, were splendid images in their gorgeous detail, majestic and overpowering in their combination; but the eyes which she loved the best had never rested on them with hers; and her woman's heart turned in soft pliability to the wild flowers which glittered in her path, as to things dear and familiar, which she had met in other rejoicing springs, and could still recognise and love in a spot, where all else wore a new and even chill

aspect. "Even weeds and flowers of the humblest sort," says a celebrated German writer, "form an agreeable journal; for nothing can be insignificant which calls back the remembrance of one happy moment." The sentiment is a complete illustration of Elizabeth's feelings, as she lingered on her homeward way.

Elizabeth was now within the Royal park. That wild domain of steep, and crag, and hollow, how unlike the velvet lawns and pompous groves bearing a similar name in other situations!—She was quite alone—for the very latest of the city groups had disappeared—and she proceeded quickly but fearlessly, and in the unconscious indulgence of one of those many evil habits for which her governess had scolded, and against which Monkshaugh had remonstrated a thousand times. It was singing in the open air—"whistling" they said—carolling it certainly was, or rather had been, in mere girlish glee: Elizabeth's song was quieter now. On one of those rude stiles by which the walker in the park passes its awkward divisions she rested for a few seconds, gazing more at leisure on that point of the heavens, under which love's geography told her that *he* might dwell whose image was ever present—gazing, as may the He-

brew towards his own eastern land, to which, sighing, he directs his first morning look, kneeling, addresses his last evening prayer. In her vague wanderings and melting thoughts, she murmured one of those exquisite ballad fragments which spring up in Scotland, no one knows how, like wild-flowers from the richness of a virgin soil :

> " I look to the west when I gae to rest,
> That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
> For he's far in the west whom I love the best," &c.

These words, breathed in the low rich tones of a voice of that kind which the most imaginative of living bards has described :

> " That voice which even in its mirthful moods,
> Hath made me wish to steal away and weep :"

these murmured words could not have been heard at the distance of many paces. But as Elizabeth still dallied in fond musing, a hasty step approached the other side of the high stile; and there suddenly descended to her side of the wall, the pale vision of her first slumber within the bounds of Holyrood—the wasted resemblance of Wolfe Grahame !—Grahame, as if after ages of suffering he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death ! That scene she had striven to regard as a dream ; but this was no mockery.

"Aileen! Aileen!" was again the melancholy whisper, as he bent down and gazed upon her; and Elizabeth involuntarily clasped the hand laid on hers, saying in deep emotion, "Alas, I am not that Aileen!—would that in her stead I could minister to your peace!"

The stranger shook his head, and continued to regard her with a fixed eye but wandering and vague expression: he then sat down beside her on the rude step of the stile. His features, his mien, his whole appearance powerfully interested her. He was suffering under the distemperature to which she herself was liable—on the verge of which she so often fancied she trembled. She returned his gaze with a melancholy earnestness, too respectful for pity, too sorrowful for curiosity.

"Those half-veiled, dreamy eyes which draw my soul down into their melancholy depths—what histories do they not tell, of conflict, sorrow, and suffering!"—was her thought. "Could those melancholy orbs of eclipsed splendour ever have beamed like the deep-grey, lucid eye of Wolfe Grahame, with its broad dark iris?" The stranger smiled faintly, as if at the intenseness of her confused gaze; and the bland and beautiful ex-

pression of his wasted features, again, and more powerfully struck her in their softened resemblance of Grahame. How like!—and yet how unlike!

"Can it be?—My father! the Lord de Bruce! Oh, impossible!"—was the thought that rushed over her mind. The resemblance at least could be no illusion of fancy. The cast of the head, the mould of the features were the same—more finely cut, less firm and manly, but possessing in a higher degree the pure and simple quality of sculptured beauty. In the curve of the lips, in the small cleft chin there were a softness and delicacy of outline, a trembling excess of sensibility, which touched the heart of Elizabeth with the power of beauty more strongly than any human countenance she had ever yet seen: yet was this face fleshless, colourless, wan, and wasted.

Though the stranger still held Elizabeth's hand, he appeared to have half forgotten her presence, sunk in musing and gazing on vacant space. She rose at last, and he detained her, but so gently, that she stood passively waiting what might follow, and revolving how she might with most delicacy learn his name.

"Is your dwelling yonder?" said he, pointing to the Evening Star, which trembled in virgin ra-

diance among the turrets of the Castle, like a gem of price over the swart brow of an Eastern Sultan.—"'Tis Aileen's star: the dwelling of the passionate souls, whom love has betrayed, and suffering purified." He paused for a little, gazing on the lovely planet; and then added, "Sit down by me; you have her own sweet voice; so I may tell you, that I also was a dweller yonder; and ever by my side was poor Aileen. And while this little green earth danced and flashed before us, with her small foot she would spurn it through sunny space. You smile—you don't believe?" cried he half angrily.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Elizabeth, with unfeigned earnestness.

"Yonder we wandered," he whispered again, keeping his eye on the star, but inclining his side face towards Elizabeth. "Alone we wandered in our love; and she lay in my bosom through the long, long night of the starry year.—But, heark! The spirits of light are ever jealous of love like ours. We drew their heaven to our bosom. I was driven forth; and here must I linger on this cold, gross earth, till the revolution of the great Platonic year be accomplished."

Elizabeth looked on him with an expression of interest so deep as to arrest his wandering perception.

"Look not so sorrowful," he whispered in the lowest tone. "I am not left all alone. There comes an hour of blessed visitation. At midnight, when the keeper sleeps,—do you know fools say that I am mad?" and he smiled in scorn;—"but at midnight when alone, or when I can steal out among those wild hills, the spirit of Aileen floats down on the sweet breath of those evening bells. Do you hear them ringing?" He inclined his head as if listening; and Elizabeth also bent her head as if her ears drank the imaginary sounds.—"She comes not to-night," he continued. "She is ever scared by earthly voices—even by yours. You must never hope to see her. Sometimes even I cannot; but then *I am alone with her voice.*"

Elizabeth could fashion no reply to this visionary raving, but her features strongly expressed the depth of her feelings; and the unfortunate lunatic—for such on this point he evidently was—smiled on her, saying, "Look not so sorrowful for me. At midnight when they all sleep I steal up to her bright planet, climbing up Jacob's ladder, with its rounds of glittering stars.—'Tis the angel's path you know.—O hour supremely blest! —but the deeper midnight comes—the hour and the power of darkness! We are severed by

the howling fiends. Down, down I plunge into the bowels of this gross and suffocating earth, rolling and tossing on the sea of molten lava; and, oh! worse, worse! seeing the pale face of my Aileen through the yellow smoke-fogs of the demon-furnace, pining afar off in her star! Such is the weird of ancestral guilt—for Richard de Bruce was a murderer!" and the voice sunk to a hollow whisper.

"Richard de Bruce!" exclaimed Elizabeth starting, every suspicion fixed in the belief that she, indeed, beheld her unhappy father. "Come with me, sir," she said in a voice of touching and anxious entreaty. "Suffer me to lead you to friends who love and will cherish you." Her deep feeling of veneration withheld her from the use of the arguments and persuasions better adapted to his distempered fancy; nor, though convinced that he would follow her on the promise of meeting this visionary mistress of his youth, durst she employ the harmless subterfuge, which seemed to her a violation of all delicacy and respectful feeling. But again she urged her simple request.

The unfortunate gentleman appeared quite indifferent to her entreaties; and, wrapt in the sensations and fancies of the passing moment, made

no reply whatever. The crescent moon was now resting her disk on the crest of the hill,

> "One star within her nether tip."

The dreamer gazed on the beautiful planet, which is poetically—or is it truly?—said to influence the moods of a distempered brain. The merest vulgar of those philosophic days can laugh at the influence of the stars on human destiny, a belief which once enchained the most powerful minds. The sway of the arbitress of tides over human brains, is at first sight not less extravagant. Yet who would wish it thoroughly disproved:

> "There's something sweet in this uncertainty,
> I would not change for your Chaldean lore."

While Elizabeth held his hand, anxiously watching the varying expression of his countenance, he turned to her, smiling faintly as if at some conceit rising in his own fancy.

"Aileen would say,"—and he pointed to the crescent and the little star—"yon was a pale young mother clasping her infant. She was very fanciful, poor thing. How we loved to stand arm in arm on Brian's Tower, gazing on yon Moon as she rose from the bay in her fulness of beauty!"

"Brian's Tower" was a name familiar to Eliza-

beth in many of old Monica's Irish legends. It excited interest but begot no fresh surprise. Again she gently urged that they should be gone, and was once more unheeded.

"Do you love best, like my poor Aileen, to gaze on her beauty thus, the pale young mother; or when the Heavenly Shepherdess she walks brightly forth of her tents in Araby, all her starry flock clustering about her feet—all the bright-eyed constellations helping her silent watch—the wide heavens populous and alive!—Charleswain, and the Pleiades, and Orion with his silver belt, all singing in their nightly ward! Till the morning star has come a-tiptoe, and whispered, ''Tis time to fold,' I have watched them. The little lambs are ever gathered first.—Aileen's girl died, you remember?"

Elizabeth's emotion became excessive. "Oh, no! no!" she cried. "She lives! I am she! Lives to comfort—to love you!"

The unhappy gentleman looked at her with a bewildering mixture of vacancy and feeble recollection; and shook his head as if half-conscious of confused and wandering thought, saying, "I shall know you when I have slept."

"Will you come with me then—home with me?"

and she hung on his hand, and then gently attempted to draw his arm within her own.

"You are young,—you look innocent,—may I trust you? Will *you* not betray me?"

"I'll betray you!" shouted a loud and angry voice; and Elizabeth, in the fast-deepening twilight, saw Jacobina Pingle's friend, the Thief-taker, leap over the stile. "A fine dance ye have led me through the Hunter's Bog after ye. Stolen away from the Doctor, Ma'am, after taking as much opium as would kill a horse.—Tramp, sir; ye can scamper bravely when your ain de'il bids ye."

The unfortunate gentleman, pale enough already, became colourless, and even trembled under the fierce menacing scowl of the ruffian; and shrinking from the uplifted hand, leaned heavily on the arm of Elizabeth. Her blood boiled and bubbled with the first-felt transports of that passionate indignation which almost thirsts for blood. She hastily interposed her arm, as if to ward off the blow or clutch aimed by the brutal ruffian. A universal shudder passed over the frame of the unhappy patient; but knitting his brows, and with the lofty bearing which seemed his natural manner, he said, "A blow!—and to me!" and step-

ping forward, interposing his arm in his turn as if to shield the person of Elizabeth, he staggered and fell down insensible. The burning current of her feelings suddenly changing, Elizabeth flung herself on the grass beside him, while the hill rung with her prolonged shriek.

"My father!—my father!—Is there no help? He is dying!—He is my father!" She addressed one or two twilight ramblers, mechanics who, living near the skirts of the park, had stolen out after their day's labour to catch a breath of fresh air. Her appeal was not in vain. One ran towards Holyrood by her direction, and another to fetch a carriage to the farther stile. The ruffian attendant meanwhile stood doggedly by, somewhat stunned and ashamed at the consequences of his own brutality. He at last offered his assistance as the patient appeared recovering.

"Hold off!" cried Elizabeth—"nor dare to approach my father."

"I ken not, and care less whose father he may be, my wise bairn," replied he, sneeringly; "but I have him in charge for this week from Dr. Mallock; and, dead or alive, he goes with me.—Up now, my hearty! Ye are a lord, are ye? Ye shall be a king next—up then! We'se get

ye a sedan at the first street. I am not the man to slip my charge, young lady."

"He never goes more with you!" said Elizabeth, clasping the exhausted object of discussion, who leaned helpless upon her bosom, breathing, and only breathing. "Tell your employers I say so—I, Elizabeth de Bruce, the daughter, the only child of this abused gentleman. Oh, good people, do not desert us! To God and man I can answer for what I now do!"

The appeal of Elizabeth was strongly felt.—There was an involuntary movement among the spectators, and murmurs of sympathy were heard around her.

"Come with me, sir—lean on me," was again her whisper, while she made an effort to assist the Lord de Bruce to rise.—It was beyond her power. She knelt down again; and now first her tears gushed forth while she leaned her face on the neck of the almost lifeless being whom she supported in her arms.

It was lucky for Elizabeth that neither the person nor profession of her adversary was popular. He was much better known than loved; and when he offered to assail the unfortunate de Bruce and drag him onwards, there was a spontaneous and in-

dignant interference. But long and earnestly did Elizabeth look for the aid she expected. Monkshaugh, or Mr. Haliburton, or any creature she had ever seen, would at this time have seemed an angel of deliverance. But she was not much longer left in this cruel suspense.

"There is Deacon Daigh, the baxter," said one of the bystanders, "coming hame frae Duddingston. He is a decent man, an elder of the kirk; and will do justice and love mercy between Tam and the young leddy."

A waddling, chirruping, little, fair and ruddy old man, toddled into view, whose clear, blue eye, and cheek of cherry red, shewed that many nights of sound repose had passed over the Deacon's white head since the burning of Cambuskenneth Lodge.

"If you, sir, be Mr. Deacon Daigh, you are known to my relations. I am Elizabeth of Ernescraig.—This is my father.—Give us your protection to the lodging of Monkshaugh."

"Ay, ay, ay! This *is* a sorry sight!—the Lord de——; but I was aye a rash man o' my tongue. *Ye* are lying here, and that fallow is yonder wallowing in wealth and rampaging in pride: but let na my word be heard! And what can I do

to serve ye?" he whispered—"Is siller needed? *I am* David Daigh, as ye remark, called Deacon, and now Convener, only in respect of certain offices of trust and dignity once held; for as Mrs. Daigh (who Monkshaugh may no' ken, has, for six months, been where the Lord wills) used to say, 'Once Provost aye my lord.' But this *is* a heart-breaking sight. It's but like yesterday since the word came that he was bringing hame a braw bride."

"Hush!" said Elizabeth. "And stay by me, I pray you, till my friends appear, or till a carriage arrives." Her confidence in her new champion was not great; but she welcomed any thing like decent protection.

"That will I—stay by you, and stand by you too, my bonnie young leddy, while there's a button on my coat."

"Stay till the day o' doom and be d——d!" roared the keeper, becoming more furious from opposition—but *he*, be he duke or be he lord, goes with me.—I'll hear nae mair palaver.—I know my duty, and I'll go through with it." And he swore in brutal violence as he menaced to drag the almost inanimate form of his patient from the clinging arms of Elizabeth.

The bystanders were now effectually roused. "Let be the leddy, Tam. We'll no see the gentleman maltreated." But the remonstrance was as fuel to fire; and hands and sticks were lifted.

"Ay! till him, lads!—Till him, the hand-wiled blackguard!" shouted the Deacon, raising the slogan, and his walking staff, but warily retreating at the same time, intending, as he afterwards said, to annoy the enemy in the flank. "Dinna be feared, Leddy 'Lizbeth.—The law is on our side, lads. He is nae *Nisi Dominie Frustrums* here in the King's Park. We are a' without the Town's royalty; and he stands here a simple unhanged blackguard. Till him again! That's it! Up wi' the bonnie baker lads!—Keep a gude heart, Leddy 'Lizbeth.—Is he knocked down yet?" When certified of the fact, the Deacon hushed his war-cry, and boldly advanced on the prostrate enemy.

What was the agony of Elizabeth during this brawling tumult!—her streaming eyes now raised to Heaven for help, now cast in despair on the object of her heart-breaking grief, now ranging wildly over the hollows and swells of the Park, as if to see from what point Heaven's aid was to come. It came from one the least expected.

The thief-taker, as befitted his calling, was a robust, daring, and desperate fellow, accustomed both to give and to take hard knocks. In an instant he was again on his feet; and it is hard to say how the day might have gone with the Deacon and his auxiliaries, had not help been at hand.

"This way! This way, Mr. Delancy!" screamed Jacobina Pingle, flying over the stile like a paper kite, all her silken tassels waving wide. "He is my full cousin by wedlock there where he lies, John Lord de Bruce. No just sae right as he should be, sirs—let's be thankfu' that have a' our wits about us!"

She now first saw the Deacon——"Is that you Davie Daigh?—Honest flesh!" And she threw him a contemptuous sort of half nod of recognition over her shoulder.

Jacobina preceded Delancy by a few seconds; for he had run to an eminence which commanded the other side of the declivity. At her summons he was by her side with his hands grappling the throat of the keeper.—"Caitiff, how is this!" and he pulled him away. Elizabeth, with an exclamation of transport, shut her eyes to exclude a scene which it was agony to witness; but the brutal fel-

low at once gave way, probably recognising in Delancy a visiter of Mr. Hutchen's.

"They might fight dog, fight bone," he said, "if he had payment for all the plague he had got already;" and he doggedly walked off, a triumphant shout greeting his departure. The spectators respectfully dropped off to some distance, and the Deacon and Jacobina, as family friends, alone waited the arrival of the carriage.

"The villain! I learned him what it was to fright the bonnie young leddy," cried the Deacon bravely, as the skirts of the thief-taker disappeared over the distant stile.

"Ay!—had ye a brave touzle wi' Tam, Daighie!" said Jacobina, familiarly thrusting her arm through the Deacon's, and lolling upon him in her free and easy style.

"Whisht now, Miss Jacky! mind what it is to bear office in Kirk and Council.——I had nae touzle myself, sir. That would have been misbeseeming my years and place. I gave the young hot-bloods the front of battle; but Tam kens wha menanced him prettily i' the rear;" and the Deacon, in mimic war, made several diagonal thrusts and lounges, and horizontal pokes with his staff, setting his toothless gums in order of battle; while

Delancy, whom he addressed, hung over the Lord de Bruce, unheeding either his civil dignity or his military prowess.

"Nane o' your barm now, Daighie," said Jacobina, chucking him under the chin. "Ye ken Tam could thrash you wi' his little pirlie. But where have ye been daikering out this way, ye auld sinner?—daidling and drinking among the bane-brigs o' Duddingston, about some o' your election Parliamentin' jobs, I'se warrant?—Ye aye scate when the ice bears, Daighie."

"Civil words, Miss Jacky. Do ye ken what it is in thae times to speak evil o' dignities, before a leddy and a gentleman too, who, though they know me by name and office, are in a manner strangers to my walk and conversation? Ye were ance a creditable young woman; but now your tongue is grown a rank scandal."

"Ye are an auld sneck-drawer, Daighie!—Wha saw ye scougin' i' the head of Todrick's Wynd, yestreen?" This was said with an air of sly understanding that drove the Deacon desperate.

"An if I did, was it no' for the honour and safety of a gentle house, ye ill-tongued limmer?"

"That ane o' the godly held a confabbling wi'

a Leddy Light-skirts, like Bess Slattery! Oh, Daighie, Daighie, if a' tales be true, that's nae lie!—But, there's the coach! there's the coach! I maun down the Dumbiedykes, and tell Monkshaugh we are all coming home, sirs, to a merry meeting of friends and neighbours."—And in wild excitement she darted off, to the infinite relief of the Deacon.

Supported between Delancy and Elizabeth, Lord de Bruce moved slowly onward, his head sunk on her shoulder, uttering no word, and apparently scarce conscious of what was passing around. They were equally silent. Even the necessary orders were given in low whispers. The Deacon waddled after the party; and at the rude gate-way where the carriage halted, Elizabeth stopped to thank him for his friendly interference, and to express a hope of seeing him more at leisure.

"I have a bit private word for your ain ear," he whispered with an air of profound mystery; and Elizabeth obeyed the signal of retreat for a few paces, fancying his communication might regard Lord de Bruce.

"Jacky says I was at Duddingston this afternoon. May be I was—may be I was not. I neither, ye observe, confess nor deny—the Town-

clerk could not counsel better than that. If I was there, good and well. But what was my real mark? Who dare say it was the Sanctuary of Holyrood, and your Leddyship's ain gracious ear?"

"If it was you certainly did not take the most direct approach," said Elizabeth, smiling faintly.

"I better ken what I'm about. Direct approach! Are these times for direct approaches? Had I been seen going down the Canongate it would have been said I was a broken man, a dyvour bound for the Abbey; or gaun to court auld Leddy Tamtallan's housekeeper; or to attend a Black-neb meeting. But, Lord sake! let na my word be heard. Ye'll have heard that I'm a rash man of my tongue. I have a bit o' a documen for your Leddyship's private handling,—a droll way I came by it too; at deadly peril of gude name.—There's an Irish limmer, a Bess Slattery——"

"Give it to me instantly!" said Elizabeth.

"The better I had it to give, my bonnie young leddy. Think ye I have been in council for thirty years to travel in these times wi' documens o' charge on my person?—I ken a trick worth twa o' that."

"Then where or who is this woman?" said Elizabeth, somewhat tantalized. "You perceive time is precious with me. Where shall I find her?"

"Ay, tell ye that, and mak' three hunder merks mine, and do noble service to the Good Town and the government. All the bar-coots, and beagles, and *Nisi Dominie Frustrums*—that's Latin—in Edinburgh, cannot get scent o' her. Awfu' times! —judgment-like times! Need o' wit at the helm even now. If a certain person, lang sequestered from public duty, was sent for privately yestreen, he boasts not."

"Where or how then shall I see this strange person—this Slattery?"

"Whisht now, my bonnie young leddy! name no names—dangerous—*See-lence* is a Court word. In these days a bird o' the air—by which I tell Jacky Pingle, Solomon must have ettled at the tale-pyet—will carry a matter solemnly discussed in a locked Council Chalmer. But ye see, just as I was toyting down streets, thinking how to snare the rebel limmer, starts she bolt before me like a new-risen ghost—'Carry this I command you!' said she—as if the Deacon o' an ancient Craft had been her livery-boy—'to her whom ye name Elizabeth de Bruce; and tell her—She who sends this longed to say more, but must follow her shadow—as all leal and loving hearts should now do—Westward, ho!'—Hold ye runagate! cried I. I arrest

and grip ye in the king's name.—' And in the devil's name I shake ye off!' quoth she; and lent me a devel, as she strode off, that dumb-foundered me: so I was thankful to sing laigh. Good name is better than precious ointment. Had I been seen confabbling with the Irish trucker, it would hardly have been believed that it was anent the honour and safety of an ancient family."

"I shall be all anxiety till I see you, Mr. Deacon," said Elizabeth, as she stepped towards the carriage, heartily provoked by the Deacon's diplomacy, but too much interested to display her natural impatience of all this trifling. Seated in the carriage she bowed; and it moved slowly on.

"Mr. Deacon——very prettily worded. In London it's aye Mr. Deputy," said the Deacon, in soliloquy. "A civil young gentlewoman; and very comely and taking withal. I clap her in my short leet o' womankind.—But save us and bless us, Mr. Gideon Haliburton, my trusty fere! and is this yoursel'? and called a second spouse to the Council Chalmer? ha, ha, ha—ugh, ugh, ugh: that touzle has raised the cough. But lawful, lawful! Marriage, Mr. Haliburton, is honourable, as I aye tell Mrs. Burlin, my daughter."

"Where is the Lady 'Lizbeth?. Saw ye the distressed gentleman? Is Jacky's news true?"

"Hech, hech! 'Od man, ye were aye like mysel', so outspoken and rash o' your tongue!" and the Deacon, with as many supplementary nods and illustrative winks, as a young but promising thief employs in communicating with his principal, related all he had seen and done, nothing extenuate on the score of personal bravery. He was, in turn, informed by Gideon, that Jacky Pingle, in following Bess Slattery, had wandered out among the hills, and a second time seen the *wraith* of the Lord de Bruce, which she had followed up all that grassy glade called the Hunter's bog, which lies between the hills as wild and lonely as if there were neither town nor hamlet within many leagues of its deep solitude. A fortunate impulse of her capricious malady made her return to Monkshaugh's lodgings, where, with a most imposing air of sagacity, she remarked, that "their poor cousin, not being just so well as his friends could wish, she had thought it prudent to attend to his motions."

Delancy was seated with Monkshaugh when this communication was made; the Laird musing on how he was to receive the young man's proposal

for Elizabeth, which he confidently expected—his gentle selfishness beginning to stir at the idea of losing her, of sending "poor 'Lizbeth" to Ireland with a gentleman who never could understand the family turn of the de Bruces. To let Wolfe shift for himself, and devote the fortune he might make at the bar to providing for Elizabeth, was now his thought: "She should just stay still with him;" so, on the whole, he was rather inclined to put a decided negative on the expected proposal; especially as he himself had never "taken a leddy," and was aware that celibacy had its advantages, even to the fair and unprotected sex.

These ruminations were all put to flight by the intelligence of Jacobina, under whose mad guidance Delancy ran off, unheeding the remarks of the tittering *blanchisseuses* all around St. Anne's springs; and the polite exclamation which frequently cheered their rapid progress, of "Eh, sirs? sickin a grand gentleman rinning a race up the hills wi' daft Miss Jacky!"

Mr. Haliburton, on his return, from another unsuccessful chase after Bess Slattery, took the same route, leaving Effie to calm her conjugal anxieties, and comfort Monkshaugh as she best could. He, strongly affected by the information of Jacobina,

waited the result in a pitiable state of nervous tremor and apprehension.

"And may yon comely young gentlewoman be a certain wawling babbie that came out o' the flames of Cambuskenneth Lodge, on a certain night?" whispered the Deacon. "But Lord sake! let na my word be heard—it's neither meal nor maut o' mine."

"Then rest ye in peace, Deacon: the Almighty's time is drawing near for clearing up a dark providence. From behind the mirkest cloud darts the brightest sunshine. Since the much-wronged gentleman himself is found, all may go better. I doubt he has gotten but foul play, first and last; and has played false to himself, which is worse for man's spirit to bide."

"Not far out there, my auld feal fere! But it does me good to see ye!—Mair ado than a dish to lick at a certain villa, we'll no say the name—maybe begins with a *W* and end with an *M*. *See-lence* is a Court word—great merit in initials and feenals. Maybe a certain person, not a hundred miles from Mr. G. H.'s elbow, got a glisk of certain documens in the hands of the right-hand gentlewoman of a certain dowager of quality of ancient name. We say not he was summoned to a con-

fidential communing. Mrs. Abby Gillespie is a judicious woman, and kens whom to call to council; though Mrs. Burlin our daughter will not hear her name since a joke gaed through the Luckenbooths about the filling up o' a late conjugal vacancy. Bread o' Life! as if a man well to pass, who has been ten times Deacon o' his Craft, were not fit to choose a second help-mate for himself. Rest me patient with the greedy pack!—for I'm like the auld man in the picture, devoured by his ain childer!"

There was much mingled with these hints that interested the curiosity of Gideon; and he listened with as much patience as he could muster.

"Ye mean to say ye are courting Leddy Tamtallan's auld lass, who has shown ye, or told ye of the Lord John de Bruce's state and prospects. I never could away wi' your whittie-whatties, Deacon. Speak out man! Might na a' that has passed between us have been proclaimed at Cross and Pier?"

"Cross and Pier! no, no! our private communings and uncos are no just for touting out at Cross and Pier. We'll wait on the young leddy ourselves; more especial, as we have a bit private documen for her own fair hand."

"And does it regard Captain Wolfe? Give it to me, man. You know not how much depends on my seeing it first."

The Deacon, though in general laudably fond of conveying secret information, had no will to see the heart plucked out of his mystery in this simple way,—and was, besides, a little offended; so he became, every instant, more dark and diplomatic, and Gideon groaning turned away.

"There now, ye are as short as pie-crust; but, I care not, if I take a turn wi' you the length of my Leddy Tamtallan's, mainly to vex the Burlins.—Rest me patient, for the very calender wife they make watch my waters, if I gang to gi'e a friendly call on Mrs. Abby!—But ye may say a friend said, it will not be as father-in-law John Hutchen will get off scot free this bout.—She's a dour carlin a certain dowager—as bauld as Black Agnes o' Dunbar—she has hounded a' the lawyer bratchels in Edinburgh on the scent. There will be a whipping o' cadgers—the de'il to pay, and no pitch hot. The nick-sticks winna tally, I'm saying, man," and he knocked Gideon's elbow with his own. "But let na my——"

Gideon strode away with a gurgling humph, now certain some evil menaced, or had overtaken

Wolfe Grahame, and inexpressibly alarmed on account of Elizabeth. He had indeed received a sort of mystical message from Frisel, a few days after the flight of that active adherent of the house of Monkshaugh, entreating him to see the vagrant, whom he had accordingly bootlessly pursued at the Fords of Oran, as well as on the present day.

Meanwhile the carriage had reached the Sanctuary; Elizabeth and Delancy, in the course of their drive, exchanging a few unavoidable words in the lowest whispers.

CHAPTER V.

CAMBUSKENNETH LODGE.

Seest though not a pale,
Fair, young girl standing alone, far, far away?
— — — — — — —
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no beloved hand has closed.

Faust.

HAD the mortal remains of Lord de Bruce been borne into the dwelling of his ancient kinsman, they could not have been received with more affecting solemnity, or deeper emotion, than Monkshaugh now displayed. Trembling like as aspen-leaf, his lips pale as those of him he gazed upon, he had tottered to the threshold, but sunk upon a seat unable to speak. It was not till he had seen his noble relative laid on Elizabeth's bed, the troubled, dreamy eyes half veiled, the bland but languid expression and tender repose of the whole delicately chiselled and wan countenance, so changed from what it had been while the hues of health.

and hope, and youth were bright on every feature, that the past seemed to rush upon the gazer; and while he seized and clasped the thin waxen-coloured hand which hung over the bed, he exclaimed, "It is! It is my noble kinsman, John de Bruce! The curse of an old man's breaking heart light upon them, and hang about them who have brought him to this!"

"Oh! do not curse them," whispered Elizabeth, who knelt by the bed-side; and she bore down the hand raised in imprecation.

"God forgive me!" said Monkshaugh: "For surely neither man's cruelty nor woman's faithlessness ever subdued his noble spirit to this. The hand of God is here; and though we tremble we must bow."

There was a pause of silence, and then Elizabeth, gazing on the corpse-like figure, whispered, "To you my birth brought not blessing. Oh, might the dedication of my life give comfort! and as Heaven, which in mercy has this day brought us together, shall prosper me, so will I remain ever by your side, in all humble observance, in all faithful watchfulness, in all submissive love, in all devoted offices of womanly kindness, till my tears fall on the grave to which I

smooth the way; or till, in renewed health and restored reason, you bid me remain ever in your sight, or begone for ever from your presence! Oh, I shall find many ways to teach him to endure me!" and she turned to Monkshaugh—"Perhaps to love me; and then shall we not all remain together in happiness for ever?"

"At Monkshaugh? 'Lizbeth. I heartily concur; and freely give up all views to the bar, to devote myself to my noble kinsman. Much may be done by a judicious friend who has experience of the family turn;—and what is fame and fortune to family peace and affection; though, no doubt, the mansion of Monkshaugh, as Wolfe must soon think of marrying a lady?—but there's Ernescraig; we could build a bit eke of three chalmers and a pantry—great need of a pantry at the Tower."

"But what to do now, sir? Shall I write a note to Mr. Dalrymple, or to Lady Tamtallan?" inquired Elizabeth.

"I was called to the bar eighteen years before Andrew Dalrymple; however, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; though, on the other hand comes the adage, Mr. Delancy, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth.' But send for Andrew—he

does not want for sense, or legal ability according to his standing. Though I speak more like a green-horn than an auld, regular-bred practitioner, not to have told ye, that John Hurcheon will be at us for the recovery of the person of Lord de Bruce, before we are ten hours older."

"You will surely resist such a surrender at all risks," said Delancy. "Do but give me power to act in your name."

"We never part more!" said Elizabeth; and the clasp of both her hands was returned by a faint pressure, which thrilled to her heart. "He hears! He understands me!—My father! My father!"

The eyes of the group were all turned to the bed; but the unconscious object of their attention made no other answering signal.

In less than an hour, Mr. Dalrymple arrived, accompanied by an eminent medical practitioner; and to them Elizabeth gave a very minute account of all that had passed in the Park. She noticed that the physician appeared to place peculiar importance on the shock produced in the whole moral and physical constitution of the unhappy patient, by the sense of personal degradation, outraged

manhood, and insulted rank, and the indignity of a blow aimed by the brutal keeper, and in a woman's presence. The medical gentleman casually mentioned to his friend, Mr. Dalrymple, that he had lately known an incident very similar, produce the happiest revulsion in the mental health of the patient. Elizabeth likewise mentioned what the man had told of the large quantities of opium which the unfortunate gentleman was in the habit of using. On this point the landlady was examined; for in her lodgings the patient, under the name of Mr. Browne, had lived some days previous to the nocturnal adventure of Elizabeth, while a more secluded residence was preparing for him, or till it should be judged expedient to take him to the country, which could not safely be accomplished till Monkshaugh and Elizabeth had been driven from their home.

Whatever might be the opinion of the physician his language was cheering and consolatory. It was, he said, a bad case worse treated; a case in which one friend might have been of more importance than the whole College of Physicians. "But I was not prepared to find him so much exhausted in constitution."—The eye of Elizabeth made farther anxious questioning.—"We

are not quite oracles," said the Physiciau. "In a very few days you will be much more able to enlighten me than I am to direct your mode of attendance. Be with him, however, as much as you can; accustom him to see you: be his companion while you are his nurse, and hope the best. That there is partial derangement I believe, aggravated perhaps by this most insidious and seductive drug, but phrensy—*mania*, none.

While they still chatted, Mrs. Haliburton, with a face of delighted importance, entered and whispered Elizabeth.

" Your ladyship's auld master, my Gideon, coming down the Canongate cheekie-for-chowie wi' my Leddy Tamtallan's sedan! His bread is baken if he had but sense to turn the cake! Her Leddyship is the patrōne o' the vacant kirk o' Skirlemdeavie,—fourteen chalder o' victual stipend.—O, advise him; but mint na that I had a hand in it. Why should we be *separists* and dishenters from the goodly and weel-bottomed reformed Kirk o' Scotland. I have not ease nor freedom in my conscience. Chisems i' the body is worse than heresies. Fourteen chalder o' a victual stipend, forbye—but whisht——"

Even Monkshaugh, tenacious in all small points

of etiquette, half forgave Lady Tamtallan the old robe-de-chambre and flannel mufflings in which she made her grotesque appearance, when he saw her step up to Elizabeth, and kiss her on both sides of the face, saying aloud, " Lassie if ye were not a de Bruce by birth, your spirit entitles you to be of their blood.—Conduct me to my nephew John!"

" If your Ladyship does me the honour to approve what I have done, trust my discretion a little farther: do not seek to see Lord de Bruce till sleep and rest have restored him."

" It cannot be, my Lady. My authority is despotic," said the Doctor, kindly relieving Elizabeth. " In sober truth, the nerves of Lord de Bruce are so shattered, are in so weak and irritable a state, that——"

" Tell na me of nerves !" interrupted the old lady. " I'm sickened with nerves ! They ever come in the way of all duty and all courage. Yet this may be right too. God forbid that I should come to hurt where I meant to heal !"

" Caustic to a raw sore may sometimes be useful," said the physician aside to his friend.

" But, woman, who in God's name are ye ?" continued the Dowager, knitting her shaggy grey brows till her eyes concentred to a spark of dark

fire; and she laid her strong grasp on the arm of the landlady, who had entered with fresh lights, and her tall mahogany gala candlesticks, in honour of the illustrious guests of her lodgers.

"Just whom your Ladyship takes me for—my ain mother's dochter, and not ashamed to own it. Rest be with her!—Her end was rough, but her life was honest!"

"It matters little o' that, woman. But the truth I'll have out of you this night if I tear it forth with red-hot pinchers!"

"Huts tuts, my Lady! we are past the days of your noble ancestor, the Duke of Drumlanrig; and the boots and thumbikins. But I will speak the truth free and unconstrained, the more readily that its concealment has only injured the memory of her whom I sought to serve."

"Elizabeth," whispered Gideon, "there, in the body, stands that woman whom I have hunted so long—there, under my very nose, the sole living depositary, so far as I ken, of all that is known of your birth, save John Hutchen, and Mrs. Monica Doran. Will ye hear the truth this night if she unseal my lips or open her ain—or will ye—*let weel bide*?"

"I will abide the alternative," said Elizabeth,

who had become very pale, though her voice was firm. "Tell me all, and now! The truth cannot be more terrible than my fears; nor so distracting as my uncertainty. My spirit is worn with mysteries!"

"Mysterious indeed to our dim ken are the dark providences in which the Almighty visits the iniquities of fathers upon their race. Let us ne'er forget that it is He also who sheweth mercy unto thousands; and that the visitation and the blessing do often come hand joined in hand, though our shortened vision can ill scan the mystic bonds which entwine them."

Lady Tamtallan had, by this time, retired with the landlady to the small apartment occupied by that matron; and the gentlemen coming from the inner room where they had been with Lord de Bruce, took leave of Elizabeth for the night. Delancy, lingering for an instant behind the others, craved leave to make his inquiries at an earlier hour of the morning than ceremony sanctioned; since she had decidedly said, that, with Mr. Haliburton in the family, the protection of his presence through the night was quite uncalled for.

"At any hour Mr. Delancy must be welcome to us," said Elizabeth. "We are not in condi-

tion to prize our few friends lightly. Take our best thanks for many a well-timed kindness: Your goodness and attention to poor Frisel, whom his master chooses to consider as a humble friend, we all know how to value. Would that *he* were here, who could better thank you, and guide and guard us all!"

A momentary suffusion of mingled pride and jealousy flushed the young man's brow, while he replied somewhat stiffly, "No thanks can bear the value of your own—not that they are merited, but that you bestow them. Even in the insensible presence of Lord de Bruce I durst not whisper to you the first, if not the deepest cause of my interest in his fate. I never heard her breathe his name, though by her he never can be forgotten—but the human being, revered by me beyond all others, who fostered my orphan boyhood, and guided my youth, was the *Betrothed Bride of de Bruce!*" Elizabeth started, and fixed her questioning eyes on the speaker. "A dark fate divided them, even at the foot of the altar—a deed to be thought of with burning shame and endless sorrow, and never to be mitigated nor atoned. Fate and magic, you know," he added, half smiling, "have a stronger power of charm than of counter-charm. How

lightly or how blindly does Fortune sometimes twine those ties which all her force cannot undo!"

"I had some dim perception of this," said Elizabeth, very much agitated. "I must hear more to-morrow. I am an entire stranger to my family history—but I know my present duty. This is no time for reserves, take my confidence, as the best, the only proof I can give you of my esteem. I hope that when to-morrow comes, I may, in truth as in soul, call Lord de Bruce father. But I know to-night that I call Wolfe Grahame by a name still——"

All was implied in the crimson blush that slightly flushed from her temples to her bosom—in the fluttering voice, and the abrupt pause. Its effect on the listener she would not see, and hastened to say, "We have much to contend with, Mr. Delancy; but with firm faith, young hope, and united hearts, we may meet and surmount it all! This is frank speaking; but Mr. Delancy deserves to hear the truth, and from me, because he knows how to value it."

Before Delancy could look up she had vanished; and, though he heard nothing for which he did not fancy himself prepared, he stood like the youthful dreamer whose airy structures in their

fall, heap wreck on the crushed heart of the architect who has raised them.

"She loves! avows it! triumphs in her engagements!" thought he. "Let me not be unjust—not mean. If the strongest motive of this hasty interest was, that Elizabeth is the unfriended daughter of de Bruce, that remains still in all its strength—let it do so in all its purity.—Let me be the friend they all need—the brother she has never known." The young man was summoned to walk up into the town with the other gentlemen; but the lawyer's chat, and the physician's learning fell this night on dull ears.

An examination of the landlady was meanwhile carrying on before a secret committee, consisting of Lady Tamtallan and Mr. Haliburton. When reproached with not giving the relatives of Lord de Bruce intelligence of his residence in her house, she replied, probably with truth,

"I never saw the Lord de Bruce save once, and that in a way to make me either remember, or forget him for ever. Nor could the mother that bore him this night know her own child."

"Woman, speak the truth, and the whole truth, as you shall answer it to God and to me!" said the Dowager.—"Was it on the night when the

villain Hutchen received that child in the presence of this honest man,—that child which has shot up into the girl whom ye all name Elizabeth de Bruce?"

"And rightly so named, madam," said Gideon, rising to his feet. "That name she received in baptism, administered by these unworthy hands in presence of that honest woman, her dying mother, and Mr. John Hurcheon; at which solemn ordinance John Lord de Bruce took on himself a father's vows in behalf of the helpless infant—ill able to sustain his part, the hand of God was on the youth even then.—Shall I summon his child to this conference?"

"Call her!" returned the old lady, actually holding her head with her hand to stay the frightful tremour with which it shook as if it would have started from her neck.

Elizabeth was at this time watching the slumbers of her patient. In spite of the agitations of the day, of all that she hoped, and all that she feared, the soft and tender feelings with which a woman ever watches the quiet repose of those depending on her cares, those whom she loves, and for whom she has trembled and suffered, were insensibly stealing over her heart. It was with a sort

of reluctance that she surrendered those lulling and grateful feelings, and, with a painful flutter of spirits, took her place by the side of Mr. Haliburton, and as far as was decently possible from Lady Tamtallan.

"It might be full six weeks, an it please you my Ladies," said the landlady, "before the *Windy Wodensday*, when, at the hour of midnight, a low risp and tirl were heard on our door-pin. My worthy mother, rest her! was in a line which made the midnight summons as familiar at our door as the noon-day call, and to the full as welcome; and a quiet cast of her calling was as little to be questioned or ferlied at, as a proclaimed gossiping wi' cummers, caudle, and fit-ale; or if not, five broad gold pieces made all odds evens, and was decent arles of richer payment."

"Go on, woman, and tell not me of your mother," cried the old lady, stamping her foot impatiently.

"The tale has little pleasure for me, my Lady, to dwell on it.—My doomed mother was bound to follow on the word and token, by night or by day, and no questions asked. It might be laird's land, it might be lady's credit were at stake; but she

was a discreet woman—kept herself to herself; or if she inquired what gentles came to town at that season, heard nought or said nought, '*till the hour came and the man.*'

"Who shall ever forget the wild night o' the *Windy Wodensday?* It was the hollow pit-mirk hour—I well remember it. My mother, who had been overspent on former nights, was dozing in her arm-chair when the quick summons came. She was used to the warning alarum, as I said, at all hours,—and clogs and cloak were done on in a twinkling. The clang of the door behind her went to my heart like a death-knell; and as I looked from the window till darkness swallowed the ghost-like figure who strode on before her, a *drow* as it were came over my spirit—"

"Tell me not of what ye felt, but of what ye saw, woman! Was that the young John, the Lord de Bruce?"

"That was he not, my Lady; I am free to say that." And the woman went on to tell that an old sedan chair was found at a particular spot; and how, with wild threats her mother was blindfolded and forced into it, though the extreme darkness of the night rendered the precaution almost unnecessary.

After a length of time—probably reckoned by terror, ever a false time-keeper, for she thought that many hours had elapsed—the sedan was rested; and when the bandage was taken from her eyes, she found herself in the spacious but dismantled hall of a princely habitation according to the taste of the age in which it had been erected.

"I tell the tale as my dying mother spoke it," said the woman, looking at the Dowager. "She thought she had travelled ten long miles; but there she stood in the hall of Cambuskenneth Lodge—pictures, tapestry, escutcheons, and armour, all hanging round, nearly as she had seen them at the birth of John, the Lord de Bruce, when there was joy and rejoicing for a living heir, and a curse removed and passed from an ancient family.—Alack! it clings to it yet!"

"Tell your tale, dame; and spare your commentary," cried the Dowager. "How dare you or such as you, think of the woes of that noble house, but to tremble and be silent?"

The woman at first somewhat sullenly told, that in that hall, besides the tall and spectral figure which had summoned her mother forth, there stood another person, who had probably assisted in conveying her thither. Both were very tall men,

and dressed precisely alike, in rich, tight under habits, with scarlet cloaks richly laced, which, as they fell aside, discovered their arms of pistols and dagger. Both wore velvet masks; and, by every external mark of language, mien, and garb, appeared men of high rank—or, at least, of that rank in which command is familiar and graceful.

It appeared from the rambling narrative, that the midwife had next been conducted into the antechamber of a suit of apartments, magnificent in point of architecture and original decoration, but now scantily and meanly furnished, and wearing that air of coldness and desolation which is never so deeply felt as in scenes where there are still broken traces of the life, splendour, and elegance which have fled for ever.

In this apartment the remains of a charcoal fire were smouldering on the marble hearth. The midwife had been directed to blow the embers into radiance; and something like reviving confidence, returned to her bosom with the rekindling glow of the fire, one of the most familiar bonds of social life. On a marble slab near the hearth, lay the sheathed swords of the brothers—for so the midwife described them—beside a flagon of wine and drinking cups. She was invited to take some refreshment;

and upon this courtesy ventured to inquire for the lady to whom she had been summoned, though still with fear and hesitation. Her conductors did not seem persons to brook questioning.

" Fear nothing, woman !" said he who had led her forth. Be silent !—and you have nothing to fear. What is your wretched life to us—or that of thousands such as you ?—Compose your spirits, and quietly abide our return."

The gentlemen locked the door communicating with the hall, and also one by which they retired into the interior room of this suit of apartments.

" She had a stout heart, my mother ;" said the landlady, " but I think it played whiltic-whaltic then, as she gazed and groped all round for a way of escape, were it but a mouse-hole. The oaken shutters of each window were nailed and bolted, and every crevice was carefully closed against the light of day, and tapestried with cobwebs, as if years had fled since the sun had shone through these darkened casements. Halting in her fruitless search at the door communicating with the inner chamber, she distinctly heard the low faint moans and sobs of a female, mingled with the more intense bursting agony of a man's voice—sobs and groans, as if wrung by despair from a breaking heart.

' God help them, whoever they might be !' my mother said; for there was no mistaking the true voice of deep wo and bitter sorrow.

" Could she have dozed or slept, my mother, after that—or did she dream awake, the fever working in her blood and her brain already ?—She well knew where she stood—in the old mansion of the de Bruce !—But no de Bruce was near her ! The charcoal embers were again fallen low on the hearth; but a dull red gleam was still thrown steadily on the inky surface of a large sconce-mirror which you remember, my Lady, was fixed—"

" I know it well, woman," cried the old lady. " Go on with your story."

" My mother's eye once fixed there, for worlds she could not have lifted it again from that spot." And she described in her own language, that slowly the dim shadow of the Lady Blanche of Lorraine rose, and passed along the mirror in the same corpse-shroud in which she ever appeared, a dead baby in her arms—the shadowy phantom ever moving on, but never departing, like a pale, slow-moving, moonlight cloud. The maddened shriek of the midwife rose as the imaginary phantom disappeared; and this brought back her masked conductors, whom, when she recovered her senses, she

found bending over her where she had sunk on the hearth, their naked swords meeting above her head.

"Those passages of figures shewn in a mirror in a darkened room," said Gideon, "whether of persons in the body, but divided by far space from the beholder; or of those long out of the body, but dragged from the grave and animated by witch-rhymes and hellish incantations, have obtained countenance from grave authorities. But this honest woman must have been chilled in blood, and flurried in spirits; besides that cup of wine—which, in particular, if of the nature of a liquor called Champagne, is of a most wild and heady quality—a perfect demon-elixir, bringing a man under the power and scope of glamour and enchantment, to see fairy sights that never were to be seen, and to hear fairy music and poetic speech that never were sung nor spoken:—so, I rather, 'Lizbeth, opine, that the honest woman's een were in the mirlygoes, than that a pale phantom—the *Morgwyna*, or white woman of faery—or even the airy shew of a murdered lady really passed over that mirror."

"Meddle not with what concerns ye not," said the old lady, fiercely; her head again starting into

the spasmodic shake which at times made her aspect so frightful. " If there be blood-guilt on the line of de Bruce it is for them to abye it. Are our family misfortunes to be every carle's crack ?"

Probably the lady fancied that to strip her family of its attendant ghost was attainting its hereditary dignities and privileges; as it is only old illustrious houses which are ever thus honoured.

The landlady went on to tell, that her mother felt relieved, even by the harsh discipline of her conductors, from the blood-curdling horror of supernatural fear, certainly the most agonizing feeling which a human spirit can endure; for what are mortal terrors to the agonies of the naked soul, shivering and cowering beneath the shapeless, limitless power of that superhuman dread which kills and maddens.

" There was sun-light and blessing," the woman said, " even in the red gleam of the naked swords which appeared to menace her life." On recovering, she was conducted from the antechamber, through the saloon or banqueting-room of the same suit, into the chamber of her patient.

" It was here my mother first saw the young Lord de Bruce," said the landlady.

· Elizabeth's sigh was almost a gasp of anxiety,

as the old lady called aloud, "Woman, was that in very deed my young nephew John?"

"As sure as there is a Heaven above, it was John, the Lord de Bruce, who knelt by that bed-side; where, but twenty years before, he had first seen the blessed light. He started away on the instant; but there is no mistaking a de Bruce.—My mother would have known that stately head on a highlander's pike-staff."

Lady Tamtallan raised her own walking staff as if to chastise the person who used this profane allusion—but dropped it; and the landlady related that her mother now gained courage to approach the bed-side of her supposed patient.

A pale, fair girl lay there, who looked not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age—more like a beautiful piece of sculpture than a being of life. The lips were firmly compressed, as if the resolved spirit scorned the confession of its agony, but tears were trickling slowly from under the closed eyelids.

"She was of a frack, furthy nature my worthy mother," said the woman; "and forgetting all that was past, she bawled out in the name of her Maker, 'Is it to this poor bairn I am called?'" when he who seemed the younger of the broth-

ers, started in, snatched a silken tissue veil which lay on the bed, and with a hand trembling in passion, wrapped it round the head of the unfortunate girl, who made no movement of resistance, but suffered her veiled head to drop, as if lifeless, back on the pillow the moment he had withdrawn his arm. Whispering terrific threats if the veil were withdrawn, the brothers retired, leaving the chamber-door ajar. Through the long, murky perspective of the suit of rooms, the midwife, again cowed in spirit, could see those wrathful brothers slowly stalking about in troubled thought, as if revolving some nameless deed the consummation of which drew nigh; and ever pausing and whispering to each other across the marble slab on which they had laid their unsheathed swords.

While still standing by the bed-side of the lady, who, if she heard her civil interrogatories, never replied to them, the midwife saw an elderly woman carrying an infant, steal into the room by the same door at which the Lord de Bruce had disappeared.

"Monica, my poor nurse! it was she," said Elizabeth, who sat, her bloodless lips apart, her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes fixed on

the speaker, in the attitude of intense expectation.

" Whoever it might be," said the woman, "my mother half screamed at the sight. The nurse threw the infant on the bed, and flew to bolt the door inside, while the poor young girl, starting into life, flung her arms round my mother's neck and dragged her to her pillow, whispering, while her very heart was on her lips, her very life in the entreaty :

" 'This is my child ! my living child ! O, by the mercy of God, I adjure you ! if you ever felt the yearnings of a woman's heart, if you abhor the guilt of blood—innocent blood—if you hope for salvation through Him who died for us all, do not betray the life of this helpless and innocent being ! Your silence for a half hour is all that I implore. Grant me but this, and my life for yours !'

" My mother, you may be sure, was in fearful consternation. Life is sweet, my Lady, even to an auld wife. She knew not what to do, or what to think.—The nurse had, meanwhile, lulled the infant to sleep, which might have been, my mother thought, already three weeks old ; and as it slept she went to the door and opened it, and

called out some words in Erse or Irish speech to the gentlemen, and again carefully locked the door of the lady's chamber inside.

"This, I dare say, was your old nurse, Lady 'Lizbeth," said the landlady, addressing herself to Elizabeth, "and to her the unhappy lady, your young mother, now called out, 'Now, now is the moment I have waited for, longed for, prayed for. Fly while you may; you know who awaits you, and where:—by the Chapel wall of the Palace. And now remember all your vows to me—to me, a dying mother. Oh, will they kill me?—me—still so young! so young!' and then came the burst of Irish speech from the nurse, as the lady sunk back; and throwing down the infant, she refused, as it seemed, to desert her young mistress."

Elizabeth's sobs now rose thick and choking. "Would that I had never seen the light!" she exclaimed. "My life has been wo to many—to my unhappy mother, deepest wo!"

"Elizabeth, my dearest bairn," whispered Gideon, wiping his tawny eyes. "Is it right for us to remove the veil your own mother's hand has drawn across her early sorrows. Had this tale been for you to hear, would not Mistress Doran, who, besides great kindness of heart, has an un-

common grip o' common sense, have told it to you lang syne?"

The feelings of Elizabeth were wound to a very high pitch, and to check them was no light task; but she durst not rush unbidden on the sacred mysteries of a mother's sorrow, so long and sedulously concealed. Taking Mr. Haliburton's arm she arose, and, struggling for self-possession, said in a low but distinct voice, "I will return to the bed-side of Lord de Bruce; there I cannot be wrong. I will wait God's time." She curtsied to the old lady, who appeared impatient even of this interruption, and retired.

Before Gideon returned the landlady had finished her story. The nurse had been prevailed with to retire with the infant to the wall of the old chapel adjoining the Palace of Holyrood, where she found Lord de Bruce awaiting her, with a person who was afterwards ascertained to be Hutchen. The latter wrapped the infant in his cloak; and the devoted woman returned to share the fate of her young mistress, whatever that might be. The young girl received her with a passionate burst of feeling—tears and kisses intermixed; and assured of the safety of her infant, appeared to resign herself to whatever might befal. But as all the

conversation passed in an unknown tongue, the midwife, agitated by very reasonable apprehensions for her own safety, could neither attend to it, nor understand its tenor. It must have been, she conjectured, from the disclosure of the nurse, that the brothers learned what had passed; and that the infant victim of their wrath or their vengeance had escaped them, as they presumed, by the connivance of the midwife, who, under mortal terror of instant death, sunk again into insensibility. When she recovered she found herself in the open air, reclining against the old city wall, near what was anciently called the Kirk of Field, where Deacon Daigh, as has been related, had met her during the conflagration of Cambuskenneth Lodge.

"When I undressed her, and helped her into the bed from which she never more arose," said the woman, just as Gideon returned, "I found, to be sure, other five broad gold pieces in a Barcelona napkin tied about her neck. But what is gold to dear life and good fame; and both were tint that black night, as weel as one of her lasting slippers, with a sma', round, set silver buckle—to be sure I have the other; but where's the use of an odd buckle, be it of gold, let alone silver?"

"An apt conclusion," said Lady Tamtallan, with the laughing, open sneer which was the softest expression her countenance ever wore. "Here is an honest woman in the case of the highlandman, who, at the *Shirra' Muir*, lost a father and a mither, and a good buff-belt was weel worth them baith.—And what learned appendix have you to add to this wild story, gudeman?"

Gideon could only add, that ere he was summoned to the midwife's chamber, where the infant was baptized, the Lord de Bruce and Mr. Hutchen stood there; and that the solemn rite had scarcely been administered when the evident distress of the unhappy gentleman broke out into open frenzy. He had assisted Hutchen in conveying him to his lodgings, and given that solemn promise of concealment which often pressed heavy on his mind. Before dawn of the following day the infant had been reclaimed from the midwife by the nurse and Hutchen. She went no one knew whither save the family agent; and Cambuskenneth Lodge lay in blackness and ashes!

"And this Phœnix is all that remains to us," said Lady Tamtallan; "this lassie, who, I am fully satisfied, be she what she may, is no lawful daughter of the house of de Bruce?"

"And I, as before God, am satisfied that I saw that bereaved orphan bairn solemnly given from the arms of your noble kinsman to John Hurcheon's care, to be bred, though in strict solitude, as a lawful daughter of the house of de Bruce," said Gideon. "Soon did the sordid loon grudge the poor pittance needed for the aliment of the lonely orphan maiden, even with the uncontrolled wealth of all her father's broad baronies. But the favour and the blessing of God and man was with the maiden; and she grew up on that hill-side, budding into beauty like the rose of the desert; and prospering better may be than if reared in the halls of the proudest princes of her lordly line." And Gideon strode away as bold as a lion, muttering to himself, "Proud, prelatic pack,—not a lawfu' dochter!"

"Come back, ye dour, grey carle," cried Lady Tamtallan, smiling in her most gracious sort.—"However all this may be, there's a chance that ye are a very honest man."

"I believe there's no one doubts it, my Leddy," replied Gideon, with warmth and pride; and the lady grinned even more graciously.

"I am distracted with cross lights," said she; "misled by Will-o'-the-wisps.—Where is Wolfe

Grahame? Is it for a Grahame to leave his banner when king and country need his sword and service.—You must come to me to breakfast to-morrow morning, after short prayers; and see that villain's letters, which unfold a tissue of fraud and treachery such as hell never before wove!"

"I will read none o' John Hurcheon's papers. They never were written for me."

"Is it to me you so speak, sir?" said the lady, while her eyes flashed dark fire, and her head started off in its most passionate shake.

"It is to the King on the throne, if he made an honest man the same bidding."

"And is it not honest to use all lawful means to detect the villany of a traitor, and of a viper to boot?"

"If Providence has a purpose to serve anent the lineage of de Bruce, through my instrumentality, a clear path will be opened to me. I will wait the good time, and pray that the hour of deliverance may be sure and speedy."

"What year do we live in? Is your auld Covenanting whiggery at work again, man, that ye dare address insulting speech to me?" cried the lady, trembling with passion.

"I dare speak the truth which should enlighten

and guide; but never yet could offer insult to true man or woman. If I have done it beseemingly I crave your pardon as a Christian man should—"

The old lady pulled the bell till the cord snapped in her hands,—and then flung open the door. —At her feet, like the image of Dagon, down tumbled Mrs. Haliburton, who, thus caught in the fact, wrapped her arms round the old lady's petticoats, exclaiming,

"O, my Lady, forgi'e him, forgi'e him! for the sake o' his family; and he'll come in your mercy! He is born to ruin his poor family, and bring himsel' to a bit o' bread, wi' a rash tongue!"

The proud old lady indignantly shook off the fair petitioner and passed on; and Effie stood yet another buffet.

"Get up, woman. Ye that would curry favour wi' the lordly of the land, bow down before them and lick the dust, and sin your precious soul to pleasure them. I'll be an honest man, an she were fifty Lady Tamtallans.—No' a lawfu' dochter!—She would put her slight on one, who, unless it be that she is an aged gentlewoman, I would say she is no worthy to tie the shoe of—ay, even of 'Lizbeth de Bruce!" And he walked forth.

"Ay, that is it. It's no the glory of the bless-

ed truth, but the wiles o' that lassie, whom he would divide his last plack wi'. But every lot has its ain crook, and mine is a sharp turn. Invited to break his fast by her own lips; and sic a gospel field before him as Skirlemdeavie, with fourteen chalders of a victual stipend! But I'll to John Hurcheon and ha'e him cognosced. Deacon Daigh's a widow too—better a bein baxter than a poor preacher—but I behooved to dree my weird."

There were times when Effie was disposed to think herself the most ill-used and unhappy of wives. Sorrow and regret did not, however, keep her from a round, snoring sleep; during which Gideon having tossed and turned twenty times, at last rose, and dressing himself in the dark—an office to which Effie's frugal habits had well accustomed him of late—he stole to the door of Elizabeth's chamber with as light a foot as he could lay down, though not quite that of a fairy on the greensward. Elizabeth had left the door ajar, as she kept her melancholy vigil by the couch of Lord de Bruce, for the convenience of calling the servants without disturbing the rest of the family.

"If I could watch my lord," whispered he, "that ye might lie down a blink, Burd. I'm but a car-handed man, it's true, wi' little skill in nour-

rice-skep, be it of bairn or body, though I ha'e huzzhed a bairn before now."

Tears streamed over Elizabeth's cheeks. "You are all too good to me—I cannot bear it. I, who have been the cause of misery to many—perhaps of death to some!"

"Elizabeth, think not that ill befel that unhappy lady. Those brothers were fierce and proud men; but they were not slayers. For this I had, on that night, the solemn assurance of the Lord de Bruce himself; or poor, nameless, unfriended man as I was, I would have stirred Heaven and earth to bring so foul a crime to light, if a prince had done it. HE, who out of evil bringeth forth good, out of the polluted the pure, has willed that your birth, unwelcomed as it seemed to have been by some, shall be a blessing to many. But, oh, Wolfe tarries long! and I have another bit of ill news for you, though but in a small way. Poor Francie is like to prove a corbie-messenger. John Hurcheon has laid his feet fast on a fugie-warrant, sworn to by that fleeching loon John Baillie. He hovered about Pitbauchlie, all for the good of his master's house, I doubt not, e'en but too long. If Effie would stay her conjugal terrors, what would ye think of me trying Irish land my-

sel', Burd? I could leave Jenny in easy livery at Stranraer, and try shanksnaigie for it through Ulster. Since I got hame the woman, and lived in Goshen, I'm growing overly fat, and would be the better of a breathing, if Effie would be but conforming. Though marriage is clearly of deevine appointment, institute in Paradise, the Apostle distinctly intimates, that the bonds of flesh, and family ties, may stand in the way of that entire surrender of body and spirit which becomes a good cause—no' that I am contending for the Popish device of celibacy, whilk is a snare and a gin."

Elizabeth looked up with anxiety, fearful that the bonds of Hymen were already beginning to fret the neck of the tardy disciple. His countenance betrayed no uneasiness going beyond the point in hand; and much affected with his delicacy and kindness, she replied,

"You are, as ever, even but too good to me, though I trust the signal deliverance already wrought for us"—and her eyes rested on the bed where de Bruce lay still sunk in the calmest repose—"gives earnest of farther blessing. Poor Frisel's arrest is most unfortunate at this time, when I fancied him far advanced on his way to Ireland; yet, I have within the last two days had

the written assurance of that faithful squire, that he has lately seen one who conversed with Wolfe in health and safety, as impatient to hear from Ernescraig as we could be to hear of him. Yet Heaven forbid that he could have felt a tenth part of the torture which his inexplicable silence has caused to others!"

"Faithfu' knave! Wise wee wight!" muttered Gideon; "though from the very mercurial nature of him a gibe and a jeer is like his meat and drink, a heart mair leal to his master's house does not beat, would he only forbear John Hurcheon. Even his deliverance must be wrought by the strong hand of Wolfe Grahame. Under Providence, he is the pole-star of a' his kith, kin, and adherents; and when we need trim a' our sails to evite the storm, e'en then the mirkest cloud descends on our troubled firmament."

"You have evil tidings!" said Elizabeth, fixing her eyes on the speaker, as if she would have searched his soul. "His faith—his honour—his life, they cannot affect! and I am nerved to bear all else. Speak your news of Grahame?"

"His faith and affection to you—that is unimpeached I venture my neck:—but to his liege prince—his duty as a warrior——"

" 'Tis false if a prince had spoken it!—*He* false, in whose breast Honour has pitched her tent! Mr. Haliburton, I blame myself in listening to you;" and she turned away in displeasure, but under alarm which she disdained to avow.

"Hear me, 'Lizbeth; and be not hasty. I have this night conversed with the Lady Tamtallan. From the fashion of this world's honour Wolfe Grahame has swerved. He is accused of having aided the escape of a rebel leader—one of those red-handed, evil, and violent men, whom violence and evil will pursue—the O'Connors of the West, ever unquiet men, and blinded idolaters."

" The O'Connors of the West!—of whom Monica my nurse tells such glories—a race of name and honour! And if, in some evil strait, my husband aided them, is it for this the tongue of a friend should brand him as traitor?"

" Elizabeth, is the credit of Captain Wolfe Grahame not dear to me, were it but for another's sake—though it's little the regards of a friendless, out-of-the-world, auld man can stead a noble gentlewoman."

" Forgive my warmth," cried Elizabeth, bursting into tears. Alas! I have few friends to throw away!" and she held out her hand.—" What

more said that stern and severe woman—devoted to some cold abstraction which she calls her family, without a spark of feeling for any one living member of it—what more said she of Grahame?"

The scanty information Mr. Haliburton possessed, had rather been gleaned from the bursts of passion the old lady had betrayed, as he was honoured to attend her sedan down the Canongate, than any direct conversation on the painful subject,—and from her peremptory questions on subjects to which he neither could nor would reply.

"I will myself go to Ireland!" said Elizabeth, after a pause of reflection. "I will seek him who cannot seek me. The affection of the wife may brave that from which the pride and the delicacy of the mistress would shrink. By his side alone there is safety for us all.—A thousand times I have told myself this!"

"Then I'll pack up my awls, Burd; but no' let on to Effie till we start, for the woman's conjugal apprehensions—to be sure, they may be a kind of cess on the happiness of the married state."

"I shall be sole traveller this once," replied Elizabeth; "or my companion will be the Lord de Bruce—and with him I shall not be the less wel-

come. My mother! does she live? Might I not in that land also find a mother?"

"It maunna be, and it canna be, that ye travel alone, Burd, while I have a foot to follow ye—to throw yourself, with this afflicted gentleman, on the wild, broken world of Ireland, at this day.—Yet, oh, dull of heart, why distrust His keeping!"

"Your presence here will better stead me, my oldest, truest, kindest friend! as the comforter of poor Monkshaugh—as the guardian of all our interests.—Fugal, whom you must send to join us somewhere in the west, is fit to give all needful attendance on a gentleman; and well we know the veteran's respectful attachment to the Lord de Bruce."

"I'm no mislikining the good gifts o' the Corporal, who is in very deed a hero in war. An keep him frae drink, when he makes sad slashes,"—and Gideon stroked his still suffering chin,—"he'll shave me cleaner than I e'er could myself, which ye may think marvellous: so I'm not misdoubting his qualifications to attend a leddy; besides his soldierly breeding and knowledge of the world picked up in his campaigns. But there will be siller needed for this job, lass!" and his eyes

sparkled with the delighted consciousness of being able richly to endow Elizabeth for her journey.—"As Effie says, 'Keep a thing seven years, and ye'll get use for it;' and so sains o' her bit tocher, for which I never could see great call till this night. Glad, no doubt, will Effie be to open her pose and furnish us with the sinews o' war,—especial as she can foresee no ultimate loss; for the woman is o' a frugal carefu' turn, more for my sake than her ain she says; and I am bound to believe it, as it must be owned she takes just as gude care o' the common *peculium* o' the Sourholes, as of her ain bit gathering. What the amount o' her treasure is I cannot pretend to guess, 'Lizbeth: but ye shall get enough, if my twa Elzivers—ye saw the beauties, sent me hame i' the pock in a compliment yestreen, along wi' the printed authorities and evidents—should baith gang to the black-prent book-stand at the Bow-head; and Jenny Geddes show her paces to the horse-coupers i' the Grassmarket."

"I trust we will be under no such necessity," said Elizabeth, smiling, as she took leave of her friend.

Elizabeth understood Effie's character as well as it is possible a generous and liberal spirit can

ever comprehend a nature in which blinded avarice and penurious pinching have become a master-passion and a disease. There was scarcely another purse to which she would not rather have been indebted—even to Lady Tamtallan's; but she left the affair to Gideon.

How the matrimonial conference proceeded it would be tiresome to relate. It is enough, that loud clamour and blind obstinate avarice prevailed over benevolence and good sense, though supported by the "*Jus Mariti;*" and that, at an early hour, Mr. Haliburton, without having once closed his eyes in sleep, went abroad no one knew whither.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VIGIL.

My father
Dwells in my heart, but thou art also there.

MONTI.

To other climes the Pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

WHEN Elizabeth, on the departure of Mr. Haliburton, stole on tiptoe to the bed-side, Lord de Bruce was still asleep; and his gentle breathings were as soothing music poured over her ruffled spirit.

The apartment was very small, but there was space for her seat between the fire-place, in which a night-lamp burned, and the bed-side. Mr. Delancy, who had with the utmost tenderness and attention assisted the benevolent physician in undressing the unfortunate nobleman, had given into Elizabeth's hands a number of crumpled papers, fragments of unfinished writings, and copies of verses, and also a silver incased small bottle of laudanum, "bane and antidote" of a distempered mind.

Among the many torn and fretted fragments of verse which lay in a heap in her lap, Elizabeth's eye, as she endeavoured to arrange them, was arrested by one bearing the words "*Cambuskenneth Lodge*, vain attempt to embody feelings alike imperishable and indescribable."

Elizabeth, with pardonable curiosity, returned to the commencement of this hasty and blotted effusion; which she fancied might afford another link to the broken chain of her early history.

"O clasp me closer! as I lean
   Again within this dear embrace,
Dreaming o'er all that *might have been*,
   Had FATE allowed this resting-place.

O clasp me closer! fonder press
   To thine the heart for thee was made;
And as I share thy soft caress,
   Its pains are stilled—its woes are laid.

Now be thou hushed, thou wayward thing,
   Bid all thy fever'd throbbings cease;
And from thine aching pulses fling
   The thoughts that wreck thine inmost peace.

In vain:—around each bleeding chord
   Mem'ry and Passion fondly twine:
Here still thou reignest supreme adored,
   Nor fail'st but with the falling shrine.

We loved not as the many love,
   Nor share their hopes, nor own their joy;
Yet loved—this bursting heart can prove
   How deeply, fondly, hopelessly!

And blest is young affection's tie,
Its sunny smile and rainbow tear;
But ties thus twined in agony
How doubly strong, how doubly dear!

O clasp me closer! as I gaze
In the blue depths of those dear eyes,
Twin-stars of Passion's brightest rays,
Records of tenderest memories.

O clasp me closer! as I sip
This lingering draught of baleful bliss,
Steeping this fond and fever'd lip
In the honey-dew of thy last kiss."

* * * * * * * *

Here the imperfect writing broke off; nor could Elizabeth, from its contents, conjecture more than that the scene in Cambuskenneth Lodge had been that of farewell between de Bruce and her unfortunate mother.

Resting her aching brow on the coverlet she leaned musing on the strange events of the day, the words of Delancy, and the distressing hints of Mr. Haliburton. In the interminable silence of him dearer than all, there was something more perplexing and dark than ever. Ah! how many ways might not ingenious affection devise to send some token that it still lived! Her mind had, however, found a point of rest, in the resolution of seeking *him*. They might meet in

sorrow, but they would *meet.* She might have bitter tears to shed, but his lip would be near to gather them—his kisses would be dipped in them, and love and hope would cheat sorrow of half her penalties. Fancy thus beguiled the night-watch, by picturing the many tender circumstances under which they must meet after a separation so long and painful; and the heart of Elizabeth melted over its ideal creations. It was now that sleep insensibly stole over her senses: her thoughts became broken and confused; and the incongruous images of her dreams were wildly mingled with the events of the day, with the midnight scene in Cambuskenneth Lodge, and some undefined and horrible danger threatening Wolfe Grahame, whom she saw, and flew to embrace, while his figure still floated back and back, drawing her on into misty obscurity, ever receding from the offered kiss, till at last her lips met the chill, withering touch of a phantom. From this blood-curdling vision Elizabeth awoke, invoking the name so dear to her,—the hand on which her brow had rested steeped in tears.

In a moment she recollected her situation. The night-lamp, which still burned faintly on the hearth, shewed her Lord de Bruce, now fully

awake, after a calm sleep of six hours, gazing mildly, but fixedly on her features.

"And you also, poor thing! have your dreams." And he held out his hand to her; while looking glad surprise she started to her feet, crying, "O my lord! am I indeed so blest as to see you already so much better. I am an indifferent nurse it appears; but nature is kinder." And she brought forward a vial containing a draught which she had been ordered to administer the moment Lord de Bruce awoke.

"And you have watched by me? and Dr. —— has visited me? I guess how it all is—I know you now—who you are;" and he drew her towards him. "While you slept another face rose in yours. I must have seen you before. Where or how was that? At times there are million, million faces all clustered and huddled about me, and hours in which I feel as if I had passed through a thousand changes of being, and brought from them all broken links of recollection. Do we indeed pass through all those changes? I have memories awakening in snatches, which seem to have come with me from the hidden depths of eternity:—from the land of songs and flowers, your image returns to me with smiles and gladness.—

Where have I really seen you? You seem as a creature of my dreams—yet I know you. *Her* softer beauty rose in your sleeping face, and sat on your veiled eyelids—*Does she not live?*"

The last sentence was breathed in the lowest whisper; and in tones as muffled Elizabeth replied, "My mother! I have never seen my mother! I have ever lived alone at Ernescraig—always alone, till—" and though urged by a strong impulse to reveal her real condition, even in the first moments of intercourse with her father, she blushed and paused; and again in a calmer tone resumed—"I am Elizabeth—I have never known a mother; if you, my Lord, disown me, I have no parent!" and she knelt where she had sat, hiding her weeping eyes.

"Disown you, poor girl—you, left my own, all my own, poor Elizabeth.—Elizabeth de Bruce—is not that your name?" Elizabeth bowed in silence. "And I have forgotten you—neglected you: neglected all in the indulgence of unmanly, and perhaps sinful sorrow. Elizabeth, I am not well—my dark hour has passed for the time, but it will again return and with more terrible power. Stay by me—talk to me—tell me your history. Were you with me always perhaps I would be

better. Am I not now under the roof of my kinsman, Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh?"

"You are, my Lord; and I, who have no home, am also his guest."

"No home! are you not rich, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth smiled brightly and shook her head. "I am richer than I ever thought to be—rich beyond my fondest hopes;" and she kissed the hand that held hers.

"Elizabeth, can you love me?" and he drew her towards him with gentle constraint.

"Alas! my Lord, how dearly, dearly love you!" and her heart leapt to the affectionate embrace in which she was folded by him she had till now feared to call father.

"Child of poor Aileen!—Elizabeth de Bruce! I shall learn to love you but too well! Sit by me;—tell me all your history;—why have you not earlier sought to know me? I was taught to believe that you feared, perhaps hated me—dreaded my approach—sought other guidance."

"Not more cruel than false," said she; and again gently urged, she sat down on the bed-side, and related the simple story of her childhood.

"Elizabeth, I have ill discharged the duty con-

fided to me—and you have never known another parent?"

"Never, my Lord;" and here she related her adventure in childhood at the Linns of Cleuch, which powerfully affected the listener.

"I must not think that way," he at last said. "Tell me rather of my kindred—of Robert of Monkshaugh, and of Wolfe Grahame, his heir and mine—where is he?"

"In Ireland with his regiment," my Lord.

"A gallant soldier, and an accomplished gentleman?"

"He is so named," said Elizabeth, blushing, and averting her eyes.

"And the image of your young dream, Elizabeth, is this Wolfe Grahame;" and he again drew her towards him. "Is it not so?—In your sleep but now, his spirit was with you. Do you comprehend the nature of the intercourse which separate spirits may maintain in sleep? I have seen you twice asleep—and twice his spirit conversed with yours—your softest accents named him."

Elizabeth's tears gushed in torrents upon the hand which she clasped. "I dare not for another

moment conceal the truth! Forgive him—if there were fault it was mine! I was a lonely, unregarded thing whom no one claimed. He loved me, and I am his. Pardon me—love me still, my father!"

Elizabeth durst not raise her head to read the answer of her prayer in the countenance of de Bruce; for she felt the hand by which she held, tremble and become cold. After a brief pause, a kiss was imprinted on her burning brow; and her heart fluttered in joy to the token of love and forgiveness as she pressed many a silent kiss on the hand she had never quitted.

"Not less my own Elizabeth, that I find in you the wife of my young relation. But why is he absent now—and why do I find you here alone?"

In anxiously exculpating Wolfe from all blame, Elizabeth necessarily explained the causes of Monkshaugh's involvements with Hutchen, though there were many important points on which she durst not touch.

Lord de Bruce expressed warm indignation at the conduct of Hutchen to his old relative; but the spoliation of his own property appeared to give him no concern, and to be altogether a matter in which he had no interest.

"It is you, poor Elizabeth, who have been

every way a victim, of the sins of one parent, the sorrows of another, the neglect of him who solemnly vowed to protect you, the passions and interests of your uncles—"

"My uncles?"

"—of your own fond affections, of your lover's misjudging fears."

"O, blame him not," interrupted Elizabeth; "he, who is all truth and honour, has assured me that our union had powerful sanction; for its concealment I know that there were urgent reasons: our kindred disliked the union of persons so nearly related—but your pardon ensures all; nor, as Heaven is my witness, is more wanted to my happiness than to know that I am his wife and your child." Yet it was with a fresh burst of tears, and a mixture of humiliation and sorrow, that Elizabeth avowed, how long, how painful, how inexplicable had been the silence under which she had suffered; and that she had just learned that Wolfe was involved in trouble for rashly befriending an unfortunate and guilty man, a traitor to the peace of his native land: "The O'Connor of the West," she said, "of whom my old nurse used to tell me such brave and spirit-stirring stories. On service in Ireland Grahame encountered

one of these unhappy gentlemen—could he do less than succour him? Could you, my Lord, ever have looked on your kinsman with pleasure or esteem had he betrayed a brave man so placed?"

"And has your nurse said nothing more of those O'Connors?"

"O, an hundred tales of gallantry and chivalry, with each an O'Connor for the hero. I could have chided Wolfe had his part been less generous. He suffers for it now—and I, who would have blamed his coldness of spirit—shall I not seek him, and share or sooth his suffering?—Yet the vow is recorded in Heaven, by which I have bound myself never to quit you till you drive me from your presence."

"Never to quit me! when darkness and horror are falling on my spirit—when I struggle with the demon-power! Alas! poor Elizabeth, you know not what you undertake."

"Not more than affection gives me strength and courage to accomplish," replied Elizabeth, her eyes beaming with the enthusiasm of a generous purpose. I will pray that this dark hour may pass. My cares, my watchfulness may forbid its return—but in its darkest depths I will never forsake you."

He smiled in melancholy kindness upon her. "At least we will not part now," said he. I am ever wandering—'tis but of late I have been restrained, watched, tortured, the paroxysms of mental agony aggravated to frenzy by brutality and violence, till I had fallen into the condition in which you found me—and for this," and he lowered his voice and knitted his brows—"for this, 'twas said I was indebted to my heir and kinsman—to Wolfe Grahame de Bruce."

"Villany unparalleled! deeper than I dare unfold or imagine," cried Elizabeth vehemently. "He who would give his life to see you as I now do—he the instrument of suffering to you! O, my Lord, let us together seek him—look on his candid brow—and read his truth!"

"Elizabeth you speak him fair;" and the listener smiled upon her. "Be it as you wish.—I am ever restless—the only fixed symptom of my Proteus malady is desire of change. I am not mad—the mad are happier—yet I know I am not well!—What I was, I never again shall be. But you will not leave me? I have your promise?"

"Heaven has my promise! you, my Lord, have my heart's thanks—my warmest gratitude for the permission you give me to love you, and be ever

with you!" and Elizabeth looked upon him with what old Monica called "her mother's eyes," pleading and prevailing; and the tears of him her heart claimed, and named *father*, descended on her head like the dews of Hermon.

It was de Bruce who now first talked of their journey to Ireland; for Elizabeth durst not venture to hint her fears of the necessity of immediate flight to evade that horrid struggle for the recovery of his person, of which she had been warned; and scenes which, in his fluctuating state of mind, might be productive of the most distressing consequences.

As a yet greater mark of confidence in her judgment and affection, the unfortunate patient in this what he called "lucid interval," gave her the most minute directions for his treatment in those gloomy hours which he knew must soon again eclipse his mind. Society, at all times disagreeable, was then intolerable. Strange and prying eyes—and to his distempered mind every strange eye seemed to pry into his soul, and to glut itself on his hidden misery—stung his chafed spirit to madness.

"My companion, to be my true nurse, must also be my jailer," he said, attempting to smile.

" She will at least save you from the presence of all that is painful—nor herself approach you without permission and welcome," said Elizabeth.

" Then seek repose now—my imagined bane—my late-found blessing. Go to sleep now, Elizabeth; and carry with you the key of this chamber:—till alone we can meet and begin our journey, let no one approach me."

" My Lord, can I refuse admission to the Physician?"

" And what, Elizabeth, has the Physician to say to me?—Can he minister to a mind diseased—pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?—To my feeling these words of power never can become hackneyed—for they embody eternal truth. Elizabeth, my heart promises that your ministry will avail me more than that of all the faculty. Then leave me, or I shall become garrulous, though my devil is dumb." He again smiled.

Elizabeth's eyes beamed cheerfulness and hope, while she promised obedience.—" But your Lordship's aunt—she who takes so active an interest in your affairs,—dare I refuse admittance to your presence to the Lady Tamtallan?"

" Do the physicians recommend galvanism in my case?" he said in a lighter tone than he had

yet used; and brightly Elizabeth's eye and lip returned his sickly smile. Relapsing into gloomy solemnity, he continued—"Her curse, cold and cruel, fell on my budding hopes, and withered where it fell. Has human imprecation more energy than human blessing?—Are there among us clothed in flesh, those whose natures have more affinity to the Evil Principle than to the Good, of whose eternal struggle all space is the theatre? Blessing and curse were poured over me—over my cradle, and my Bride. The *curse* prevailed! Are there not whole devoted families haunted by an ancestral curse, set apart visible monuments of the mysterious wrath of Heaven?—Such was the Royal line of Scotland—such perhaps is mine!—But seek sleep now; and, as the earnest of your vowed fidelity, save me from those strange eyes and discordant voices that irritate and distract me."

Elizabeth prepared to depart, having first seen her patient swallow an unmeasured quantity of liquid opium, which made her shudder. This drug—the bane and antidote of his existence—was become to de Bruce the principle of a morbid vitality—the heart-pulse of a distempered life.

"Elizabeth, you shudder," said he, smiling

faintly; "but this must be!—I have tried drams of all kinds. The most exhilarating draughts of life I have quaffed, the mingled and overflowing cup of love and hope——and now—I banquet on opium! 'Tis the devil's elixir!—When we travel together, I must tell you of how, in my dream-tales, I saw the angels mingle a delicious draught to alleviate human wo—and how I saw the devils glide in, and stir into it their witch-oils, and the hell-broth of their caldrons!"

"O, my Lord!" said Elizabeth, with tearful eyes, "that the affectionate devotion of your friends, the manly regard of Grahame, the tender affection of your unknown Elizabeth, the love and assiduity of all around you, could win you back to happier and more healthful life!"

He shook his head, and beckoned her to begone; and, with the key of his chamber below her pillow, she tried to gain an hour's repose before preparing for her flight or journey. To sleep was impossible; but though her head ached her heart beat lightly. The prediction of the physician seemed already accomplished; nor could she believe that he whom she beheld calmly conversing, smiling, reasoning, exercising every affection proper to his condition, could suddenly, on the opera-

tion of some invisible cause, be converted into the visionary wanderer she had encountered, though warned of the probability by his own lips. Mad he had never been, according to the common acceptation of the term; yet he was miserable enough to be content to rank in any condition which kept him without the pale of society, and emancipated his unhappy mind from what he felt the galling bondage of civil life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VAGRANT.

Gentle and fair! your lover greets you well,
Not to be weary with you he's in prison.

SHAKSPEARE.

ELIZABETH had not been a half hour in bed when she heard Mr. Gideon go abroad, a measure which, with all his care to avoid disturbance, was sufficient to arouse a much heavier sleeper than the gentle Laird of Monkshaugh, whose twitchy chamber-bell followed the ponderous tip-toe clank of the Minister. She hastily sprung up, listened for an instant at the locked door of her patient, and returned to arrange her dress before seeking an interview with Monkshaugh, previous to his commencing the endless duties of his morning toilet. While thus engaged she heard the house-maid in loud altercation with some one on the stairs; her chamber-door was boldly thrown open, and in the looking-glass at which she braid-

ed her hair, rose the bold black eye of her old acquaintance in the Pechs' Path, though the morning light and cool blood disarmed it of half its imaginary terrors.

This person, advancing uninvited, sternly ordered the house-maid, who had opposed her entrance, to "begone;" and, ere Elizabeth could speak, shut the door—and they were alone together.

"On yonder night, fair lady, I did but point at your fortunes," she said. "Ask boldly now, and hear the response of the stars."

"I will hear the language of truth and common sense, and none other. If you can speak that say on. What make you here? What means this bold intrusion?"

"The unwelcome messenger may have courteous reception, if not for herself yet for what she bears," said the woman, displaying a small antique golden cross. "Know ye the token?"

Elizabeth sprung forward to seize it. "From whence is this?—how came you by this?—It was mine

"And you hung the relique round another. It saved a life! and is the gage of him who now wears yonder ring. You best know all that is pledged on this gage."

"And does he claim the service and duty pledged on this token—and by your lips? Woman, had he none other messenger than such as you?" said Elizabeth.

"'Tis not spoken, lady, like the child of your mother;—the good are ever gentle—the pure are also the indulgent. If you own the sign follow the challenge."

"I seek and care not to comprehend your juggling," said Elizabeth. "My own business lies whither this has come:—I travel thither, and instantly."

"The Saints speed your errand,—so it be promptly done. But know ye then what ye seek?"

"I thank your good wishes," said Elizabeth. "If you have indeed conferred with him who held this token, you can guess my errand."

"Still is your dream of the youth. Is there no thought stirring in your bosom of the desolate mother pining by her lonely hearth? But your shame has never made her brow burn, and her heart sorrow. Know ye the unpardonable sin? Know ye the curse that clings the heaviest?—'Tis the mother's!"

"Heaven forbid that I should provoke such fa-

tal malediction," replied Elizabeth, half startled by the insane energy of the speaker. "And as ye would do me kindness never to be forgotten, tell me in brief speech how you came by this token?"

"I will tell you more. This holy symbol which my sinful hands are not worthy to touch, was hung round an infant's neck, while a mother's tears fell on her baby face. May a true guide in childhood to the Linns of Cleuch, not be trusted as a conductor in womanhood to the gates of the Black Castle?"

"You my guide? You the chosen bearer of a message from my mother—or my husband? Convince me of that; and to the ends of the earth I will follow you,—ay, and bless your guidance."

"More—I shall tell you more," said the woman; "how that infant, grown to a blushing maiden, hung this round the neck of a youth, saying in playful wise in presence of her old and faithful nurse, 'In weal or wo, in pain or peril, by day or night, send me this token; and though the hand of the messenger were red with the blood of my kindred, I will obey the hest and fly to your side.'"

"Stay, stay!" cried Elizabeth. "I accept the sign; idle words, boldly and rashly but too surely spoken. Whither must I with you?"

"Whither your own heart leads,—to him who cannot come to you. His written message I intrusted to safer keeping. Has the old dotard not sought you?"

In hot impatience and deadly anxiety, Elizabeth almost joined in the denunciations which Rougemantle now launched against the diplomatic Deacon.

The bare-legged house-maid flew up into the City; and returned with the intelligence that the whole household of the Deacon had that morning been thrown into great alarm, by his 'lopement at untimeous hours, and the disappearance of his Sunday wig, best mourning suit, and gold-headed cane; and that Mrs. Burlin was maddening and raving round the *Palmer's Land*, denouncing the lesser and greater Excommunications on Mr. Haliburton, and dismemberment, hanging, heading, and maiming against the seducing Mrs. Abby Gillespie.

There is not a more ticklish crisis in the life of an old man than that which immediately ensues on his emancipation from the matrimonial yoke, particularly if, as in the Deacon's case, the rein has been held somewhat tight. A band of school-boys just let loose on a sunshine holiday, a hive of bees whose queen has abdicated, are feeble emblems of the

extravagant and riotous freedom of the honey-moon of the widower. The freedom of will recovered, the power of choice restored, absolutely bewilders the poor man. His mind is thrown completely off its balance; and his thought is of nothing but wives. In a few months the effervescence may quietly subside; and if the widower weather these, he may afterwards be expected to act pretty much as in ordinary circumstances,—almost as wary and vigilant as an old bachelor, suspecting snares never laid, and detecting catch-match schemes that exist only in his own brain. In this heyday of matrimonial emancipation was the worthy Deacon, like the aforesaid bees, buzzing away the interregnum in choosing a new sovereign lady. So what were packets, ladies, lovers, spies and traitors to him who saw but one great object on earth, Mrs. Burlin, his daughter, abridging his Christian liberty and disputing his capacity of choice.

Both Deacon and packet were accordingly missing; and Elizabeth and Mrs. Burlin might sympathize with each other on their common loss for what he appeared to care. But this misadventure could make no change on Elizabeth's purpose; and in farther conversation she availed herself of the offered service of Rouge-mantle in

sending the veteran Fugal to join them at a place she indicated.

While these arrangements were being made, Elizabeth started at the well-known voice of Hutchen; and Rouge-mantle had just time to envelop herself in the drapery of a window-curtain, when that gentleman entered, followed by Dr. Mallock and two or three inferior persons. To his profound bow Elizabeth haughtily bent her head; and without opening her lips shot past him.

"Stay, madam!" said Hutchen; "you, I presume, know my errand in this dwelling. I come to reclaim the Lord de Bruce to that custody to which the laws of his country have consigned him for personal safety and protection; and from which strange and unauthorized interference has withdrawn him. This, however, I am disposed entirely to overlook, provided he is now allowed to return quietly to the care of his medical attendant."

"If it be of me you make such demand," said Elizabeth proudly, "know that I refuse your authority, and shall resist it to the extremity by every right with which God and nature has endowed me. I hold here the key of Lord de Bruce's chamber, and by his own command. He re-

mains of his own choice—and, I bless Heaven, quite capable of choice—under the roof of his kinsman. Who among you will dare to lead him hence save at his own pleasure?"

"The will of a lunatic, like the resolutions of a lady, must give way before a man's determination. Men, advance!—Mallock, come forward! The key, Madam! nor compel us to use violence!"

"I have said *no!*" answered Elizabeth; and she placed her back to the door, anxiously waiting the appearance of Mr. Haliburton, Delancy, the Physician, or even the awful Dowager; and determined at least to gain time.

"No is no word for a lady," replied Hutchen; who well knew that he had not time to lose.—— "Force the door, fellows, and dally not—I am your warrant." The men hesitated, looked from the lady to their employer, and shrunk back averse to the harsh duty.

"Forbear! as ye shall answer it to God and man," said Elizabeth. "Lord de Bruce sleeps soundly. Will ye venture to disturb and destroy him by this unmanly violence?"

"We will wait till his Lordship awakes," said the surgeon, coaxingly, to his friend.

"Fool and knave! must I do your work?" cried Hutchen, wrenching an implement from the man who stood next him, and beginning, with all the vigour which passion lends to strength, to force the door.

"Yet forbear! O, forbear till he awake!" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands in entreaty.

"Give me the key then!" cried Hutchen, probably ashamed of the violence on which he was forced by what he felt the necessity of instantly regaining the person of his unfortunate client.

"Till I have the command of Lord de Bruce never! As a gentleman, as a man, I entreat your forbearance till the few friends of Lord de Bruce appear—till I can obtain better counsels than my own—Mr. Dalrymple—Lady Tamtallan——"

"Force the door!" was the hoarse scream of the person to whom this honest but very simple address proved the extent of his danger in every moment's delay; and he threw himself upon the door, Elizabeth still maintaining her place, though her heart fluttered like a bird.

"Stay, Mr. Hutchen!" cried Rouge-mantle, advancing from her place of concealment. "Stay, jewel—you'll take bail—say my bond now, poor as I am, for the appearance of this noble gentle-

man;" and with an expressive sneer she quietly patted the shoulder of her victim, whose eye, fascinated by her exulting and malicious glance, remained riveted on her wild and audacious features. "You'll take bail from an ould friend, weighty as is the bond." Again she renewed the patting on his shoulder, while with his eye still staring upon her, he writhed back from her insulting and familiar caress, with an attempt at laughter which was horrid.

"My old friend, Bess," said he at last, slowly drawling up the words.

"Ay! glad to see me, no doubt. Begone, men! You see your employer takes bail—he is raisonable. Walk you also, Doctor—we never needed clerks to signet our bonds—this one the young lady alone shall witness."

"I am doubtless unwilling to disturb the family, much more to alarm the patient," said Hutchen, drawing a long breath—"you may, therefore, retire for a little."

"I knew it.—I knew Mr. Hutchen to be a Christian after all," said the woman, with that malignant sneer which is the most irritating expression of malice; and she looked round with exultation on the astonished Elizabeth. The men,

together with the surgeon, withdrew; and drawing herself up to her full height, and crossing her arms on her breast, Rouge-mantle fixed her strong black eyes on Hutchen, saying, "You have hunted me high and low—I am come—seize me!"

The person thus addressed looked as if he would have been as thankful to banish the phantom, as he had lately been active in conjuring it up.

"I am O'Connor's guide, seize me!" again repeated the woman, raising her voice. "The night I quenched your lamp I promised again to meet you, and soon. That night when the midnight signal, darkened for twenty-eight years, was unhooded."

"This is an old friend of mine," said Hutchen, turning to Elizabeth; "and she is no common one.—Could I have supposed, Bess, it was you played bo-peep with the traitor O'Connor I might have winked hard for family reasons and old acquaintance sake."

"Thank you kindly, Master Hutchen; but now hunted by you—starved by you—without comfort by day or shelter by night—what mind I your prisons?—seize me! I have a tale for your Justice Bench may make them prick up their long ears!"

"Bess, our good friend, you must know, had always a trick of talking wildly," said Hutchen, turning to Elizabeth; and now beginning to believe that his former ally was come to make the best terms she could for the surrender of the fugitive.

"And where is the fellow you aided? where is the traitor?" said he, beginning to sink the conscience-struck coward in the bully.

"Traitor to yourself—false and cruel traitor to all that loved you best, and trusted you most.—O'Connor is where God will keep him."

"Insolent mad-woman, dare you brave me to my face! Were it not wiser now, Bess, for a discreet, sensible person like you, to think of drawing your friend out of the noose, instead of employing idle bravado with one who knows you so well."

"That turn is done or I had not stood in your danger. If wind and tide hold, O'Connor has seen the sun set in Germany."

"And your unequalled insolence prompts you to taunt me with a villain's escape, on whose neck a prince's ransom was set."

"Villain, again! I don't brook it, Master Hutchen;" and Delancy's pistol, which she still possessed, just peered from under her red mantle.

Elizabeth shrunk back at the sight, and even changed colour.

"Retire, madam, while I settle accounts with this lady," said Hutchen, calmly. "She scarcely, I presume, considers herself fit society for you."

"Ay, pray go, ladybird: and lave the fowls of a feather to troop with each other. The wild-cat may match the fox—but the struggle has little of good to the lamb who shall witness it; and without alarm go—my bail will hold—nor at the fit hour will I fail you." Elizabeth moved away to Monkshaugh's chamber.

"Then I would, no more than yourself, Master Hutchen, choose the girl should witness our conference. There's shame and grace about me yet, I find. But as I am laving Scotland for ever and a day, without, after this hard run, a fippeny-bit to bless me, I thought your honour might be pleased to consider that fostering I managed so handsomely for you in days that are gone——"

"Woman, my patience has bounds!"

"'Tis myself well knows it, Master Hutchen; so may be has your honesty and feeling—and narrow bounds enough too. But sure your honour has not slept in peace every night for the last twenty-eight years, thinking the dark floods of

Oran closed over your rich India brother's elder-born and lawful heir—ay, over poor Anne Pingle's boy! Nay, never stare like a stuck pig, down rather on your knees and thank the Saints that, through the relenting of a woman's nature, saved your soul from the black guilt was in it then."

"Witch, fiend! who sent you hither?" was the frantic exclamation of Hutchen, who shrunk back and dashed close the window-shutters, as if in the face of the broad sun that flared upon his guilt and misery.

"I needed not expect great thanks at your hands," she continued quietly, "when your best acknowledgments to your ould neighbour and patron, the Laird of Monkshaugh—who fed, and bred, and *rared* the bonny boy, ay, Francis Frisel, your rich brother's elder-born and lawful heir—was to scatter the ashes on his father's hearth, and send his poor old head to the Sanctuary of Holyrood."

"What mad raving is this, Bess?" said Hutchen. "What boy?—what heir? If you are bound for Ireland tell me how I can give you a lift for auld langsyne?" And he drew his purse with an air of frankness and cordiality, and ap-

proached the vagrant, who, drawing herself up, signed to him to keep off with the air of a princess.

"I did what I could for the *droich*," she said, "for poor Anne Pingle's sake, while its fairy bulk could bundle on my back, or trot at my heel, ay, many's the weary step. A merry urchin it was; and many's the good coin its funny tricks brought me. It crept into my bosom many's the cowld, dark night that the loving uncle lay warm and dry; and I could not see the wizzened face of it grinning through the bars of Rookstown tolbooth, but the heart warmed to it yet. I vowed the creature good;" and she sternly added, "I, who never yet made the *Curse*, be it for good or evil, that I did not tenfold keep! Look to it, Master Hutchen!"

In the course of a long career of wordly prosperity Hutchen had felt disquietude from many causes; but this was a quarter to which his thoughts had seldom been directed with apprehension, though he had sometimes experienced a short-lived pang of remorse for the untimely fate of the young woman, whom he knew the laws of Scotland would have recognised as the wife of the brother whose wealth he had appropriated. To find the claimant

of this fortune alive in that elvish imp, who, by a sort of instinctive malice, had, even from childhood, crossed his path, mouthing and mocking as he passed; who had laid down sticks and stones only to adopt shrewder modes of annoyance and insult; and who now appeared only to impoverish and disgrace him, seemed the refinement of moral retribution. Bred, as this neglected creature had been, in the house of Monkshaugh, to have acknowledged as his nephew, as the heir of his brother, the lazar, the beggar, the felon would have been less galling—a felon he had indeed himself attempted to make the orphan creature left to his justice and kindness.

Hutchen sat down by the closed window, resting his face on his hand for a few seconds, while Mistress Slattery, with great deliberation, cowered down and lighted her pipe at the fire.

"Then, Bess, you have not yet disclosed to this wretched creature, if it yet exist, what you presume to be its origin?"

"Presume! know is the better word, Master Hutchen. Know Frisel to be your honour's brother's lawful son. I did not lose the written promise of your brother, which lay next poor Anne Pingle's heart, till that broken heart grew cold.—

But in truth then, I could not have the face to tell the creature that it was myself dropped it so quietly yon morning at Monkshaugh's gate for board and education; or that it owes a thief's cell in Rookstown jail to its father's loving brother. The *spruggen* won't be over fond of acknowledging you, I'm afraid—though a money fortune, and the wadset of the lands of Harletillum are worth acknowledging. Did not the Saints guide the hand of mad Jacobina well in clearing up your deeds and settlements? Bless the Poker! but it hit well among all yonder pigeon-holes and green boxes to strike the very true one."

"Sit down, Bess, my old friend—remember the ground we hold here: you, at least, never yet found me ungenerous. We must meet again, and have some farther talk of your affairs in a safer place."

"No place nor time like the present—speak on."

"So you queen it yet," said Hutchen, with a desperate effort at gaiety. "Though on the last evening we met your talk was so wild that I could scarce believe you, yet you must be sensible how dear, for my poor brother's sake, his unhappy mistress was to me, and how much I would have wished to befriend their offspring, admitting this wretched creature——"

"What, the bonny boy, your honour's lawful nephew?" interposed Bess in her most audacious tones. "Speak him fairer—he is of Hutchen blood, and every crow thinks its own bird white. But sure, and sure enough, I know well how dear she was to you, poor Annie Pingle—consigned to your tender mercies by a trusting brother.—Four pounds ten shillings, was it not, in all?—to Mrs. Metcalf the midwife, including funeral charges; for mad Jacobina, though she had driven forth the miserable girl almost with a mother's pains upon her, furnished the shroud, you remember. I don't complain of that, for I'm sure you would not grudge myself one to-day of India tissue or Genoa velvet. As to the trifle you gave me yon moonless night by the Fords of Oran, to rid you of the fostering! sure you didn't expect to find the lawful heir of all your brother's lands and heritages *rared* to twenty-eight complete, with reading, writing, and arithmetic enough to call you to a speedy reckoning, for less than ten guineas! It might," she whispered, bending her head forward till the fire of her dark eyes concentred to a single spark glared upon her victim—"It might have been good pay for the short, sharp turn ye looked for from me then."

"'Tis false as hell!" said Hutchen, rising to his feet; "for weighty reasons affecting the memory of a beloved brother, I wished to suppress the clamours of the relatives of that wretched infant; but I would not have shed its blood."

"Weighty reasons!—ay, worth their weight in gold.—And ye have all your reasons. The wolf when he throttles the lamb, can only plead his brutal and ferocious instincts. Nobler man, can calmly urge his reasons for crushing and tearing the fond heart he has betrayed and broken,—ay, and never felt it wrong that he so did."

"You still love a touch of your old profession I see, Bess. Shew me these papers however. A higher power interfered between my poor brother and the object of a violent boyish attachment. Yet, for his sake, were I once satisfied of the identity of this creature, means might be found to do something for him.—And how is it, woman, that you have never once to me, in all this while, brought tidings of the child confided to you?—Have you these papers?"

"Ay, and will keep them too. But sure, then, you wearied for my re-appearance?—Did you not often advertise for the lost heir of your brother's land and goods, stolen by an Irish vagrant?" she

said, confronting him. "Was the bill ever stuck up side by side with that I saw of the sale of the household goods of your ould patron, Grahame of Monkshaugh?"

"Shew me these papers, were it but of curiosity," again urged Hutchen.

"Thank you—no. But here is that to which you are kindly welcome." She took from her pocket a little housewife-case, formed of a variety of shreds of silk, and from one of its compartments a silver pencil-case, marked with the intermingled initials of the brothers.—"Ay, keep the token, you have the best right to it. Anne Pingle hid that, your brother's gift, in her bosom from her sister, on the last day of her life. Her tears fell on it till death froze them in her eyes, on the day when you promised to bring your brother to see her in the place of concealment your kindness had found for her—for the last time; and when he never came—for how could he?—and when her heart fluttered with expectation till it burst!"

Hutchen had often tried to make himself believe that in juggling with his brother, and estranging him from the object of his early attachment, he acted only a brother's part. Yet he could not look without anguish on the well-remembered

relique of one, whom, in purer days, he had loved as well as the selfish and the base ever can love.

"'He will perhaps be kinder to his brother's child—to his own flesh—than I fear he has been to me,' were the poor girl's last words. Though the words of a dying woman they were false. *He* was not kinder to the bonny boy, his brother's orphan,—and Monkshaugh's fosterer and mine."

"Now, Bess," said Hutchen, after another pause, "why trifle? I see you have kept counsel; let us understand each other. What do you require or expect of me? Speak, and quickly,—remember we are on strange ground."

"Now you talk like a raisonable Christian, Mr. Hutchen. Then, first and foremost, I'll have you take bail for this noble lord—'tis a fancy of mine; and I'll have raisonable justice done the bonny boy who crept into my bosom long since. Think ye I have no bowels nor conscience? Then ye'll be letting Monkshaugh asy off. I owe him and his a good turn; for he has been a kind man to the ould Blunderbuss who derns in the dean wood yonder. And if you hear his birding-piece in the glen, be dafe;—if you see his net or his fishing-line floating on the river, be blind; and thank your stars other bait was not offered to the fishes of Oran."

"Upon my honour I have been but too indulgent to Fugal already; but since you, Bess, as an old friend, request this, so be it. I shall make him my own gamekeeper."

"Hout, tout! *your honour* and *my honour*,—we had better be letting our *honours* alone, jewel; but you'll do it all the same." And with a significant nod she moved towards the door.

"Stay," cried Hutchen, his purse again in his hand; "you are far from home—from Ireland I mean, whither I conclude you are instantly bound."

"When it suits me."

"You know the infirmity of poor Jacobina,—her mad talk I don't regard a rush; but those papers. You know she is mad?"

"I do—and what made her so, or helped well—the disgrace and death of her sister, your brother's wife, Mrs. Alexander Hutchen. I name her so—does it fright you?—'tis only the murderer sees ghosts. Her poor sister's end, and the lust of your gold, the canker of your bribe, that made her conceal the birth of the child which she believes I murdered—did this make her mad?"

"They are papers of no value save to me," said Hutchen; "yet I would give something handsome for their recovery. And as to this

creature,—once convince me that he is really my brother's illegitimate child, and you yourself shall name the justice he merits at my hands."

"Troth then, and that is the lands of Harletillum, pledged to his father, as well as his father's fortin. Illegitimate, Master Hutchen! I will not hear my foster-boy so named. Does it grieve you that your brother had more heart and more honesty than God gave the rest of your race? Be comforted, man, for he is dead. But if it's touch paper touch pay wid you, put up your purse. The bonny boy, your nephew, did not deem these papers so useless, when he bribed Christy Grahame's lady with his last tester to carry them to Edinburgh—he did not think them quite so useless. But if he betrayed his loving uncle, pardon him. How could he guess to whom he owed the duty of a nephew?"

"Speak not of this creature as of my blood,—nor of him at all to me; and come to me this evening as soon as it is dark. Hark ye! I will make you rich beyond your hopes—endow you with half my fortune. You shall go to America, or some distant land, and queen it to your heart's content—only be secret and faithful.—But we lose time here."

"Will you remove from me the curse of the mother who bore me?" whispered the woman in her most emphatic tones. "Can your gold do that?—Has it brought peace or blessing to poor, crazy Jacobina? I labour for a higher reward,—to bring back a mother's blessing. Seek you pardon of your injured brother's orphan. Quit this house before me; and your re-crossing that threshold shall be the signal of all you most dread."

"Then we leave it together," said Hutchen. "Behind me here you shall not remain."

"I don't stand on trifles or ceremonies with an ould friend," said Slattery, and they walked forth together,—Hutchen to play what he felt his last stake with the Dowager Tamtallan, and Rougemantle to follow her own bolder game.

When Elizabeth descended into the parlour, she was scarcely more thankful to find that her foe was departed, than that her wild protector had vanished along with him. In a few minutes she was joined by Mr. Haliburton.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
'Tis 30, sure, a 3 before an 0;
I know his 3's too well.

Roaring Girl.

The sma', droop-rumplet hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou'd try their mettle,
An' gar them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

BURNS.

MR. HALIBURTON, we have said, went very early abroad; and at a still early hour, on a fresh, bright May morning, he was descried by Lady Harriette Copely, (who, having suddenly left the Whim, had slept at Queensferry, and now made the stage before breakfast,) dragging Jenny Geddes by a bit of rope from some small stable in the village of Water of Leith towards the Grass-

market, for immediate sale. He looked exceedingly rueful and disconsolate, and very reluctantly obeyed the summons of the lady, who stopped her carriage, and ordered Mr. Delancy's servant who attended her, to bring horse and man forthwith to her side.

An examination of three minutes enabled her Ladyship to penetrate all Gideon's secrets; and, above all, what he meant to conceal from the whole world, the sacrifice of his well-beloved steed Janet, for his yet more beloved "Burd 'Lizbeth."

"Can you guess why I stopped you just now, Mr. Haliburton?" said the lady.

"Certes, to inquire how it fared with the Honourable 'Lizbeth de Bruce,—or peradventure, the Laird of Monkshaugh."

"I confess a more selfish motive, Mr. Haliburton. I have long since set my heart and eye on your canny, sober-paced, respectable-looking mare, which I knew, at once, coming doucely up the *brae* yonder. I am rather a timid horsewoman—not half the courage of Miss Hutchen at a pin-fold leap. Come, let us bargain!—I am as poor as a church mouse; the only thing, by the way, about a regular church, which does not seem

to thrive—but I now offer you—dare I?—twenty guineas for Jenny Geddes!"

"Twenty guineas for Jenny!" cried Gideon in consternation, grasping the door of the carriage as if the earth shook with him; and before he could proceed the lady cried, "I dare say it is far too little. Twenty-five then!"

"Five-and-twenty guineas for Jenny!" cried the Preacher, a mixture of wonder, fear, and delight struggling in his countenance. "That's a sum that——"

"You wont take it? Thirty be it then, Mr. Haliburton!—Ready cash! and for this I positively must have her. Trot her off, Patrick.—She's mine!" And, Delancy's 'cute groom from the Curragh, at once took the hint, and Jenny's rope bridle; and before Gideon—who looked now to the lady, and now to the mare—could open his lips, Jenny was past Drumsheuch.

"Fairly jockeyed! Mr. Haliburton," said the lady, laughing. "But, pray, come into the carriage. I'll do you no farther harm this morning; and we must settle accounts. Till you have the money, I can scarce count Jenny my own."

"*Bumbazed* and *blate*," Gideon obeyed her.

"If my shoon would not 'file your Ladyship's

coats," said he, respectfully drawing back his huge feet in remembrance of Effie's everlasting representations of his pedal enormities. "Effie coft me a genteeler pair for chalmer-wear, but this morning——"

"O, never fear my petticoats!—I fly far above petticoat consideration when bargaining for a horse." And she took out her note-case, and rapidly counted the price she had set on Jenny.

"But anent the matter of Janet," said Gideon, pushing back the lady's hand which held out the money; "she's no worth a tenth part of what you offer, in one respect—though a cannier brute——"

"What! Mr. Haliburton, is it no bargain?—Do you not part with the mare to me?"

"Part wi' her! yea, gladly and freely part wi' her, this same morning. That is, as freely as a man can weel do wi' a kind, dumb brute that regards him according to its natural instincts, and has lang been about his hand. It scarcely sets me to mint ill of a brute, that was aye tractable and reasonable wi' me; yet it is but honest and fair to say, Jenny has her ain bits o' flings wi' strangers o' the women-kind, though on the score of auld acquaintance I may have overlooked them; and, as for a lady's riding mare—though to be sure, when

the Corporal kames out her mane, and gi'es her tail a cock, she looks no that ill yet—I must own, she was rampant and rebunctious enough about the Fords of Oran, last week, wi' the woman; and of money value in the market, Jenny is the day no' worth the tenth part of your——"

"What! Mr. Haliburton, do you depreciate your mare in hopes of making me throw up the bargain?—Pardon me there, sir. The luck to-day is mine. Take your money, sir.—I have my mare."

"Now unless your Ladyship take back like six-and-twenty pund ten, as a luck-penny, I cannot answer to my conscience palming Jenny on a gentlewoman, whose gudeman may be angry at the bargain. Jenny at first cost only——"

"I'll not hear a single word of what she cost. Do you fancy me a horse-couper, to offer me your punds Scots, and luck-pennies?" said the lady, in a tone of affected displeasure which alarmed Gideon. "But, if I am as ignorant of horse-flesh as you insinuate," continued the lady, "after a trial of six months, will you condition to take her back?"

"It's done!" cried Gideon, joyfully.——"I see my way now," was his thought. By that time the Sourholes Martlemas stipend will be payable.

That is a part to refund; and Providence will send the lave."——"I may say," he continued aloud, "Francie Frisel, who is a clever, mettle loonie, often saw gude points about Jenny no' visible to every body; and, on that Ayrshire and Gallowa' jaunt, Captain Wolfe allowed she shewed great spunk in keeping up wi' Saladin. Besides, to mend the bargain, there's some bits o' babs of red and blue ribbons about the Sour-holes—if the woman has na gotten her hands owre them—that Francie once tricked out Jenny's mane wi', puir lass! I thought them overly gaudy, knichtly caparisons for one of my calling; so they are as good as new amaist—and, I dare to say, very suitable to a brave gentlewoman's pacing palfrey."

"I insist on having all Jenny's accoutrements," said the lady, smiling.

"If I can lay hands on them," replied Gideon. "They lay lang aboon the bed-head; but the woman is of a prying and frugal nature, and, ye would wonder, finds use for amaist every thing."

"Well, take your money; for Janet and all her accoutrements remember—and here we are at Dumbreck's—you don't forget the strict conditions of sale?"

"Certes, less could not reconcile me to deal with a gentlewoman, who may not know the preceese state of the horse market at the present time. But there's a bit hint that I would gi'e your Ladyship at parting," said Gideon, looking a little more sagacious than usual—"If Jenny, whilk is like, happen to ha'e a bit foal—be tenty how ye part wi' the creature. It will likely ha'e a sprinkling o' the Arabian blood, whilk horse-coupers now-adays reckon worth siller.—Ye have had your ain dear pennyworth o' her, douce lass—but the sapling, through time, may prop the auld aik."

"A foal! an Arabian foal!" cried Lady Harriette, laughing again. "How I have jockeyed you, Mr. Haliburton!—Positively you must accept of other five guineas, or I cannot reconcile my conscience to the foal."

"No, no! not another bodle!" cried Gideon, striding off, Jenny herself, and all her endeared qualities, her "blue babs," and prospect of high-blooded succession, together with the urgent necessity of raising supplies, reconciling him tolerably well to what he considered next to a rank cheating of Lady Harriette, especially as an open door for restitution was left by the conditions of sale covenanted.

Clutching the notes for Elizabeth, he proceeded to Holyrood, as if in seven-league boots.

Mr. Haliburton, if he had not the most beautiful, had the most open and artless, tell-tale face in the world. In the infantine glee of his looks, and the joy of his eyes, Elizabeth read his success before he had time to spread his notes before her, saying, "Thirty pounds, lass! ye may take a coach now for the Lord de Bruce—and no beholden to Effie's tocher for one plack!"

"To whom then?" said Elizabeth.

"Under Providence, to an auld friend and acquaintance of your ain, Burd. But it's a' come by in the way of fair bargain and sale."

"A friend of mine! lady or gentleman?" said Elizabeth, who could guess at no earthly commodity Gideon possessed worth half the sum.

"Of the feminine gender, doubtless," said Gideon, grimly smiling, "but it's a bit of a secret; so crush the auld Eve, Burd, and haste ye put up the siller, for I hear the woman's foot on the stair."

Elizabeth had a fully more correct notion of Mr. Haliburton's various property than he probably had himself; and with simplicity somewhat akin to his own, her mind at last rested on the cer-

tainty that he had sold some of his manuscript volumes of Sermons, or a prospective *Vindication of Janet Geddes*, to the booksellers to raise the money. She did not put up the notes.

The sight of the bank-notes operated duly on Effie's propensities; they were as a nest-egg reconciling her to farther laying down. She drew near and more near the table to glut her eyes with the sight of so much wealth; and at last ventured to say, "Your friend, the Minister, tells me you are boune for travel to Irish land, Leddy 'Lizbeth. May his prayers speed your journey and bring you safe home. They say paplins are a perfect wanworth there; and I'm sure if the matter of a note—on lend like—could be of use on this pinch ye ken the leal new-wedded pair would divide their last bannock o' bread wi' Lady 'Lizbeth de Bruce—though it behooves me to look forward to the time when my Gideon must, in course o' nature, be laid aside frae his labours; and a sma' meeting-house, preach and pay, is no' like a bein parish-kirk wi' a steeple—a widow foond, and fourteen chalder of——"

"I were of all creatures the most ungrateful did Mr. Haliburton ever know a sorrow that I could assuage, or a want I could remove," inter-

posed Elizabeth, stretching both her fair clasped hands involuntarily towards Gideon, her warm feelings gleaming brighter through her glistening eyes. "But we will all meet again—happier, and perhaps richer."

"Fear na, Burd! Fear na!" and he took both her hands. "I have been young, and now I am old; yet I never saw the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread! I say na this in vaunting.—O, Effie, woman!" he continued, his short-lived anger with his help-mate all forgotten; "if we had but half the fear of our precious and never-dying souls which we have that these frail, miserable, decaying carcasses should suffer skaith, or come to want, it might stead us a' something!"

As sentiment was the order of the hour, Effie lifted the corner of her apron, whispering, while she wiped the white eye long past the power of tears, "If ever wife was blest wi' a saunt on earth, am na I she? He lays up his treasures where moth canna corrupt!"

"Ay! Effie, lass, ye'll trust your soul to his prayers, but catch ye trusting his spleuchan wi' your plack!" rejoined Gideon, somewhat tartly; and Elizabeth smiled.

"Fie, Minister! To speak o' bits o' private family matters before fremit folk. It wad be lang or I coost up *yon night*. And I have a bit job wi' the Laird's cambric stocks round at St. Anne's springs; though weel's me on the bonnie Oran water, Laird—and good morning to ye!—for a pickle fine linens." Effie appeared to think that river had been expressly created for whitening linen, or occasionally furnishing a kipper or a dish of trout.

Monkshaugh's elaborate toilet had outlasted the interview between Hutchen and Rouge-mantle, Gideon's feat of jockeyship, and the time in which Elizabeth had made hasty arrangements for her flight. He now entered the parlour. He looked much better on this morning than he had done for some weeks, which considerably lessened Elizabeth's regret at abandoning him. Most earnestly had she recommended him to Gideon's kindness and Effie's attentions; but they were about to return home, and there was no prospect which she saw of Monkshaugh either obtaining the protection of his person, promised by Mr. Dalrymple's agent, or a home in which to bestow himself though assured of personal security.

The idea of being left alone in the Sanctuary

seemed to him like that of annihilation; and it required much address to persuade, him that what he at first pronounced "This hair-brained, wild Irish scheme," was his own generous suggestion for the safety of his noble relation.

"But, 'Lizbeth, and who is to take care of you? How can ye live without *me?*"

"I must, I fear, learn. Young ladies, you know, must forsake even a father's house and care——"

"'Lizbeth, it's impossible any one but me can have right knowledge of your turn; and there's but two ways of it, if your father says you must marry—I must make Wolfe take ye, or make up my ain mind to take a leddy. We'll no say whom;" and he smiled graciously, and nodded slily, his mind now wound to the highest pitch of generosity; and then sought Gideon, to communicate his bold resolution on both points.

"Can ye guess my bold manœuvre this morning, Mr. Haliburton? Ye have heard no doubt of a lady running off wi' her lover, married or single; but running away wi' her ain father is a new device, not just an every-day thought. What will Johnnie Hurcheon say, think ye? Are we to be hanged or pardoned? Ay, if we once get

Wolfe hame and married among us, we must brush up our electioneering tactics and strengthen our county connexions. John de Bruce has, I fear, had enough of ladies in his time; but if I made little Wolfie marry poor 'Lizbeth, and provided otherwise for Lady Susan Rantletree—we say not how, ('Lizbeth could scarce take that ill, as I was scorned with the Lady Susan before poor 'Lizbeth chipped the shell,) *there* would be a heeler to a certain new interest in our county—if not a Member made.—But I'm ready now to shew Effie—that's Mrs. Haliburton—Queen Mary's tapestry, as I promised her. Cross ye the court first, Effie, and say to the housekeeper of the Palace, Mr. Grahame o' Monkshaugh is coming owre. Ye needna let on I'm your auld master."

And no sooner were they gone than a chaise appeared at the door; and, in another minute, Lord de Bruce, looking again deadly pale, faint, and exhausted, and leaning heavily on the arm of Elizabeth, passed Gideon, who was meanwhile tugging at a rope which he had found the housemaid wrapping round a trunk in the hall, now giving it a desperate wrench, and now drawing his hand across his eyes. No words nor farewells were exchanged; and Elizabeth was seated in the carriage

ere he looked up at her. On the instant impulse she sprung out and threw herself into his arms, sobbing, "Send me not hence without your blessing!"

The blessing was not withheld. It was, however, quite inarticulate. The first and only words Elizabeth could distinguish were, "Burd, we'll meet again! if not on this side Jordan then surely in the better land, where there are neither sad tears nor sorrowfu' partings."

It was with a lighter step Elizabeth again ascended the carriage. The large, mild, dreamy eyes of de Bruce rested on the massive features of the Minister, now softened with an expression of parting grief. Gideon involuntarily made a low reverence, which de Bruce returned with the languid grace which accompanied all he did; and the carriage whirled off.

Brightly now did Elizabeth's smiles return as de Bruce gathered her towards him, half smiling at change so rapid. "Ah, poor Elizabeth! smiles and tears—dear woman's own April weather.—How long it is since I have seen its gleam, darkling and shining thus!"

These were the very first voluntary words Lord de Bruce had spoken this morning; and Eliza-

beth, half afraid that her natural vivacity of spirits might seem like levity, blushed as she hastily said, "I am afraid that my smiles come as readily as my tears, and quite as involuntarily."

"Alternately chasing or pursuing, sunshine and showers, and rosy clouds rising between. 'Tis then, Elizabeth, you are but too, too like—" The sentence was broken off, and de Bruce added— "And that good old man I well remember. I like to see the place you have found in his heart, and given him in yours. It tells me, that gay as your nature is, you have already deeply felt your mortality."

"Alas! my Lord, have I not had early and sad lessons?"

"Elizabeth, there may be another still—the most painful and needful of all—Wolfe Grahame——"

"Oh! not through him!—not through him!" sighed Elizabeth. "Spare me through him! Aught else I can bear."

Monkshaugh returned with his *ci-devant* housekeeper from examining the feats of needle-work done by Queen Mary, in days when a lady slew a knight, rescued a damsel, or stormed a castle with silk and needle, as regularly as the knights-errant of a former age had done with sword in hand or

lance in rest. A very learned argument had been warmly maintained on the relative excellence of double-cross stitch, cushion-stitch, and leal-steek, in which last Effie had lately on every pillow-case and towel in the *Manse*, entered a regular protest against the dreaded operation of the *Juice Mariti*, by inserting her own initials as a spell. There was no topic on which the Laird was naturally more eloquent than on what he called the "Old Court needle-wark:" the Dresden frills that cost a beauty a whole year of incessant labour, and the half of her eyesight, how superior to the modern baby's cap, which useful piece of labour, with early rising, may be accomplished in six weeks! Both modes of elegant industry were for the moment reduced to the same level when Monkshaugh learned that Elizabeth was gone!

"Lords sake, Laird, be patient!" cried Effie. "Here's a coach at the door, and I think our friend, Leddy Harrit, that wrought the Minister's mittens, and Mr. Delancy, who yesterday sent me that dizzen of massy silver tea-spoons. More discretion, I wot, than I have received frae some I had better right to look for a sma' compliment from on entering on a family—if the Minister and me be spared."

"And what care I for Leddy Harriette or Mr. Delancy? He'll no get—and he shall no get my poor 'Lizbeth!—What kens he about 'Lizbeth's turn? If she were away from me she wad gang wode or break her heart. If I dinna marry a leddy mysel' I'll gar Wolfe, my nevoy, marry her. Effie, say I'm no in—I'm no in the way o' dinner-parties now—I'm *incog.* I have letters to write to 'Lizbeth."

"I hold ye to your word, Laird of Monkshaugh," cried Gideon, gaily, stretching out his hand to strike a bargain. "Make Wolfe marry Burd 'Lizbeth—but what will Lady Tamtallan say?"

"And what care I? Let her whistle in her learned counsel, Andrew Dalrymple. She thinks she's Laird o' Monkshaugh, but I'll shew her I'm Laird o' Monkshaugh, and master of my own family, to bind and to loose. I would na advise her to cross me. The auldest laddie may be called John de Bruce—I wave my right more for his Lordship's sake than for her pleasure—but the second shall be Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh. I'll bring him up myself, and we'll see whilk is the manlier and mettler bairn."

"And I'm sure," said Effie; "though Gideon

Haliburton is a name that aye sounded sweeter in my ears than spikener, and myrrh, and the rich spices, ever since the Hallowe'en night I first dreamed o' him; yet, Monkshaugh, as our auld master, ye are weel entitled to the name of our—"

"Whisht now, Effie!" interposed Gideon, a good deal out of countenance. "There is yon blithe, brave leddy, lighting down.——Forbid she's rued bargain already; or I'm a broken man!"—was his secret thought.

"I must introduce you, Laird," said Effie, graciously. "I daur to say, Leddy Harrit will countenance ye; for we have been acquaint wi' her ever since the Minister and me was courting—the very day we were in John Baillie's Court. I wore my flowered-lawn, lang-lappet mutch with the Hamilton edging, I mind; when coming down the lang loaning ye spelt opportunity, and slily put forth your parable to me, Gideon, my joe—*ye* mind?" said Effie, grinning.

Gideon's honest memory bore no trace of any such date; but he had too much delicacy for the sex bluntly to say so. His reply was merely the *humph* doubtful, which Monkshaugh interpreted aright.

Exceedingly indignant at the patronizing airs of

Effie, the Laird even pettishly refused to see the visiters, which Mrs. Haliburton, his old housekeeper, could, under any pretext, appropriate by a millionth part; and they went away disappointed.

The peace was scarce made up, when on the same night, Effie, finding a Strathoran cart cost-free for herself and her bundles, now tenfold increased by gifts and purchases, set off on her return to the Sourholes, with the printed authorities and evidents at her feet. Gideon armed with his trusty aid-de-camp, the knotted holly stick, stoutly followed the cart, saying with deep pathos, as they passed round below the Castle-crags which already began to blacken over-head, "Ye'll be fashed nae mair wi' POOR JANET!"

CHAPTER IX.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE.

Conscience it is, makes cowards of us all.—Shakspeare!—hem!
Dr. Pangloss.

Mr. Haliburton had not been many days at home, when, on his customary evening *daunder* through the hamlet of Castleburn, he had the mortification to see stuck on the door-lintels of the Grahame Arms, a notice of the immediate sale of the furniture of Monkshaugh house, with the cattle, horses, and, above all, those fine old walnut trees, which were the very pride of their owner's heart. No intelligence had for some days come from Elizabeth, after whom Gideon's heart yearned with a father's tenderness; and this fresh vexation completed his discomfiture. "No' that in mine

own peculiar," thought he, "I would mind these bits o' trinkum-trankums, but the auld Laird has heart and ee in them." A ray of light was darted into his mind as he went mournfully towards the Sourholes, and, "Effie," he cried, rejoicingly, "ye have never forgiven yoursel' for no' helping me out with Lady 'Lizbeth, at yon pinch; but, I'm thinking, I have fallen on something will pleasure ye at last, lass."

"Now, Minister, I'll lay my life, Dr. Draunt is 'poplectic," cried Effie. "And if three months or four at St. Andrew's, would perfite ye, and finish ye off for a parish kirk, though I should borrow it from twenty purses——"

"Better than that, lass,—for ye ken that's nonsense. But set by the wheel—ye are the busy bee! Better than that—even how ye may solace, in a sma' degree, the suffering house in which ye eat your bread in plenty and peace for near two generations of man's life."

"If ye mean my fee and bountith in Monkshaugh, it was na that meikle to brag o'; though, about a big ha'-house like yon a body finds a hankle things."

"Weel, that bit gathering ye used to consult me anent langsyne, and in the days before marriage;

how could we make better use o' it, than buying back some of the bits o' nick-nacks, ye ken them best, the Laird prided in; and, aboon a', these noble timmer trees ane cannot help looking on and loving, when, in the bud o' spring and the brightness o' simmer, they put out their green leaves and boughs, drinking the dews, the sweet air, and the sunshine, as if there were life and gladness about them. To see an axe at their roots would be even to myself like a limb lopt off; if we could save them from the spoiler, and gi'e them a' back to the kindly auld man!"

"Gideon Haliburton, are ye i' the body looking in my face! Think ye am I made o' siller—siller in my white halse-bane, as the ballant says, and gowd in my garters! I declare he will bring hieland rievers and sorners frae the braes o' Balquidder, to murder me in my bed for lucre o' gold. Ye call yoursel' a minister—a bonnie-like minister! 'He that provideth not for his own, especial for those of his household, is worse than an infidel,' how do ye loup owre that strong text? Is't as Bailie Meiklejohn '*capered* owre the strong facts?'"

Never had Gideon been so indignant with his worldly-wise help-mate. "Woman, keep the accursed thing, that eats into your soul like a can-

ker, and spreads like a leprosy. The portion of Ananias and Sapphira be it unto thee!" he exclaimed, and started forth,—and Effie's heart quailed within her. Though Effie might be described as the natives of her country do their better dwellings, as a "self-contained" character—a woman "within hersel," she had an almost superstitious reverence for the sanctitude of the Minister. And besides that floating and disposable capital of duty and affection, which a person even inordinately selfish reserves to lay out as interest and connexion may dictate, was now all *his*, because he was *hers*. She now followed her angry lord, humbling herself, and praying for mercy; and Gideon, ashamed of his rash violence, accepted her apology; but declared his instant resolution of going off once more to Edinburgh, to solicit the interference of Mr. Dalrymple and the Dowager Tamtallan, in averting the wanton spoliation of the beautiful domain of their relation.

Meanwhile, sadly had the days of Monkshaugh gone by—now left alone without man-servant or maid-servant, friend, guest, or vassal. To Mr. Delancy, who had several times called upon him, he was denied, and he was rapidly sinking into a most unhappy state of mind. His chamber was un-

dusted, and he heeded not; his wigs were ill-curled, and powdered with coarse flour, and he cared not; and of the night-cap he had begun to net for Lord de Bruce, only a few rounds were accomplished. Though really grateful for Gideon's friendly attention, he appeared peevish and irritable, disposed to wreck upon the zealous messenger the spleen produced by his evil tidings. The lawyer was more gracious; and though the Dowager could not wholly forbear a few characteristic observations, she, at the same time, acted with great friendliness, liberality, and spirit.

"We cannot do less, Andrew," said she, at the family consultation held in Monkshaugh's lodgings, "than buy in Cousin Robbie's ae-lugged posset-dish; as well as that precious piece o' family plenishing, the ebony boot-jack wi' the silver hinge. The wig-block is like the necessary implement of a man's trade—law cannot attach it, think ye Robbie?"

"This is no the hour for a leddy and a kinswoman to clap hersel' i' the chair o' the scorner," said Gideon, warmly.

"Let her bide, Mr. Haliburton," said Monkshaugh, in a tone that would have disarmed Xantippe. "I ken I'm a poor, helpless, doingless

cumberer o' the ground, whom would it were my Maker's will to remove out of the room and sight of better folk."

"Whisht man, Robbie!—ye shall not stoop your 'leafy crest' yet, if a golden shower can keep it fresh and budding.—No gentleman, nor thing calling himself a gentleman," she continued, and her head began its spasmodic shake, "will dare give a bode for, were it but a broom-cow, or a saugh wand, on a' the braes of Monkshaugh, if ye, Minister, say, Grizel de Bruce! Lady Tamtallan! wishes to preserve them for her kinsman Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh, and his heir, Captain Wolfe Grahame. If any uncourteous carle or up-start mushroom open his lips, shew them, man—ye can be dour enough when ye like—that grey Grizel's purse can make as heavy a clink on their rascal pows, as e'er did her forebears' baton. They ne'er yet throve that crossed her sair—far less that wranged her."

"The very dawning spirit of a malevolent power," thought Gideon, "deceived and deceiving." But tears of gratitude filled Monkshaugh's little winking eyes, and the lady rose even in Gideon's opinion, when she endowed him with a purse of two hundred guineas, all in gold, and made

Monkshaugh furnish him with a list of articles to be saved; among which, the Flanders' mirror and the filigree tea-cadie of his ever-honoured mother, were not forgotten. Far more delighted was her agent to receive an unlimited order to preserve, at any price, those noble trees, which the country-side would almost have risen to defend.

Travelling under such weighty charge, Gideon, for the first time in his life, felt the encumbrance of wealth; and before he reached Cramond braes, twenty times had his hand been thrust into his pocket, to ascertain that no nimble sylph had abstracted his treasures through the button-hole.

There had not been a day during the last three hundred and sixty-five, in which Gideon would not rather have met Bess Slattery, than the present—yet, in the little public house near Rookstown, at which he stopped to refresh himself with a draught of twopenny ale, she now sat smoking her pipe, and, as Gideon dreaded, reading a purse of gold written in his conscious face, as plainly as if she told its precious contents.

"The very man I wanted! Many is the half-pint you gave me, and never more at need," was her bold salute.

"It would be news to me to hear that I had

ever kissed the same cap wi' you, honest woman." And to her proposal of giving him her company on their farther road, he returned a point-blank, bold refusal.

"But what if I go with you whether you choose or no'?" said she, evidently amused by his embarrassment.——"What does the tram fear—that I'll ate him? Are you so delicate a morsel for a lady's stomach in a morning, think ye?—Or, if I coveted the money ye carry, could I not have whistled it out of your pocket twenty miles off in the woods of Barnbougle?"

"Does she deal with the de'il?" thought Gideon; but I'll do battle for the gold. I'll resist—yea, unto the death This is not world's gear, but a sacred trust for the unfortunate."

Mr. Haliburton rose, threw down his reckoning of two-pence sterling, and prepared to depart; and Rouge-mantle also rose—"Follow you I will," she whispered as she passed; "for I have that to say, will make your ears tingle."

She made her way through an adjoining dark, deep, fir plantation, by a more direct path than the highway, and when he reached the end of the first field, again stood before him.

"I wait to take your commands for the King-

dom," said she, "in which, plaise God! eight days will see me. Ye take the Tolbooth of Rookstown on your way to Strathoran. Maybe you will find the bird on the wing;" and she rapidly poured on the startled ear of the Minister, her marvellous relation of the birth and fortunes of Frisel, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to her auditor, as she earnestly requested that he would gently prepare the little man for the story she proposed to tell him, in the course of the same day.

The Minister stood dumb, lost in amazement. But when she chucked the identical purse of Lady Tamtallan into his face, and with a loud laugh vanished into the wood, he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed—"The extraordinary runagate—does she, indeed, deal with the Enemy?—To pick my pouch before my very een—and me so sharp too!"

The wretched appearance of Frisel confirmed the saying, that "a prison is a house of care." He looked yellow, shrivelled, and shrunken—his sharp nose, high cheek bones, peaked chin, and sunken small eyes, making his peculiar physiognomy more elvish and unworldlike than ever.

A few friendly inquiries passed, they sat down together, and then Frisel looked for some minutes

in the face of the Minister with unusual gravity, ere he, with great solemnity, said, "Minister, I have long had a question to propound to you that has pressed heavily on my ain spirit."

"That's more than I could have guessed, Francie; for a more prankie, frisky, dancing-blooded, little body, ye'll no soon forgather with. But speak your ail, man. Is it of a spiritual nature?"

"In very truth it is ail enough, and spiritual!" exclaimed Frisel, with a look of bitter wo. "But tell me then, and truly, as a bred divine, a placed Minister, and a Christian man, speaking between God and his conscience, what is your sober, private opinion anent fairies, changelings, and bairns stolen away to Elfland?"

"Certes then, Francie, that's a kittle point to moot, whether as divine or scholar. The history of all countries, and even our ain oral traditions, tales, and ballants, distinctly point at, and even recognise tricksy sprites, half mirthful, half mischievous—a spice of your ain turn—holding a place between human mortals and fallen intelligences once of a higher order; be it Pan and his nymphs, Triton wi' his horn, the Brownie or the Kelpie, the Peri of the east, the Morgana la Fay of the old romaunts, or the blithe tripping

moonlight fairy of our ain hill-side parochines—not to mention the sullen and malicious sprites that haunt the wild glens and misty moors of the far north—a kind of middle beings that neither stood nor fell:—but it's all a mystery, and we have a more sure word of prophecy."

"If I were of fairy kin at all, I would surely belong to the green-kilted trippers of bonnie Oranside, as I was found within a bow-shot of Oran water," said Frisel, with more spirit.

"Though I never could precisely say I had known a witch," continued Gideon, "both Holy Writ and human experience countenance the belief of mortals sore left to themselves, possessed by a malignant, demoniacal spirit, who, for the gratification of malevolent passions, are willing to sell themselves to the Enemy of men's souls, and to take arles of him, to do their joint work, ay, with greediness! Whether power be given him to drive such soul-killing bargain, and whether by witch-sabbaths and sacraments they ratify the hellish compact at midnight convocations, and receive private marks and seals from their master's hands, as brands o' vassalage, is, I own, doubtful to me."

"I fash na my thumb about witches and war-

locks," said Frisel briskly, interrupting the speaker. "But ye know as weel as myself that it has been jaloused I am not altogether *canny*"—and he forced a laugh. "Now if that were true, is it lawful o' me to mix and mell in the way of matrimony with a baptized woman like Baby Strang?"

"Baby Strang, my wee man! why Baby, though a comely, ruddy maiden, is what we call a strappin' lass in point of stature, and——"

"O, fiend pull down her stature! Were she as lang as the gallows of Crieff, and a Jeddart staff aboon it, I would shew her or any quean I wedded, who is the carle cat at my fire-side, singet though it might be," cried Frisel with all his wonted briskness. Nor was it easy to say whether he took most pride in the gigantic height of his chosen, or in his conscious capacity of empire—of overmastering,

By Nature's first great title—*mind*,

this mass of flesh, bone and muscle. "I wad gar her trot at my beck, and come at the wag of my little finger. Fiend a fears o' that—it's no' that; but to peril the salvation of a baptized woman, and draw deeper damnation on my unhappy self—there's the rub. Though I'm sure since I left Fairy-land, and came to this dowf, dreary warld

ye call the earth, I never yet saw or communed with worse than mysel'—be out John Hurcheon."

"Ye are raving this morning, Francie," said Gideon, half smiling. "This dowie dwelling has turned your brain, my wee man. What world should ye have come frae? This notion, believe me, is something of the nature of hypochondria, or vapours. To call ye imp or fairy, what is it but the country-side clash in respect of your diminutive size—I wish it were a' good that's o' ye though; your doubtful origin, and tricky pranks help too; and I'll no just say but there is a something about your een by whiles"—and as Gideon gazed his brow clouded, and the distress of Frisel, absurd as was its cause, darkened to agony.

"I would not—I dare not, longer conceal nor deny it," he exclaimed. "I mind weel of dwelling in Fairy-land, and of dancing in a ring with tapers, round a big fat man with a head like a buck's, a tine o' ten branches, beneath the broad auld trees of an ancient forest glade; as stately aik trees as are at this day in a' the parks of Dupplin:—and mony other scenes of Elfland come owre me like dreams and shadows since I have been laid up here. But that for certain must have been Mahound himself! What think ye, Minister? for

I have more faith in you than in haill synods.—Oh, I'm an unhappy creature !"

" It's all a delusion, my wee man. Read your Bible, Francie, and pray to be freed o' such daft dreams. A temptation they are, no doubt—or stay—may be your diet is a thought scrimp. Have ye siller, Francie ?—Be doing, be doing, keep it, wee man. I saved that half-crown out of Effie's kennin.—Ye can pay me when ye grow rich. Better days may be waiting ye, Francie, and ye ne'er were an ungratefu' or an unkind creature. Melancholy solitude to a merry little wight like yoursel', and a thin watery diet, are as like to give black vapours as a certain phantom-raising liquor known among the lordly, called champagne—a most enticing and dangerous philtre,—I rede ye beware o't ; though its ideal creations are generally of a mirthful and maddening cast."

" It's no dream," said Frisel, impatiently—like other imaginary invalids, feeling little respect for the arguments which only went to convince him that his illness was illusory. "Conscience ! there's little need to warn a man against champagne that cannot get sma' drink ; but the heart knoweth its own sorrow—and mine is bitter enough I'll say no more about it, though if that would convince

ye I can sing, to this blest hour, the very fairy rhymes and chorusses we chanted in our moonlight rings. Now where could I have learned them? for, unless it be that eight lines on Baby that I eked to the tail o' 'The Lea-rigs'——"

"In the name of the Almighty let us hear them!" interrupted Gideon, panting after fairy lore and fairy music; and half conscious of the mixture of a perhaps sinful curiosity which mingled with higher motives. "I trust I ask not amiss, but the rather to put to nought and confound the wiles of him who is all a lie, and the father of lies, and who was a liar from the beginning—yea, to buffet and gainsay him in defence of precious souls." And having thus as it were thrown down his gage of battel to the Enemy, Gideon urged the little man to proceed.

"In Elfland we wore green silken tunics with golden girdles, tinsel broidered hems, and sandal shoon, and a kind of snoods of young birk bushes. There's nae fair daylight there, but a kind of dim, shadowy, flichtering starlight; or the cauld green glow-worm, and the gleam of our dancing tapers. The music is not unlike your earthly melodies—but I mind o' nae basses."

"Our earth, Francie! It's even owre true—

grief, confinement, and watery diet, to a little body lang pettled in Monkshaugh house by the Laird on dainty delicates, has unsettled the brain o' ye."

"One of our songs went thus," said Frisel, singing wofully,

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In the cowslips bell I lie :
Merrily, merrily shall we live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

But when we footed it featly round auld Mahound it was aye—

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

—I mind weel one of my fairy names was Peascod."

It was not often that Mr. Haliburton laughed aloud; but when he was so betrayed, awful was the explosion. He now roared outright, his eyes overflowing with tears; while Frisel stood eyeing him angrily and suspiciously, fancying, that before the Minister could thus mock at calamity so dreadful and unusual, he must himself be either mad or atrociously malignant.

"I see it now!—I see it now!" he cried, composing himself at last. "May my unseemly folly be forgiven! Ye have been in childhood, as I can weel believe, among the puppie-show folks who often haunted this country with pipes and re-

becks, sometimes playing scenes from Shakspeare's and other play-books. Your sang brings auld images back to me like flickering shadows seen through the dark portal of forty weary years—a time when may be I was in Fairy-land mysel', Francie;" and there followed a gentle sigh, while Frisel, in an ecstacy of delight, sprung up, threw himself on his knees before the Minister, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"O, the deliverance if ye indeed believe that!"

Another might have again laughed at the ludicrous plight of poor "Peascod"—but Gideon's mirth was ended.

"I'll shew ye the printed evidents: take comfort, my wee man. Ye were aye a romantic creature, Francie; but see ye be a gude man now. There's mony a baptized infidel I trow;—and, as I'm a living sinner, there's that runagate woman, and her errand not sped;" and Gideon, involuntarily clapped his hand upon Lady Tamtallan's purse, to ascertain that Bess's glamour had not conjured it off a second time.

"Good morning, gudewife!" cried Frisel, all his natural vivacity returned. "I think ye once ranted among a player gang. Mind ye of ever a wee chap the length o' your leg, ane Pizzcod, among

them? But I trust, I owe this visit of yours more to friendship for me than a strait of your own. Have you had more Irish mails?"

"Perchance ye owe it to both, Mr. Alexander Hurcheon. If I come with the will, I have the power to serve ye. Speak your need."

"If ye mean me, what I miss most just now, is a father and a breakfast. As I have gone many a year without the first blessing, I have the less missing o't; but I was langer used to the second mercy than John Hurcheon maybe thinks. He seems to think there's ne'er hunger in the world, but when his stomach rumbles."

"And what if I bring you both?" said Rougemantle, fixing her coal-black eyes on the speaker.

"Though ye're in your spaeing vein, I doubt I would give you scrimp credit," replied the Whittret, laughing. "Thank ye, however, for the sore bones ye gave me i' the dean wood, yon night; for I'm as sure of that as if I had it."

She laughed as if diverted by the recollection. "The bonny bairn did not kiss the birch:—but, I pass from all that; your fidelity since has obtained your remission."

"Remission! and from you, ye stalwart randy! Make yourself scarce; or, by Jericho, for all ye

have blawn in my lug about brave Captain Wolfe, I have a month's mind to recommend ye to the graces of the gudeman of the tolbooth for a season!"

"Mr. Haliburton, look at the shrimp there where he stands, mouthing me; yet for him I have the feelings which a woman only can know for the creature that for three years, in love and in helplessness, crept into her bosom. Look at him well—poor Anne Pingle's boy—the undoubted heir of Harletillum ground."

"It's a d——d lie!" he cried starting to his feet, all his bristles up. "I'm a foundling no doubt, but there is not a drop of Hurcheon's false blood in my veins; or, if there were, my whittle should let it out. Better fairy kin than that black breed!"

"Sit down, my wee man. Sit down there," said Mr. Haliburton, pushing him down on a seat.

"Better be of fairy kin than of the black breed o' Hurcheon; but, foundling as I am, I'll ne'er believe that of myself; and neither will my kind auld master."

"Yet, true it is, ye are John Hurcheon's India brother's only son—the heir of Harletillum."

"Heir o' Harletillum, and a Christened man! By-Jove, I'll make Baby Strang a leddy!" cried

Frisel, making his jest bear off his earnest. "What can I do for you, Minister?—Is there ony Bishop's post on my property, woman, since ye're my factor? But see ye put nane o' your jeers on me. I'm as scrimp o' patience as o' stature; and if I sell mysel' to the black de'il, I'll ha'e amends o' ye."

Mr. Haliburton, who perceived that whether Frisel was mad or not before, he was starting from his anchors now, sternly rebuked his folly and commanded his silence, while Rouge-mantle more circumstantially related the tale with which the reader is already acquainted, and placed in the hands of Gideon those papers which she had cautiously withheld from her old acquaintance of the Whim. Then promising to be forthcoming in due time, she went on her way.

"Ye see here how ye may stead your auld master and benefactor, Francie; and maybe do much good in your generation."

"Stead my auld master, and make Baby Strang a leddy! hurrah!—Our auntie Effie will gi'e her consent now;—and Miss Jacky is our nauntie too? Lord forgi'e a' sinfu' pranks! though I never was ill to her. But I'm in a creel, Minister. What do ye advise? Nae doubt Miss Jenny Jamphrey o' the Aiks wad jump at us now like a cock at a

grosert. She wants but a half inch o' Baby's height."

"And would ye be a faithless, man-sworn creature, and break a maiden's heart," said Gideon earnestly, and shaking his tremendous fist over the little man.

"Fiend scoop if I would! though what sort o' a leddy Miss Baby will make—fresh frae the cow-tail? But Effie can gi'e her a quarter o' Rookstown boarding-school wi' the Miss Jaups, for accomplishments, if she thinks to catch a match like me. She may sew a Tankard and Sigismonday like yon i' the Aiks' parlour."

"The Laird will counsel best about what is needfu' in warldly decency with Baby's amended prospects," replied Gideon, with infinite gravity.

"He'll be for a book-claith sampler, and a Dresden card; a' diamond lozens o' lace-steeks and open-steeks; the auld nunnery and Catholic Court needle-work 'sae rare' he havers about;—now that's clean out o' date—that pinglin: change o' manners now, Minister—a lang steek and a rough thread, slight and tight, is the law o' the land. This is no a pinglin, pains-taking generation."

"Weel," said Gideon, as impatient of Frisel's analogies as of his facts, "Baby can read her Bible."

"Ay, and mind the stops; and spell out and out the kittle names; spin muckle wheel and little wheel; milk a cow, and make forty shearers' diet, a' wi' her ain hands; five feet nine on her stocking soles; with the kindest heart, and the saftest hand about a cut or a bruise,—never had the nerves in her life; and such a head o' hair.—I wish ye but saw her tramping blankets in a morning on Oran-side! There's accomplishments!"

"Weel, weel, be an honest man, Francie, and a blessing be wi' you baith! But to the job on hand, lad."

"I'll try Mr. Andrew Dalrymple," said Frisel gravely. "The Laird is a wee thing rusted in his law I'm judging. But he, and none other, shall take charge of Baby's accomplishments, and our style."

"Ye are a lang-draughted loonie, Francie.—But keep a' this in your ain heart till we meet again; and if the goodman o' the tolbooth free ye the night, then mind the door o' the Sourholes is wide open before ye. But get ye some breakfast, boddie, to put heart in ye."

"And no out o' the need. Faith I'm near selling my heritage for a mess o' pottage—ae plate o' cauld beef were worth amaist a' the horned nowt

on my lands. When I was a poor boddie half an hour ago, I was ashamed and concealed my hunger and thirst; but great folk may girn:—their sickness and sorrow aye sets them.—O, but rich folk like us, think poor boddies should grow fat on wondrous little thing!"

"Then I counsel ye forget no that; and now eat and sleep," said Gideon, "and be a strong man, for we have a man's darg before us;" and he departed.

But Frisel, as from old acquaintance we shall continue to call Mr. Alexander Hutchen, was at no time of a slumberous temperament; and, in his present state of excitement, to sleep was impossible. He stood at the grated window of his cell, which commanded a view of the very centre of the borough, longing for the hour which, in consequence of Hutchen's private order, was to set him free, rubbing his eyes, and muttering to himself, "Am I sleeping or waking? Conscience! I'm like Bishop Skinner's wee bit wifikie, wha, coming fou frae the fair, aye sang, '*This is no' me.*'—Am I the Laird o' Monkshaugh's knave,—or John Hurcheon's nevoy, heir to the wadset o' Harletillum? Yon is like the steeple o' Rookstown kirk—and I'll be sworn that's the weather-cock, for I once

rode on it. That's no unlike Matthew Steinhuse leaning owre his hatch, in his red night-cap, wi' his apron tied wi' baxter knitting. And I'll swear yon is as like our nauntie Jacky, stepping owre the plainstanes to our uncle John's Bank, as living wight can weel be!—our family have a look wi' them!—Hilloah, there—Miss Jacky! what made ye o' your sister Annie and her bairn? Your tricks and John Hurcheon's are a' found out now, my leddy!"

Poor Jacobina was now on her way to the Monkshaugh *roup*; she had gained the broad pavement around the area in the centre of the town occupied by the splendid new Banking establishment. When the words of Frisel reached her, she knew not from whence, she clung to the railing, exclaiming with the shrill scream which pierced the heart of her thoughtless tormentor, the dreadful scream of a maniac—and no sound in nature is half so thrilling or horrible—"Am I my sister's keeper?—Is it from heaven above, or hell beneath, ye ask her of me? If her young blood cries from the ground it's no against me. Get thee behind me Satan! Godly Gideon will do battle for my soul! I'll restore the gold—John Hurcheon's gold—yea restitution sevenfold by the

law of Moses, at midnight, this same night by the Fords of Oran. May be then my brow will cool, the singing will leave my ears, and the mirlygoes no dance before my een, and I'll get a sound sleep yet, like poor Annie and her wee son!"

The wretched creature, who was now worn to the bone, haggard, and miserable, sunk on the pavement, as she still clung for support to the railing of the stately Grecian building.

It was the market day, and a crowd of country people gathered round. "What's the dust?" was the cry on the outskirts of the crowd.

"A dust without a stour," cried a town-bred wag, who thought to quiz the rustic inquirers. "A run on the new Bank, sirs,—look to your notes.—Is't the Leddy Britannia sitting canny on her hunkers, or the Castle of Edinburgh standing on a rock, ye ha'e in your pouches—or is't yon cog-glie lass called Credit i' the new picture?"—And so ticklish a thing is credit at some seasons, that this idle cry proved the immediate death-note of the already suspected Paper establishment!

"A run! a run!" was shouted on all hands. The very children caught the cry.—"John Hurcheon's Bank's broken!" was the next watch-word; and the appalling sounds spread around like wildfire, and

carried dismay and panic through every street and lane of the borough;—and every huxtry-wife put on her glasses, and examined the *pictures* on her one or two notes; and either rushed to join the crowd, or hugged herself on her escape, and laughed at her neighbours. It was now in vain that the mad vagrant was carried away, and the original cause of the alarm explained. All clamoured, and none listened;—and at last Mr. Matthew Steinhuse, who had quietly but anxiously watched the whole scene, undid the fastening of *baxter-knitting* from his loins, donned his wig, like a knight fastening his casque for mortal combat, and sallying forth, insisted on having gold, or Sir William's notes, for all the Rookstown paper which he held.

"But *you*, Mr. Steinhuse—*you* are a sensible judicious man," said the agitated clerk who attended to his orders.

"'Deed I am sae, I'se ne'er deny it. So give me Sir William's notes or gowd. Gowd's a sensible man's metal."

Remonstrance or entreaty was alike idle with Mr. Matthew. He sallied out, chucking his full purse aloft among the crowd; and, with a look of mingled contempt and exultation, turned round and looked back, snapped his fingers in the face

of the splendid building, and cried, "Brack when ye like!"

In the first demands some delicacy had been shown to the credit of the house, and the feelings of the officials. The parties taking up money or exchanging notes, had either a bill to *retire* at the other banks, or wanted gold for a sudden journey to England: and Miss Mysie Jaup, the business-woman of the late Provost Jaup's five unmarried daughters, delicately intimated, that, in calling up their *deposite*, they only thought of "removing their establishment to Hydrabad Lodge, in the Rottenrow, and must launch out."

The memorable egress of Matthew Steinhuse, was, however, the signal for a general rush; and as their numbers increased the crowd became more clamorous and outrageous.—The persons connected with the establishment were seen to despatch messengers on horseback from the inn, to the several partners. The reeking horses and fiery riders spurring in all directions, through the hamlets and villages, spread the panic faster; and country people came rushing in by all the avenues of the town—each grasping the shreds of paper already of nearly as little value, in their estimation, as the rags from which they had been fabricated.

The unfortunate persons officiating in the Bank were at last compelled to shut the doors and save themselves by flight. They had summoned the civil power; but this power was in no mood of civility—for Provost M'Gie, and Bailie M'Tak, and the Dean of Guild himself—all held more or less of the worthless paper. The Bank was now regularly besieged: and high was the delight of the Whittret, alias Peascod, alias Alexander Hutchen, who still gazed from his grated cell, clapping his hands in ecstacy to cheer the mob, and joining loudly in their triumphant shout, as the glass of the large and handsome arched windows rattled in shivers on the pavement.

"A glorious sight! a glorious sight!" was his war-cry. "O, gudeman! will the town-clerk no write faster, and let me out?—It would do me so muckle gude to pin a lozen or twa wi' my ain hand! O! if my auld master could hear this spring a-playing, and see this *ball-all-frisky* flourishing on the Hie-gate o' Rookstown!—And there come the Heuch-head folk roaring down the Strait-wynd like a Lammas speat;—and there's the Hill-end folk—De'il speed the hindmost!—And the Pitbauchlie colliers with their picks shouldered!—Hurrah!—It's no mony notes

they are like to ha'e, or sixpences either, as this is Tuesday; but the billies are coming bravely in, ilk, like Harry Hynde, for his ain hand!—And Effie! Effie at their head.—Hilloah, Effie! Your pose will get a shake, lass! Our uncle will let baith light and air about it."

Like a sybil under inspiration, her grey elf locks floating wild and wide, unbonneted and uncloaked, and indeed in the exact costume, now much *car-fuffled*, in which the earthquake had surprised her in the Manse, in rushed Mrs. Haliburton by the Watergate of Rookstown, all too late to rescue her soul's idol from destruction. The first agonies of her bereavement and despair go far beyond our humble powers of description.—"Ye have taken my gods—and what have I left?"

"Oh, Francie!" was her frantic exclamation, clutching the little man to her bosom as she entered his cell. "Oh, Francie Frisel! what should be done unto the deluded and unhappy wratch who has thrown *Twa hundred and eighty-five pounds, seven and sevenpence halfpenny*, and the interest, to the cocks, by cheating her douce gudeman of his fair and lawfu' *Juice Mariti?*—Gideon Haliburton's curse has kythed and lighted soon and sair—the portion of Ananias and

Sapphira! And you, ye unwarldly, eldritch elf!" and she pushed Frisel back from her till he staggered—" for it was you, and none other, egged me on; or would I, a dutiful, wife adoring Gideon Haliburton——"

" But, Effie," interposed her old fellow-servant, grinning, " did ye not as gude as gi'e your great Book oath, ye had not a plack but one five pounds in the world?"

" And if I did—and if I did, the wo is mine, and I maun dree it!—Or, was it no rather a temptation of the Enemy, through you his imp and branded vassal?—Or when wad I, a loving and leal matron, adoring Gideon Haliburton, have cheated him o' his *Juice Mariti?*—Oh! the *Juice Mariti* would have been Balm in Gilead to me this day! —Oh, wives and lasses!" cried she, wringing her hands, and looking down into the street through the grates, like a culprit at his last speech— " Take warning by me, a dying wratch, how ye cheat your gudemen o' their *Juice Mariti!*"

" But, Effie, think ye me other than an earthly creature? How did I look the morning ye found me on a pickle hay, at Monkshaugh kitchen yett?" said Frisel.

" How did ye look—but like the Whippitie-

stourie, shangie, shan-chinned, Short-hoggers elf that ye are, permitted to sojourn below the sun for a season, as a thorn in the side of godly Gideon Haliburton? But I'll ha'e John Hurcheon brunt, and throw ye in to beet the ingle. A' bankrupt dyvours should be hangit!—and if that's no law it should be law!—Now, if ye daur girn and laugh up in my face, I'll be the death o' ye! I'm a ruined and desperate woman!—Oh, Francie, my man, how muckle loudaman wad it take to pisin a wratch that has lost *twa hundred and eighty-seven pounds, seven and sevenpence halfpenny*, wi' the interest, by cheating her gudeman, and wha is no worthy to live?"

"If ye cross the braid causey, and tell Dr. Epsom, ye're an auld maiden o' Monkshaugh's, he may gi'e ye as muckle as will do the job for a groat; that is o' the coarse kind—what they use for killing rats and moles; or, I'll birle my bodle, Effie, to help you out for auld langsyne." And he again grinned up in her face.

"A groat! where ha'e I a groat, or a plack? or, where am I to get a groat?—wha wad ware a groat on a sinfu' ruined wratch like me?" And she wrung her hands in despair.

"Then, Effie, what if I treat you—either to

the laudanum, or a tass o' brandy?—Take your choice, lass.—Heads or tails?—Here's a new half-crown."

"Send for the brandy, Francie. My heart is swoonding and sinking. I'm no just prepared for a better state the day—and how could I forsake, and leave desolate, Gideon Haliburton!—Would it not be required o' me,—'With whom left ye that lamb i' the wilderness?'—Harletillum is now, with draining and liming, good land; and there's Sandie Hurcheon's fortune, and the Rantletree estate. We may get a' something in the pound." And on these united considerations, pious, pecuniary, and conjugal, Effie became somewhat more composed, and sat down with the Whittret on his cast-iron bed-frame; and here, notwithstanding the propriety of strict silence, and his promise to the Minister, the vaunting heir, exultingly told his whole history.

Mrs. Haliburton, lest what she received by the ears should escape by the mouth, sat bolt upright, her lips skewered up and twisted, as if by a pudding-pin.

"Then, Francie Frisel, and if it be sae," said she, as he ended his marvellous legend, "what do ye owe me for the safer *(salvage)* o' ye?—If

ye get the lands o' Harletillum by the wadset your daft auntie Jacky has found, (and ye ha'e a great look o' her, now I think on't,) have I no' a right to cry, Half mine!—if not 'Haill! a' mine ain—nane o' my neighbours—nae halvers nor quarters!' whilk from ancient times has been aye the Scottish fashion o' entering heir to tint gear. I find the bairn, and the bairn finds the ground!—I declare, this is like the dealing o' a just Providence, to make up my heavy loss through you. And I found ye my lee-lane; for it might be like a half minute ere your wowing brought out the Laird, who thought ye was a kittlen at the back yett. Ye owe me mair amends, besides, for damage and detriment brought on my gude name, as if ye were sibber to me and the Laird, than ony bairn should be to a single maiden lass, and a bachelor gentleman, her master."

Laughing in her face, Frisel said, "And what more do I owe ye for counselling Monkshaugh to throw me on the parish fat feeding—the saft hands of Johnnie Jow the beadle?—saying, too, 'If it had been a kittlen, it might have catched mice.'—I am owre auld a cat now, lass—though a singet ane—to have straes drawn before my nose. But, for a' that, ye are poor Baby's auntie——"

"And if ye ever wad marry her wi' my bless-

ing, or expect to enjoy Church privilege i' the Sourholes, ye'll first make private restitution sevenfold of your uncle's fraud done on me in respect o' the just and lawfu' *Juice Mariti*, belonging, in right o' me as his wedded wife, to the Reverend Gideon Haliburton."

Frisel perceived that since Effie was able to resume her favourite legal style, her despair was softening; and without attending much to her several counts of claims on his prospective property, or even to her threats of excommunication, he gaily whistled for the brandy; and agreed to keep the whole affair secret from the Minister, for whom he had a high esteem and warm affection, and who, he rightly concluded, would take little pleasure in the private history of Effie's pecuniary losses.

Frisel's discharge, now expedited by the town-clerk, was brought, together with the stoup of brandy charged double price for risk; as an express order from Provost M'Gie prohibited the sale of ardent spirits in the jail; and Effie, though the most abstemious of women in regard to the *Manse* stores, after all her exertions and afflictions, swallowed a goodly portion, more from the difficulty of relinquishing a valuable commodity placed cost-free in her power, than from any positive affection for this fascinating fluid.

Frisel paid his prison dues as far as he could, obtained credit for the remainder, and attended Mrs. Haliburton into the main street of the borough, now paraded by special constables hastily arrayed to preserve the peace, and protect the property of the Bank from the infuriated populace. Jacobina's dutiful nephew failed not now to inquire for her, but she had wandered no one knew whither; and his remorse was appeased by following her customary route, especially as it led to Strathoran and Baby Strang, whose high destiny he longed to communicate in person.

In consideration of his future prospects, her own hopes, and partly, perhaps, from the effects of the brandy on her sober brain, Mrs. Effie deigned to recline on the arm of her elfin squire; and, in this order, they sallied out about twilight into the open country by the Rottenrow of Rookstown—a name bestowed, antiquarians allege, from the *route* or *routine* of religious processions having anciently issued in this way towards the Chapel of St. Servanus; but as the inhabitants of the "West end" affirm, from the mouldering nature of the wooden tenements jutting over on each side into the narrow crooked tunnel miscalled a street; if not from this quarter of the ancient borough being now fairly given up to the rats.

CHAPTER X.

THE LYKE-WAKE.

Vengeance! vengeance! soon and sair,
On the house o' Cowdenknows, now and ever mair.

Thomas the Rhymer

— — — — — — —

Save us sweet heavens! Fiends have possessed
The lifeless tenement, and keep strange coil.
The glassy orbs roll in their marbled sockets;
Bony fingers, wide outstretched, do darkling grope
And twitch, with mis-aimed grasp, clutching at space;
Then back rebounding on the hollow breast,
Call forth its charnel echoes.
  Jesu! how the fallen chops do flout and gibber,
And with fantastic writhings form themselves
In mockery of laughter; while sulphurous breath
Steams forth in fiendish howlings.—
Avaunt, foul sprite!—I sign the blessed Cross
Thus, and defy thee!

The Lyke-Wake.

The various rural groups whom Mrs. Haliburton and her squire overtook on their homeward way, were all engaged in the same discussion; and, for once, were all of nearly the same mind; all heaping execration upon the bankrupt, and vowing vengeance against him.

A little ascent which they reached commanded a view of the elegant modern mansion, its gardens, hothouses, offices, ornamented grounds, and young plantations; and here the crowd, which gathered like a snow-ball, halted to whet their appetite for revenge on these exterior signs of opulence, place, and distinction, so insolently contrasting with their misery and destitution.

"There's five bairns greeting at hame, round a woful mother and a cauld hearth,—will that rag of paper get them either meat, clothes, or eldin?" said one man with bitterness.

"The Banker's siller is like the coin in which the de'il paid the witches langsyne," said another. "It glitters like the red beaten gold, but turns to sclate-stanes when sairest needed."

"See ye that, friends?" said a third, spreading out a five pound note. "My toil, my sweat, my life is in that rag of paper! It was hoarded to do the last duty to a mother whose remains yet lie unburied! Is there no amends for this?"

"They say the extravagant villain has three siller tea-pots in his house—no less," said Mrs. Haliburton, in whose frugal eyes this very circumstance seemed Hutchen's capital enormity.

"He would have ordered ten dozen pair o' top-boots, and a gross o' dress pumps, frae London and Edinburgh at once," said Lowrie Lingle.

"Na, for certain, he had gold-dust sprinkled on his bread and butter ilka morning for marmalet," cried Peascod, who now strongly felt "that blood is warmer than water;" "and ne'er swallowed an aloe pill till it was gilt wi' the samen."

"The extravagant villain!" burst from twenty throats.

"There was waur e'en yet, my brethren," said John Trann, one of the Sourholes' elders, solemnly, and dropping his puckered eyelids; "and it has kythed this same morning; namely, a burning, and 'fuming wi' aloes, myrrh, and frankinshense, in veshels o' gold and veshels o' silver, in what is called the withdrawing-room; as if it had been an Idol temple of old, or a Popish mass-house."

"Pooh, John! that's but a way amang the gentles to keep down ill smells," replied another.

"Set him up—and shoot him foret! and I wonder what cheese his nose is made o'," cried the wife of the well-known Creeshie Charlie, the candle-maker in Castleburn, "that he could na

stand the natural sauvour o' his fellow creatures like other folk!"

"It may be easier to bide than the reek o' the lowing brimstone, I'm jalousing," grinned Master Trann, who had more Rookstown dishonoured paper in his pocket than Christian charity in his heart this evening.

"Hout now, John," rejoined the last fair speaker; "that's gaun owre far. I would like he got a gude shake owre the mouth o' the pit,—but forbid he drap in."

And so the conversation prospered; the chief topic among the sober and monied part of the assembly being Hutchen's extravagance. And it was clearly made out, as we think is the case with most bankrupts, that he had lavished three times more than, by any possibility, he ever could have had. To another class, his severity in enforcing the already too severe game laws, and harshness as a magistrate, were deeper offence. A few adverted to Lord de Bruce and his daughter: and the "poor auld Laird o' Monkshaugh, now under hiding," became quite the hero of their sympathies.

Brilliant lights at the same instant sprung up in the splendid mansion. It wanted but this. "We'll gi'e him light enough, and heat baith,"

was shouted by one man; and the whole host—yea even Dame Effie, joined the wild acclaim. The hasty proposal of filing off to burn the house and wreak vengeance on the owner, was carried in the same way.

"If I could get like a down-bed, or a claught o' a silver tea-pot," thought Mrs. Haliburton, whose sensible mind ran more on plunder than fire.—"To be sure, the pickle goose and turkey feathers I gathered, mony's the weary day, at Monkshaugh—and they were never missed—and the auld leddy's bed that I'm keeping in season and use for Captain Wolfe, if he thinks it worth his while, leaves the *Manse* no just destitute; but, if we get the Laird on a board wage like, there's naething to be called a full-mounted down-bed in the house!"

Though somewhat ashamed of the association, these secret motives induced Mrs. Effie to follow the multitude,—not meditating any personal violence, but quite prepared to take advantage of events as they arose, to win back, even by the strong hand, her "ain honest gear."

Is there, indeed, some mysterious sympathy in kindred blood, which, in moments of danger and distress, has power to subdue prejudice, habit, and

principle, as well as all the ordinary motives of dislike and aversion?

"What i' the fiend's name, is my business with the scoundrel?" thought Frisel, trying to shake his mind free from feelings of this kind which were stealing over him, as he listened to the wild denunciations of the ruined people around him, and became terrified at the idea of the mad excesses into which the desire of vengeance might hurry them. A man who came up informed the people that a party of dragoons had been sent for to guard the *Whim*, and another as a guard of ceremony to the less obnoxious noble partner, Lord Rantletree. This, which seemed like braving them, stimulated the courage of the assailants, as a few drops of water will quicken the blaze which a greater quantity would extinguish.

"I'll run round before ye, lads and lasses, to see the shellie-coated lobsters dinna take the Sherra's road, and get the wind o' us. I'm laigh, and can scoug; and will run back to lead ye or warn ye."

This plan was unanimously approved; for the utmost reliance was placed in the scout.

"Yoursel', Francie, and your master's man, would deserve to carry the burning whisp should smeek the drone's bike," said an oracle of the

mob. "Call a halt, lads, till our supple scout returns."

"All is fair in war," cried Peascod, briskly, "so I'll hing out false colours, by taking the gudewife o' the Sourholes under my oxter. Come awa, Effie. If discovered it may pass for a friendly visit; for she has had frequent private dealings and communings of late wi' Harletillum, who was aye a friendly man to her—took great care o' her penny-fee!"

"O, Francie! does the wee bouk o' ye contain no bowels, that ye would gibe a broken-hearted woman? Wo! wo, and a double wo, betide the black hour I ever——"

"Weel, weel, come on lass;" and great need was there for haste; for before the scout had been ten minutes gone, the impatient crowd, with all the caprice that rules a mob, came throng beating after him.

Like the messenger of speedy vengeance, and far overshooting his fair companion, Frisel knocked on the private entrance to Mr. Hutchen's library, in which that unfortunate person, who had foreseen the event, though surprised by the mode of its approach, had sat for the last forty-eight hours, without food or sleep, alternately engaged

in writing, or giving way to paroxysms of the blackest despair. The family and servants, alarmed by the tumult and by private warnings, had fled to the Wilderness for concealment, after kindling the lights intended to scare back the rioters.

The loud continuous knocking of Frisel obtained no attention; and he nimbly climbed by some wall-trees to the window of the library. The view of the interior of that apartment was sufficiently striking. Hutchen, his features haggard and distorted, his eyes blood-shot, yet with something of the wild-fire brilliance, and rapid unsteady glance of incipient madness, stalked about the floor with clenched hands; and before him, drawn up to her full height, and her arm outstretched, stood Rougemantle, facing and confronting him which way soever he moved, at times stamping with her feet among the creaking heaps of paper which littered the floor, and at others talking in a tone of great vehemence and earnestness. At one point of her speech she caught, and hastily pointed out to her companion the elvish visage which peered through the casement. He started back, but this was a transient emotion;—rushing forward, he dashed his hand through the glass, and would have

hurled the spy to the earth had his arm not been arrested by the virago.

"Mr. John Hutchen, I come not as an enemy," said Frisel, still clinging to his position, "deep cause of feud as I have with you since and before the hour of my birth. I come to warn ye to fly for bare life. Those are at your gates whom ye will ill parry. Hear ye their shout? There is still chance of escape by the back way. I will saddle your horse."

"Ye stir not," said Bess, "though their hands grappled your throat, till ye sign and seal my acquittance for every coin I ever bore to you from her, who, with the blood of her own bosom, would have fed the young life for which no one else cared; but which only fed your bloated greatness!"

Hutchen, even in this perilous moment, felt the necessity of compliance. A bunch of papers were hastily thrust into the hands of Rouge-mantle, even while the first shower of missiles rattled on the front windows, and sticks and stones banged on the hall door, which Frisel flew to secure.

"Still you may escape," cried Frisel. "I will saddle your horse." And running to the stables, Frisel hastily saddled Wolfe Grahame's Arabian mare, fleet as the winds of her native deserts. In

his haste and agitation this service was perchance ill performed: the consequences were at least as fatal as unforeseen.

"Is my household vanished?" exclaimed Hutchen, who had rung and stamped on the floor;—and he looked round to his new-found nephew and his old confederate—"Then 'tis time that I too were gone!"—He rushed through the hall where Mrs. Haliburton seized his skirts, loudly urging her claims. Tearing himself from Effie, who with the jerk fell flat on her nose, he rushed through the shrubbery as the shout of the mob rose wildly in front of the house.

"Mr. John Hutchen, whither do ye go—for I must follow you?" said Frisel.

"To hell!" cried the distracted man.

"Go your lang journey your lane!" cried Frisel, indignantly tossing away the stirrup which he had kindly held; and Hutchen sprung into the saddle—pricked his horse till it bolted like a bird taking flight—and he was gone like lightning.

"Escaped! escaped! the villain has escaped!" was now the cry.

"He cannot escape—he's within—the house is lunting in twenty places—and waste-paper in plenty to beet the bale-fire!" was the reply.

The family of the farmer who lived near the Fords of Oran, were again on this night alarmed by the same furious, thick, and quick clattering of horse hoofs down the steep which they had heard on the two previous nights. They rushed to the hallan; but only saw in the darkness the fiery sparks struck by the horse's heels from the stony path. The old gudeman looked to the clock that clicked heavily behind the oaken settle, and shook his grey head as he noted that the hour and the minute had on each night been the same.

"That same eldritch clatter again!—There will be news of that mad gallop!" said the weaver lower down by the Fords; and he also rushed out. But he saw only the waters of Oran,—the ripple still on their surface thrown up by the fiery steed and the invisible rider, who already, as if demon-driven on the dreadful journey he had mentioned, was pressing up the path leading along the ledge of the ravine to the Tower of Ernescraig.

But fast as was his speed, the flames of his dwelling travelled faster. The struggling radiance gradually emerged from the brightening smoke, gathered and glowed into a bright star—a brilliant beacon-light—a wide-waving canopy of living flame.

"Is na yon the brave bale-fire, John, for our nevoy coming of age, and brooking his father's gear?" cried Jacobina, from the way-side thicket where she sat.—"Bess Slattery tells me Annie's bairn was decently kirsened after a'; e'en though she stood god-mother. Now I lang feared me ye were baith of the Nanny-Baptist persuasion,—and had dipped deep in Oran water."

It was not to listen to the raving of the distracted vagrant that Hutchen reined in his horse, and turned round his head, catching his breath quick as he gazed on the dwelling of his pride, so soon to be a heap of blackness and ashes.

"The red-cock craws full crousely yonder-away, John, this same night. Thrice, ye mind, it crawed to warn fiery Peter. But Peter would not be warned till the Lord looked on him;—'and he remembered the word of the Lord, and went out, and wept bitterly!'"

"And I could weep!" thought the person thus madly addressed; and his head sunk till it was all but buried in the flowing mane of his horse.

"Poor wretch, I could almost envy her!" was his humbled thought: and in a faltering voice he asked—"Jacky, is there anything could be done for you?"

"Look up! look up at the brave illumination! Naething like yon since the *Windy Wodensday*: ye may see to lift a prin i' the Pechs' Path! But, that's aye the gate when the Destroying Angel whirls abroad his kindling torch to see where—*To choose his dead!*"

The strong blaze in the distant moor, where the ornamented grounds of the Whim rose like an oasis in the desert, now illuminated the whole mountain outline of de Bruce's hill-side barony; even the far-off heights about the source of Oran glimmered out faintly and white at intervals, like the shadows of mountains. Copse and cliff, dingle and tower, the low-placed and desolate dwelling of Monkshaugh, and the fretted tops of its guardian trees, all caught the flitting radiance; as if the Angel of Destruction had, indeed, whirled abroad his torch to light up before the wretched gazer, the scene of long triumphant, but now baffled villany.

At this still hour Hutchen could hear the voices of the groups assembled at every hamlet and farm-town around him; all watching the conflagration and exulting in its progress, as they shouted to each other across the mountain ravines, and from the opposite banks of the river "Deep calling

unto deep" of his wretchedness. His thoughts were miserable enough, as slowly and mournfully he turned his horse's head towards the Tower of Ernescraig, the only place of shelter he could now hope to find in this vicinity.

And this man was not altogether the sordid wretch, or case-hardened, vulgar ruffian, who feels but his own animal needs, and fears but for his own personal safety. He was, on the contrary, a man of talent, enterprise, and activity, though of the most determined ambition. But the rising genius of his age was *rapacious*, because it was becoming *profuse;* and of the then but dawning age of *Rapacity* and *Profusion*, he was a master-spirit.

Slowly, we have said, he turned his horse's head to the hill, now checking its fiery spirit as much as he had lately urged its speed; but he remembered poor Jacobina, and again called to her in the same subdued voice :—" Is there any good I could do you ? Here is money—I have money yet——"

" Keep your gold—keep the accursed thing !" screamed the vagrant, bursting from her place in phrensied haste. The scared horse sprang in air ; the girths gave way, and there was an instant, rapid, and tremendous crash of branches and

boughs, and a fearful roll of loosened stones. The echo and the voice, as if together, uttered one shrill shriek;—and a mangled corpse lay a hundred fathoms below, and near the hut of the old Trooper in the dean of Ernescraig.

Mr. Francis Frisel and Mrs. Gideon Haliburton were descending arm in arm to the Fords of Oran, when a horse covered with foam, the saddle girths broken and the saddle turned round, shot past them, fire-sparks marking its course, as if some demon of speed had assumed this form.

"God, what is this! John Hurcheon has ta'en the lang journey," cried Frisel, starting forward.

"O, the unhanged villain! put hand to himsel' without first satisfying to the last plack, principal and interest, me his lawfu' creditor!—Where does he think he'll gang to? His hide, and the hide o' every dyvour loon, should be selt to the tanners for what it would bring, by act of Parliament. *Annie Themie, Mary Nathie!* by book and bell! and may his bones wither above the earth, and never know Christian burial!"

But Frisel staid not to listen to the holy ban thus spouted on the dull ear of night by the enraged Mrs. Haliburton. She was indeed, by this time, scarcely accountable for any thing she said or

did, so wild and excited had she become from distress of mind and fatigue of body. And so conscious was she of great impending illness, even that death was dealing with her, that as she crossed the Fords of Oran, her secret thought was, "A' maun gang to Baby Strang;" and still as she staggered on the foot-path, her heavy moans fashioned themselves to the same sounds of—

A' maun gang to Baby Strang."

By the time that Frisel reached the hamlet the alarmed villagers had kindled torches and lighted lanterns; and while one party took the way to the Pechs' Path in search of the unfortunate rider, another led by Frisel plunged into the ravine, on the same melancholy errand.

The mangled and disfigured corpse was soon found. It lay where it had fallen, very near Fugal's hut now evacuated by the trooper; who, with the martial glow of returned youth, had obeyed Elizabeth's summons, and gone off to her appointed rendezvous at the Crossgates of Caberax, once more to engage in active "sârvice" under Lord de Bruce.

"'Tis just the man," said Frisel, holding the lantern he carried over the corpse. "He wore that same green frock with the button of the

County Hunt, and those buckskins, this evening, soiled as they now are."

Yet the corpse could not easily have been recognised. It lay as it were huddled in a heap, surrounded and partly covered by earthy fragments of stone, torn branches and bushes, and the other *debris* forced down in the tremendous fall. The cut under-lip was fearfully swollen,—the features were distorted, and the colour of the face was a streaky, livid-green and dark-purple.

There was somewhat of contempt in the air of cold indifference with which Rouge-mantle (for this night a denizen of Fugal's hut,) lifted the limber arm, and again let it drop on the lifeless body, saying aloud, "He flew from the devil to swoop into his jaws! He might have stood by his own door-cheek and died game any how."

The latter training of Frisel in Monkshaugh's household, and under Gideon's ministry, had not been nearly so liberal as his elementary education under Mistress Slattery. In truth, he knew very little of "a town life," well as he relished "a hot supper;" and he gazed on the dead face for some minutes with sad and overawing feelings, before he could propose that the mangled body should be borne into Fugal's cell.

Those feelings which in every Christian land, and in every land which has made but that one grand step in the march of humanity which tells—that man shall again live, were not silent even here.—The remains of the unhappy man—the *remains*, how sad and how emphatic a word!—were laid on Fugal's couch; and over them as a pall Rouge-mantle flung her ample red cloak.

These arrangements were scarcely concluded, when the other party, which had taken the upper path, entered the hut, bearing in poor Jacobina, whom they had found in a fit as they searched for the unfortunate horseman. It is probable that she had received a kick from the impetuous animal she had scared; for her brow was streaked, and her garments dabbled with blood.

This was no time nor place for ceremony. The hut afforded but one couch; and on it Jacobina was laid by the side of the corpse.

The best stored binn belonging to Monkshaugh at this time, was a fox-earth in the dean; and from thence Jacobina's dutiful nephew brought wine, which Rouge-mantle poured profusely over the throat of the invalid.—"She is a dying woman—let her drink her fill," said the virago, who presided over the sad hospitalities of the veteran's dwelling.

In a few minutes Jacobina recovered, and soon understood her horrid neighbourhood. With the air of a maniac's sagacity, she began to direct the necessary arrangements for such an occasion.

"Did ye stop the clock, neighbours, when the breath gaed out?" she said. "That's the first thing. There's naething to do, ye ken, wi' measured time in the house o' death; where a thousand years are as one day! The watch—a pert thing—ticks fast; and the clock clicks lazy;—but baith point to the same hour, John!" And she busied herself in arranging the drapery over the body.— "But bring the trencher wi' the salt, Bess—or we'll may be need two: one on the breast and one at the feet, to keep off the worriecows on this grand occasion. And he's no half streekit! I'll mush the shroud mysel'; but streek him fairer, Bess. He was a dour thrawart man living; ye may manage him i' the dead-thraw; but let the limbs ance get a twenty minutes' set, and ten men's strength winna straight John Hurcheon."

Frisel entreated, and Bess Slattery sternly commanded her to be silent; and again she gazed steadfastly on the dead for some seconds before breaking out afresh.

"Ay, Johnnie Hurcheon, wha wad have thought,

or wha *durst* have said, that wi' your gorgeous scarlet madam, and dink dochter, daft Jacky Pingle would ha'e gotten your eye-lids to close? And they'll no bide down, sirs!—D'ye ken this is awful!"

"O, stay, forbear!" cried Frisel, drawing back her fingers, which groped and twitched about the face of the corpse.

"Have ye never a sixpence about ye, Francie? It's weel kenned coined money alone will bear down the lids over the staring een of an uncanny corp. Here's poor Annie's silver thimble may keep down the left ane."

At the horrible fantasy of her arrangement Frisel burst from the hut; and in her madness, or from some superstitious feeling, the unhappy creature fancied she saw the corpse turn round as if to embrace her. The high wild laugh of insanity, was followed by a thrilling shriek which pierced even the heart of the presiding virago.—"Are we wedded and bedded too?" she screamed, "the living and the dead together!—the redeemed and the damned hand-fasted!—Back! back! John Hurcheon!—Get ye back!" And with the wild spasmodic throes of convulsion, and horrid gestures, with hands and feet she pushed the corpse close up against the wall; and in the act, and be-

fore the bystanders could overmaster her hands, her limbs became rigid,—and poor Jacobina had ceased to breathe or to suffer!

There is a painful form of superstition known in that part of the country, of which we have but a faint early recollection which we have now no means to refresh. It was called "*Crying back*"—crying back a spirit just departed: and it ensues only on the indecent, vociferous, or frantic grief of a survivor; or from want of proper resignation to the dispensations of that Will which commands the issues of life. The dead body, animated afresh by some horrid principle of vitality, will, it is said, then start up, and, with dreadful contortions and menacing gestures, utter horrible imprecations; and make awful disclosures of the new state into which the spirit has passed. These curses are hurled against the person whose noisy, impious clamour, or obstreperous sorrow, has dragged the spirit back within the bounds of mortality from which it had just escaped. Whatever may be the foundation of the popular belief, it is more to our purpose to tell, that among the dismal tales which make the listeners cower round a winter's hearth in Strathoran, is this—that locked up together in that lonely hut in the wood, the spirit of the un-

fortunate man, was on this night "cried back" by the mad-woman; and that his curses were heard mingling with the tempest, which rose sudden and wild, bore away the roof of John Trann's byre, uprooted the Justice-tree on the Pechs' Mount, and rattled down a dozen slates from the Grahame Arms, even while Francie Frisel, with a numerous party, was merrily and jovially being entered heir, Rouge-mantle acting as foreman of the jury.

There have been few blither lyke-wakes in Scotland, than that celebrated at the Grahame Arms on this occasion. The expense of the revel was generously undertaken by the heir, on condition that John Baillie gave credit and the long day; and many a carouse was pledged to the "lusty young inheritor," who, elevated on a buffet-stool placed at the head of the board, dispensed future favours with inimitable ease, and made gracious promises of all kinds, to clients and fellow-compotators of both sexes. Gamekeepers', butlers', and grooms' *places*,—and cook-maids', chamber-maids', and nursery-maids' *situations*, were all rapidly filled, and doubly filled. John Baillie, at his own proper risk, ordered in a fresh stoup of brandy, and applied for the factorage. But this was civilly refused as there were already

several opposing candidates; and he put up at last with the place of ground-officer—Rouge-mantle, to whom it was first tendered in behalf of Fugal, having declined it in name of that 'dacious Corporal.

"Since Christy Grahame took that income in his shackle-bane, after the fight wi' the Heuch-head folk, he's no fit to handle a coal-pick," whinned Mrs. Christy, whose various talents had been in full play from the commencement of the *Run*. "If you, Harletillum, would make him a *dominie* like—as he's no fit to be a tailor—it's an easy, genteel post. I might eke a trifle till't by learning the lassies washing and dressing, and sewing and manners; whilk would aye be a help in bringing up thae sweet lambs that Leddy 'Lizbeth would ha'e ta'en frae their mother's bosom and placed in an orphant hospital. I took it no' weel of her."

"Sit down, Meg! It shall be done," replied the great man coolly,—who, tipsy as he was with brandy and prosperity, still had a sort of serio-comic enjoyment of the scene.—"We have long observed, Meg, that those who run through a' other good, still make capital dominies: it is verily a profession of refuge. The Pitbauchlie Academy for young ladies and gentlemen; for school-masters

have nothing to do with boys and girls now.—It shall be done, Meg.—Sit down."

"'Od he's a 'cute body," grinned John Trann, dodging the elbow of his neighbour, and delighted with his own intelligent perception of a great man's good sayings.

"Now, John, for your job, touching a renewal of the tack of Clapperton Mill. There's such a thing as a *grassum?* How do you come down? Will ye bleed freely?"

Like other unthinking heirs, Harletillum, the second of the name of our acquaintance, being grievously in want of cash, quietly pocketed John's five guineas, righteous, but overtaken John, secretly delighted with his bargain; as Harletillum the first had refused ten times this fine. It is true that before eating his porridge next morning, John went to the "Manse" to reclaim his money, and relinquish all advantage; but to the heir that was neither here nor there, as he, by that time, was far on his way to Edinburgh.

"We'll be rookit by Jews before coming into possession," said the heir, rising at last. "So we adjourn the sederunt for this night, friends.—Ladies and gentlemen, I drink this bumper to all your very good healths."

"It's the very last dribble i' the stoup," said Mrs. Christy; but John Trann, even in the gaunt face of this famine of thirst, rose and cried, "Great luck to ye, Harletillum! soon may ye brook your ain; and lang may ye live to enjoy it!" and all present shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!—hur-r-r-r-rah!"—"Nine times nine!" cried John Trann.

"He'll be wanting his siller back the morn for a' this though," thought the heir. And when the court broke up, quite sensible that he was far from being a sound man, Francie darted down through a hazel copse, the favourite resort of the woodcock. He swam like a frog or a Byron; and in this lovely dawn, the tempest having sunk into a lull, he refreshed himself with a cool dip in a pool of silver Oran; and then waded down the shrunken stream towards the Sourholes, made his toilet under the saughs, and in five minutes stood by the Manse a new man.

CHAPTER XI.

MANŒUVERING.

Lord William sought Burd Annie's bower,
  And tirled at the silver pin;
And sae ready, ready, stood Burd Annie,
  To let Lord William in.

"My gentle love! my Burd Annie:"
  And her kiss on his red lip hung
As sweet as the dew on the summer's rose,
  As sweet, ay, and as long.

Old Ballad.

But no damsel stood so "ready, ready," to open at the tirl of Francie on the four-paned casement of Mr. Haliburton's *study;* which, along with its other treasures, contained, as he presumed, the sleeping goddess of his affections—the fresh and ruddy Baby Strang.

Had the philosopher in the tale of Zadig stood in Frisel's stead, his sagacity would have discovered that all was not well with the frugal mistress

of the mansion—one infallible token was, the milk bowen left abroad in danger of Pitbauchlie thieves; but of which the gallant lover now made advantage in gaining the lattice, which was full four feet above the turf. And as he stood a-tiptoe, 'twas thus he sung:—

Wake, lady love!—young Morning's veil
Is soft withdrawn;—her roses pale
Are flushing into brighter day;
The lark soars on her pinions grey,
The black-cock wakes his dappled bride,
The belling deer swims Oran's tide;
Life bursts o'er stream, and hill, and grove,
O! waken, waken, lady love!

Wake, lady love!—the faint wall-flower
That breathes around thy forest bower.
Now opes her eye-lids to the dawn,
The dews lie fresh on glade and lawn
Up lady! lace thy boddice rare,
In haste braid back thy silken hair,
Young lovers love in dews to rove;
O! waken, waken, lady love!

But here our gallant Troubadour was most agreeably interrupted by the lattice being really opened, not exactly by such a figure as would have suited a similar scene in a melo-drame, but by something much better—even by Baby herself; not indeed wearing the delicate flush of delight of the beautiful maiden, whose light slumbers have been blown away by a lover's musical sighs, but, in truth, looking rather smeary in complexion, and

discomposed in costume—in short, more like a beauty quitting a ball-room in day-light at six in the morning, than one entering it by wax-light at eleven at night.

"Eh, Losh, puir Francie! but sing nane o' your nonsense sangs here, for poor auntie is just dying; the Minister and me have sat up wi' her a' the night, and a wild night it was; and, the Lord be about us! she has never devalled crying frae the turn o' the night, '*Maun a' gang to Baby Strang?*'"

We record this variation on the rhyme of delirium for the judgment of grammarians and philologists; for, whereas Effie's original cry had been "A' maun gang to Baby Strang," from what Baby called "the turn o' the night" it took this interrogative form. Could it be from the hour in which the patient had that mysterious presentiment, those inexplicable intimations of approaching dissolution, which often visit a death-bed?

"She has given her inside a rack wi' the lift she took of yon monstrous feather-bed the day," said Francie, who had great faith in the tenacity of Effie's thread of life. "She'll come round, ne'er fear. She's the gear that will no traik; lang

or the De'il die by the dyke-side. But I'm for the Sanctuary, and our auld master; so gi'e me a kiss, and one o' the Minister's clean gravats. And keep up your heart, nae fear of auntie Effie. I must be back in two days to see the mools decently aboon auntie Jacky's head though.—'Gear brings care,' it's truly said."

"Your moan is soon made for poor auntie," sighed Baby; who, as yet ignorant of his new-born grandeur, would have been delighted to sob for a few minutes in the arms of her wee love; and also to have set down to the account of sorrow, what might have been half claimed by a softer emotion. But her lover's complexion was more allied to smiles than tears; so he cut short all those tender demonstrations by a sally of kisses, the dew of which had scarcely dried on his lips when he burst into Monkshaugh's parlour, and knelt before him, who, like a dethroned monarch deserted by his courtiers, now sat lonely on the lion-footed couch.

"*A boon! a boon! my gracious liege,*" he exclaimed in the words of an old ballad.

"Francie Frisel, my poor knave!" cried the Laird, a smile revisiting his face, "like a pale ghost the glimpses of the moon."—"Where are ye from?—Have you broken the tolbooth?—Ye're

worn to skin and gristle—and a' for hate o' me the villain has persecute ye—but get up——"

"I'll never stir till the boon is granted."

"It is, man, to the half of my kingdom," cried the Laird, delighted at having regained one liege-man, and that a prime favourite. "Fule boddie ye have the boon—but what is it?"

"To intermarry wi' Baby Strang, your liege dairy-woman,—to seize the lands and assume the arms of Harletillum:—Supporters, two *Warlocks* Proper—motto '*Fast and Loose*'—Make Latin o't at your leisure.—The name I'm not so particular about—as Frisel, though not the sweetest of silver sounds, is a thought genteeler in respect of the illustrious houses of Lovat and Philorth.—I have kenned noble shearers of both houses."

Now the Laird, a lowland gentleman of ancient family and name, enjoyed a hit at the proud clans dearly; and, altogether, a better mode of communicating this strange and unwelcome intelligence could not have been devised. Still he looked petrified and shocked, and exclaimed—"A Hurcheon! A Hurcheon about my fire-side—my very person, for twenty years!"

"Master! master! I'm fainting—I'm dying!" cried Peascod, who had not wholly forgot his ori-

ginal art of personation. " I kenned how it would be—ye'll ne'er look on me mair !" and Frisel sunk down and swooned away on the spot. We have seen a swoon worse got up before now, even by a fairer practitioner.

" Francie ! Francie ! I forgi'e ye ! I forgi'e ye ! Ye could not help it. O, whereabouts are my honoured grandmother's composing drops ?"

" Now I trust," thought Francie, who lay as limber as a corpse, " the auld leddy's draps are something o' the nature o' brandy-wine ; for she was a comfortable woman allowed by the haill country-side."

" Are ye coming round, Francie ?" said the anxious Laird, supporting the fainting head.— " Your colour's no' that ill !"

" A–a–a–y !" gasped Frisel, slowly recovering.

" Take pardon and heart, my poor knave— I'm a man of liberal ideas, Francie. Ye'se ne'er hear another word of your misfortune from me, if I can help it."

Upon this gracious assurance Frisel gasped, and was born into life, though with many throes and wild contortions.

" O, the cordial nature of these drops; for they would bring back a man i' the dead-thraw !"

"Lean on the settee beside mysel', Francie;—and now for Strathoran news.—Is the *roup* owre? Who got the Flanders' Mirror?—No John Hurcheon, I hope?"

"John Hurcheon has looked into the dark glass which to mortals shews eternity!" said Frisel, very earnestly; "where we must a' look. The sale was stopt. Death came in thirdsman between him and you. He lies stiff and stark in the dean of Ernescraig!" and he related the manner of Hutchen's death.

"O, that was sudden! May we be all prepared!—but he was called to a hasty account. Peace be wi' him be it God's will. Death, Francie, should end a' feud." There was a pause ere Monkshaugh more naturally resumed:—"And Mistress Effie, how is she, with her grand airs of introducing me, forsooth! to ladies of quality! And worthy Gideon, how fares the honest man after his kind journey?"

"Between the twa—as Davie danced," said the Whittret. "He too has met wi'a bit dispensation."

"Providence be about us, Francie!—Of mercy or of judgment is it?"

"Oh, just as it's ta'en," replied Frisel. "*Pre-*

ceesely as it's taken. In such like dispensations a' depends on the state of the mind. To some it's like a knock on the noop of the elbow—sharp but soon owre; others, men of decency and conscience, and sober life, may, between stretching and stenting, make their grief compass the neat legal period of year-and-day. Some again——"

"But what is't, Francie?"

"His wife was sughing away when I left the Sourholes; but we may be in time for the funeral."—Now Frisel, though his information was but too correct, had no serious fears of Mrs. Haliburton's state; but he was of that temperament that cannot resist creating a sensation—the failing of his order. In fact, the love of exaggeration is one of the most poetical elements of low life.

"My housekeeper, Euphane Fechnie!" exclaimed Monkshaugh, dreadfully shocked. "She was five year and two month younger than me—Cut down like a flower!"—He sunk on the sofa—"All flesh is grass; ye would do weel to consider your latter end, Francie. Baby will be heir,"—and the Laird raised himself,—"but Mr. Gideon, in right of his *Jus mariti*, will enjoy the courtesy o' her gear. I wonder how much it's thought to be."

"Oh, the weary befa' it, for it's broken Effie's heart!" And the history of the smash of the Bank, and the burning of the Whim, followed.

"But I'm vexed, Francie, though, to all the holes of my heart for my Lord Rantletree. He'll be half ruined, poor man," said Monkshaugh.

Now, Frisel being rather of the sect of Rochefoucault, replied, "Indeed ye look like it, Laird. And ye'll see that I'm deeply grieved myself. I question when we'll baith get the better o't.—But when do we start for home? Who dare say boh to our banner now? And ye'll be looked for at Effie's interment."

"Ay, poor Effie! She has not left a woman behind her in Strathoran can dress a capon—'the canonical capon'—as Dr. Rubrick wont to call it. The art only survived in her. It's clean lost in Scotland!—But what care I for going home, knave, to toom walls; where there's neither poor 'Lizbeth's smile, nor Wolfe Grahame's rough shake of the hand to welcome me? I'm sure I plague myself about ilka body's business, little thinking what poor 'Lizbeth is doing without me. And there again, I vow, is that low boddie Deacon Daigh!"—and Monkshaugh dashed close the broken blind.—"There are, I know, some score

or two of coarse houschold bricks on the nick-sticks for thirty year. I dare say it's prescribed? And to be bothering an estated gentleman! I wish I had change to pay the shabby boddie off. Deny me knave."

"Here is your five pursc-pennies, Laird," said Frisel; and he with alacrity as hearty as that with which they were taken, drew forth John Trann's *grassum*, or *fine* on entry. "Shall I pay him off, or trip up his heels and gi'e him a heisie owre the bannisters? Say the word—pitch or pay! it's a' ane to your humble servant."

"I'll pay him off, and never buy were it but a souter's clod o' his baking! The ill-bred boddie, he has lost the countenance of the house o' Monkshaugh."

The Deacon came forward with many profound congees—the Laird, meanwhile, strutting about—a perfect picture of turkey-cock dignity.

"My servant, Francis Frisel, will settle with you, friend," said he, in a high English accent, ever a sign of his highest displeasure.

"Settle with me, Monkshaugh! I'm no just in such a pinched circumstance as to need dun a gentleman till his ain time come. This will be some of the Burlins' news, now. Would ye be-

lieve it, Monkshaugh—Mrs. Burlin, my dochter, had the unnaturality to say to my face, last night no farther gone.—What think ye she said ?——" The Deacon made an emphatic pause and looked very knowing. Now the Laird dearly loved a bit of gossip—and, above all, to know what all the Mrs. Burlins said—so seriously did he his ear incline,—" Why, that love-dotard was sillier than calf-love, and ten times dafter-like !"—And again the Deacon paused, and looked to gather the effect of his information before adding—" But I'm no seeing the bonnie young leddy this morning—and a lang dance she's led me these five mornings wi' the Calender-wife dogging my heels. But they ken wha winds them a pirn. I have led her through as mony crooked roundabout ways as the walls o' Troy on a school-laddie's sclate."

" Ay, ye're up to trap !" said Frisel, much diverted, though the Laird was again just between the losing and winning.

" Am I not ?" said the Deacon, complacently smiling. " If Holyrood be his private mark—then look for David Daigh about the Main-point, or the Guse-dubs—Hope Park as ye call it. Then I mak' a wheel and back to Geordie Boyd's brig, whilk folk now call the Earthen Mound, and

down by the Auld Botanic and the Trinity; and here stand I. The calender-wife, when I challenged her, pretended she was not following me, but gaun to Quaker Miller's Abbey garden to buy kail.—Let her chew the castock!" and he shut his eye and shook his head knowingly.

Monkshaugh, not a little offended at this freedom, chiefly because the Deacon had not entered on the merits as to what Mrs. Burlin had said, now replied—"The Lady Elizabeth de Bruce is gone to Ireland with her noble father—though it's not every carle's business where a lady of fashion goes; but if she has ordered any whigs, cookies, plait-rows, petticoat-tails, short-bread, or Belle Gordons from you, I shall order my servant to settle for her to the amount of——" The Laird looked at the Whittret, and boldly added—"Five guineas!"

"To Ireland! and without her bit documen'!" said the Deacon, slipping off his wig. From that he took a pocket-handkerchief; from this a brown paper parcel; from that a blue one—and the hidden core of his mystery appeared in the guise of a packet; the seal still entire, but the outer envelope much soiled and fretted.

"I thought, for safety," whispered the custo-

dier, "to bake it in a bun or a tart,—as I was once paid to do in my young day wi' a *billy-dough* by a certain gallant—we name no names,—but I could not get as lang o' the bake-house to myself without the Burlins."

The outer envelope was addressed to Elizabeth by her maiden style; but another was peering through the frayed paper. The Laird took up his gold-rimmed spectacles, and the Whittret in vain attempted to pass the trick he had formerly as vainly essayed under the gleg grey eye of Euphane Eechnie.

"The Honourable Mrs. Wolfe—Mrs. Wolfe Grahame!" read the Laird, turning the packet round.

"Weel it's fairly out of my hands; and I could na have handled it mair tenderly an it had been flam-paste for the Ha' table of Castle Gordon,—for I'm a Moray man; but indeed ye may guess that by my rash tongue—but Lord's sake let na my word be heard, Francie.—I see the Laird's engaged." And the Deacon bowed and retired.

"It must be known some time," thought Frisel, who had great confidence in his own resources, and in his knowledge of his master's trim.—"Ay, ye read very right, Laird—'The Honourable Mrs.

Wolfe Grahame, Monkshaugh House, Strathoran, by Rookstown, N. B.'—right as a glove. Your eyes are not a bit failed; but it's not an unplain hand, though a leddy's I think. The Captain and Leddy 'Lizbeth's just married—and what about it? I'm sure it's but natural. I'm thinking o' marrying mysel'."

"Married! without my knowledge, privity, and consent!" cried Monkshaugh, looking aghast.

"Certainly without your knowledge; but far from being without your consent. I'll prove that to your satisfaction in a jiffie; but I doubt it's owre true what Captain Wolfe suspected—" And Frisel sighed and looked grave.

"Suspected what? The young villain! To wheedle poor 'Lizbeth to marry him without my knowledge; for it's a' his fault; or would she whom I have carefully bred and brought up; and given—ye bought it yourself, and it was a gilt edition—*Gregory's Legacy*, when she was not above nine blessed years, to put her on her guard against the wiles o' men:—would she have played me such a supple trick but for him the seducing villain? But I vow I'll marry a leddy and disinherit him!"

"Ye had better do that! Weel would it set ye!"

"Hold your peace, Frisel—or Hurcheon—or whatever they call ye!" he cried, as he stamped about; but no sooner was the hasty word of approbrium uttered than repented.

"Oh, master!" groaned Frisel.

"Weel, do not faint again. I'm sorry, Francie; but why should ye provoke me by defending that young scape-grace?"

"Sit your ways down, and take a few o' the auld leddy's composing drops; and I'll make it all as plain to a gentleman of your good sense as a pike-staff."—Monkshaugh sat down and looked in his liegeman's face,—as a traveller bewildered in a forest or a misty wild, may look on his pocket-compass.

"Ye'll allow, Monkshaugh, that there are secrets in all families?"

"Surely! And what of that? There is a secret in our family."

"Can a gentleman of your penetration and judgment make no bit guess, slantwise, why Captain Wolfe stole a march on ye?"

"I guess nothing but that he is an undutiful, rebellious rascal, who has wheedled poor 'Lizbeth to her ruin! She who might have looked so far aboon him."

"Ye hit i' the bull's eye! the very mark, Laird! I knew ye would hit it."

"That lang, ill-sweeled Irish Delancy? Is not my nevoy, Wolfe Grahame, in birth and blood, if not in fortune, as good or better——?"

"Pooh! Never a Delancy," interrupted Frisel. "It was all settled long before we heard of his name.—Come here, Laird, and I'll may be can shew ye." And he led the wondering and somewhat tardy gentleman to a large chimney mirror, which reflected his *petit* figure at full length, and his little prim face, wig and all, at more than full breadth. After a short pause for a general survey, Frisel drew back, and, with excellent grimace, waving his hand to the shadow, said aloud—"There's where she or any young leddy might have looked; ay, and if a' tales be true, might have sighed and looked in vain!—and there's where Captain Wolfe Grahame, pining in love himself, feared she had looked; and if a certain gentleman (nodding to the shadow) gave back look for look, all was up with him, poor fellow. Jealousy, Laird, Jealousy!—the very ramping devil among the passions—that would set brother against brother. I ken that by mysel' when English Tom wanted to draw up wi' Baby."

The change, which wonder, vanity, and self-complacence, gradually wrought on the reflected face, was so irresistibly ludicrous that the spectator had some difficulty in commanding himself.

But what the face confessed the voice modestly disclaimed:—"Ye are under a great mistake, Francie; however it might have been some forty years ago.—How could Wolfe Grahame be jealous of me and poor 'Lizbeth? He had no just cause."

"Cause or no cause, Laird, lies between you and your ain conscience. I'm no pressing ye hard—and I'm far from suspecting you of involving the name of any young leddy—whatever your private knowledge or opinion may be. As a faithful servant I give you a hint—take it well or ill. The peace of your house lies in your hands. If ye shew yourself rebunctious now, see what Captain Wolfe will think. He'll no' be slow to guess your reasons, though I hope he'll never wreck his jealous anger on his poor leddy."

"Heaven forbid! Francie—though I'm sure ye are mista'en—that I were the cause of dispeace where most I would, and do wish to promote union and affection. My dear brother's only son—the daughter of my noble kinsman, my poor

'Lizbeth—Lord forbid! But how is the young rascal to face me after his undutifulness?—And he has no sense; for if I had been acknowledged how could I have refused my consent, unless I had come boldly forward and offered to marry 'Lizbeth myself, which I never made up my mind to. Poor 'Lizbeth! to be sure maidens must marry; for auld lasses are lightly looked on.—They 'wither on the virgin thorn' Shakspeare's plays say, Francie.—But what will Leddy Tamtallan say? for that is more cogent than Pope and Shakspeare to boot. Her strong mind—"

"That's another part of speech, Laird; but I'll tell ye what ye'll do"—said Frisel, with the air of one who has hit on a happy thought—"to maintain your prerogative, and shew Leddy Tamtallan and Mr. Dalrymple you are master at home. Ye'll ne'er let on o' this; and ye'll write forthwith to Captain Wolfe Grahame, commanding him, on peril of your marrying a leddy and having heirs-male of your own, to wed 'Lizbeth de Bruce, spinster—no questions asked, but such is your pleasure. I'll carry your mandate mysel', alang wi' the Deacon's document, which—I wonder where it came frae?"

"Ye surely are a fairy boddie after a', Francie!

And I will do it, were it only to punish the young rogue's undutifulness; and write Leddy Tamtallan—when I get home; for I have no embossed paper here, and her Ladyship is apt to be particular; for she is a woman of an uncommon strong mind:—I wish that were over. A fine job I'll have to put Monkshaugh House in order for the young truckers. But I must order a new bed, wardrobe, and toilette-glass, for the Honourable Mrs. Wolfe Grahame's chalmer, Francie, come the siller from where it will; and I'll need a new suit to receive the bride. This has been a day among the Doggers!—*Births*, *Deaths*, and *Marriages!*"

Three days afterwards, there were also *Funerals*, three in the same day, and almost at the same hour, in the little mossy, shaded churchyard of St. Serf. A hearse with a few careless attendants, bore the remains of the late owner of the Whim to the last home. A few decent stragglers followed Mr. Francis Frisel, who bore the head of a coffin; and the dust of Miss Jacky Pingle was laid very near that of Mr. Hutchen. "Devout men" bore Mrs. Euphane Fechnie to her "burial," her afflicted husband being quite unfit to attend. Had she been able to speak, Effie would, no doubt, have remonstrated loudly against "a 'sponsible woman, a Minister's wife, being laid cheekie for chowie

with daft Jacky;"—but death is a fearful leveller.

"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on;
And blessed are the dead that the rain rains on,"

said the wives of Castleburn, who had assembled by the hedges with their children, to see the processions pass; "but oh, sirs! this has been a sunshiny day for an interment; and daft Jacky, after a', lies in the Hurcheon's lair in right of her nevoy Francie!"

A short time after Lady Harriette Copely and Mr. Delancy had been so captiously dismissed from Monkshaugh's door, they visited the Dowager Tamtallan, with whom Lady Harriette was previously slightly acquainted.

"She never was beautiful, and time has improved her very much the wrong way," whispered her ladyship in a quotation from a French play, as they entered the lofty and gloomy drawing-room, where Lady Tamtallan sat knee-deep in law papers; her dame of honour, Abigail, so falsely accused by Mrs. Burlin, seated lower, but near her, busied about some piece of nameless millinery.

Lady Harriette introduced her companion, and ventured to break the ice by inquiring for Lord de Bruce and his daughter.

"Of one of them at least the young gentleman can better tell me," replied the Dowager, her head

taking its most rapid spasmodic movement. "I was lately visited by Hutchen, who seems a man of information. Whoever the girl may be, I have here *damning* proofs of what he is!" and she struck the papers in her hands—"Here is a letter of yesterday, in which she whom ye all name by the name of my noble mother, Elizabeth de Bruce, says she has gone off to Ireland with my nephew John,—would that the bark had foundered which first bore him to its coasts!—Young gentleman, what know you of the daughter of O'Connor?—was ever the woman now known as Lady Montegle, the wife of the de Bruce?"

"My lady, she never was so honoured."

"Then she is the unwedded mother of his daughter."

"If any man durst, in my presence, so name Lady Montegle, I would say he lied like a villain," returned Delancy, his eyes flashing with rage:—"if any lady, that she spoke what was false and slanderous."

The Dowager's head steadied; all the black and noble blood in her veins mounted to her face, which became swarthy red,—her eyes emitted flashes of lurid light—and conquering this emotion by a strong effort of self-control, a grim smile relaxed her severe features—"Young gentleman," she

said, " leaving this point of championship open, I must now question you.—What do men of the world most value—fortune, fame, or love?"

" There is yet another possession, my Lady, which some men hold of greater value than all the three—honour!"

" Ay—are you of that mind? Hark ye, then!" and she whispered in the young man's ear, a sardonic smile stealing over her features. He fell back a step or two—became pale and then crimson red, and fixed his eyes on the malignant speaker.

"I am one too many here," said Lady Harriette.

" No, Lady Harriette, 'tis a mere trifle. It seems those prospects of fortune in which I was idly bred, and which I have too wantonly indulged, are false and hollow.—It may be true—and what then?"

" That depends on yourself, young gentleman," said the Dowager. " It would be hard that a Scottish marriage stood between you and your uncle's estates. You are a man with a beard on your face; you surely know how to help yourself? And be assured the house of de Bruce covets no such alliance,—were the mines of Mexico her dowry."

" Perchance, madam," said the young man proudly, " my family, were all circumstances known, might be quite as little ambitious of the

alliance of your noble house. Unluckily such affairs depend on individual affections as well as family interests. This marriage was certainly contracted with the full consent of the party most interested."

"The consent of a lassie! Did ye ever know one of them yet who for six hours together knew her own mind? or who would not as readily consent to her marriage being set aside as contracted, if she had that in her power?—but this was no marriage—never was—shall be none!"

"Pardon me, madam, that I dread depends neither on you nor me.—Lady Harriette, may I now attend you. I must go to Ireland. It is not necessary that I should remain the heir of Lord Montegle; but very necessary that I act as becomes an honest man."

Within the hour Delancy was on his way to Ireland, far outstripping in speed Elizabeth and her fellow traveller.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green island, and saw it was good.
The emerald of Europe it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
Irish Rhymes.

It was in the prime of the northern year that Elizabeth and her fellow-traveller undertook their journey or flight to Ireland—the last days of May and the early part of June, that enchanting season when night looks like day's lovely younger sister. Those early misfortunes which had, in too many ways, made evil be chosen as the good of Elizabeth's companion, had also converted his day into night; and the heat of the weather, together with his habits, and misanthropic avoidance of observation, made them often travel very late; going to rest when the dews began to glisten in the morning sun, and not recommencing their journey till the glare and the heat of the day were past.

Their route, chosen to avoid notice, lay through some of the fairest, though the most sequestered landscapes in the lowlands of Scotland; it was Elizabeth's first long journey, and her heart was all alive, her fancy in a perpetual dance all day, and her slumbers as gay as were her fancies.

Though the general demeanour of Lord de Bruce was always grave, even to melancholy, he was ever gentle to all who approached him, and to Elizabeth even kind. He sat silent for hours together—but then he held her hand; and by a single expressive word or look he would point out some object that was likely to please or interest her; and then his eyes would reflect the expression of hers, true as the echo to the voice, however distant and faint the repetition. And thus advancing in intimacy by such delicate and imperceptible degrees, they passed the first days of their leisurely journey, Elizabeth delighted to perceive that though seldom inquired for, she was always missed; that though never solicited to return, she was ever silently welcomed back; and that her heart-prompted, womanly offices of kindness to the invalid, were gently claimed, and already tacitly expected.

She had said "that she would find many ways

to make him love her," and she did so; and what seemed more difficult, she found many ways to make him forget himself. There is probably no fascination, apart from passion and strong emotion of any kind, more complete than the ingenuous and boundless confidence of youth on the sympathy of those in years. Trust ever begets affection;—and as Elizabeth displayed spontaneously, as they arose, her varying feelings of hope, joy, love, or fear, a portion of her young blood seemed to be infused into the languid veins of her companion, and to reanimate his dormant sympathies. And to him her character formed a delightful study. With all the feelings and tastes of her sex,—and from her secluded education knowing little of its artificial distinctions,—fanciful and yet natural, sensitive though trustful, warm, ingenuous, hopeful, lively and almost joyous even in fate's despite, with a smile brightened into gaiety, with a whisper or a look subdued into anxious and watchful tenderness, guided more by her heart than her reason, formed to love and to be loved, and to live with her whole life,—she sat by his side, an instrument on which the hand of affection "might have played what stop it pleased."

"And such was *she*—her mother—this and

more—woman in woman's brightest excess!" was the thought of Elizabeth's silent companion; and he said aloud—"Elizabeth, with all your other feminine propensities, have you not the alleged one of curiosity?"

"In an infinite degree, my Lord, on some points; though another word should be found to express my feelings. My head is seldom curious,—'tis a want of the heart with me: seldomer felt of course but much more importunate;—besides, I can long to know what I must not dare to inquire."

"And I could wish to tell what I cannot bear to speak. We must find an interpreter—old Monica Doran, perhaps. But if I held a magician's glass, tell me what sight I should be asked to present to you—Wolfe Grahame? In what scene or shape would you like to see him?"

"I have a little fairy-glass of my own which presents him to me in as many attitudes as possible," said she smiling. "I would rather——"

"Which you wear in your bosom all day, and place at night beneath your pillow to woo dreams," interposed her companion, also smiling.—"But what would Elizabeth rather?"

"Nothing, my Lord. Besides, it is now your mid-day hour of sleep."

"Then sing to me, Elizabeth, as you did yesterday. I begin to be as luxurious as a superannuated Sultan." And now, if overcome by heat, langour, and exhaustion he sunk into slumber, it was on Elizabeth's shoulder he sought his pillow; and then her song fell gradually low, till the churm was as faint and sweet as the first shy notes in which the bashful fledgeling tries its voice; the lisping music of birds, to those who value feathered *sensibility* more than feathered *warbling*, by far the sweetest lay that birds ever sing—one moorland linnet's first notes against the whole woodland choir!

"My sweet and patient page!" said Lord de Bruce, waking from the first undrugged slumber which he had known for many years. "But I shall tire you, Elizabeth.—How strange a tie is ours! This bruised heart—this blighted passion-flower! does it yet live—throw forth its tendrils still? Does fancy still scatter abroad her vagrant winged seeds? And they will take you from me—even this Wolfe Grahame?"

"Ah, no!" said Elizabeth. "He will be the first person of your happy household—and I shall be second in place and in power, but first in my father's love—in right of my own heart—and of my poor mother——"

Her rashness was instantly repented as she saw the sudden and dreadful change that came over his features, and the shiverings that passed like an ague-fit over his frame; and apprehended an access of his melancholy distemperature. Her agony of distress and alarm—her stifled cries, and flood of tears, and frantic caresses, roused the feelings of the invalid to combat with his insidious enemy. "Be calm, Elizabeth—and for your sake I will strive to be well," he whispered. "If my strange malady should frighten and alienate you!—I have now a motive as strong to over-master this demon-trouble, as ever my broken heart and perverted mind fostered for its indulgence."

It was on their farther drive on this night that Elizabeth grieved to perceive that the mind of de Bruce, if not warped, was still wavering and flighty—that "the sweet bells jangled." He talked a great deal–indeed incessantly–choosing his themes from the star-light sky, the veering clouds, the night-winds, and the ocean—whispering mysteriously of departed spirits, and of their visible and invisible intercourse with the lower world; of supernatural influences, dreams, and mystic reminiscences and presentiments; and of that blind and relentless *Destiny* which enchains mortal beings to

a fate from which there is no escape—a power which, in his perverted and unhappy mind, usurped the place of that guardian Providence in which Elizabeth had been taught to confide, and to find peace and joy in her confidence. "I have been better taught," was her thought; and, with more humility and perchance justice, she mentally added—"and oh more happily placed! less severely tried, though better prepared for trial by that armour which is not mine own strength."

And though Elizabeth, who had too much imagination to be free of some tinge of superstition, crept closer to the side of the visionary speaker, and drew her breath more tardily, a few minutes re-assured her, and even gave her confidence to whisper her own better trust and nobler hope: and, with the warm realities of happy life, to displace those wild idealities; or at least win her auditor to patient attention to the promptings of the spirit of a sound mind.

At twilight, on the fourth day, the dim coast of Ireland was pointed out to Elizabeth by her fellow traveller, who sunk into melancholy reverie. Her exulting burst of delight was speedily overcast. "If *he* should be ill!" was her thought; and the wildering discourses to which she listened, return-

ed, and struck a damp on her heart: "Was this presentiment?" And every hour now appeared an age, which kept her back from the first object of her journey.

So slowly had they hitherto travelled, that Elizabeth was enabled to discover the Crossgates of Caberax by the living sign-post of the old Trooper, who, with a towel thrown over his arm as proudly as a banner flag, and with as much flour battered into his silvery hair as might have made him a comfortable dumpling, had for ten long hours made a leg at the Widow Bonalie's portal, waiting to receive "Coronet Lord de Bruce."

In this guise, and drawn up as stiffly as if his jacket had been stuffed with ramrods, the 'dacious Corporal took his place behind his former master's chair, and entered on his functions as solemnly as if life and death had depended on the handing of a platter. The first sparkle of genuine mirth which Elizabeth had seen glance from the eye of the Lord de Bruce, was struck forth by the grand bearing of the Corporal, who, on this occasion, stood firm in the infantry attitude of "present, arms," speaking not one word; though they soon overheard that he made himself some small amends on the gentle ears of the Widow Bonalie,

whom he crammed quite as full as she had done those spring chickens, for which she formally challenged Elizabeth's approbation.

"Lord be about us, Corporal, for ye are a perfect bloody Jack-the-Giant-Killer. Thirty croppies in a morning wi' your ain hand!"

"As ye would spit plovers, Mrs. Bonalie—I was sly with them—three at a time!—only three at a time! What is a handful of rebel carrion to huz, jintlemen of the Grey-hô'se?"

"Well, I was sure; and I telled Balquharn that Captain Wolfe Grahame, when he left this house, would soon gi'e the nation peace o' them. He ne'er passed my door. And sorrow ill will I ever hear o' his name; let the supervisor say what he likes about the dumb wife, I'm a living witness through thick and thin for the Captain."

From Carrickfergus Elizabeth wrote once more to the head-quarters of Wolfe's regiment. As they advanced farther into the country, her companion became more silent and moody than he had yet been, and her spirits sunk apace. "Would Grahame perhaps disapprove of her journey as improper—unwomanly?—of the rashness of her communications to her father?"—Her judgment told her he ought not; but how could that sus-

tain her devoted heart against the chill and misery of even the unjust displeasure of him whom she so fondly loved. At every post-town through which they passed, her disappointment was renewed; and her mind again vibrated between the miserable alternative of violent personal indisposition, or of changed affections.

Again Elizabeth lived the life of a lover, with all its distressing anxieties, fears, doubts, and apprehensions.

On the morning that our travellers reached that market-town, which in those days contained the well-known Irish caravansary called St. Peter's Keys, there was an incessant fall of soaking, still rain. Elizabeth fancied that her companion looked paler and more exhausted than ever; nor could he help noticing that the colour was fading from her cheek, and the lustre dimming in her eyes. Repose was necessary alike to both; and it was agreed to spend the chill and comfortless rainy morning in quiet, and to despatch the Corporal as an *avant courier* to the head-quarters of Captain Grahame's regiment, which was only one stage farther on.

On inquiring for a quiet house of entertainment where this interval might be passed, the

Corporal was directed by the post-boy to a little snug-looking inn, kept by a decent widow, at the entrance of the town, situated on the stream by which the town is washed, and directly opposite to the prison. It had become one of the invalid's habits of indulgence, to have his young nurse to read to him, to talk or listen, or sit in total silence by his side, as he leaned on a couch, after the fatigue which even the shortest journey or the smallest exertion brought upon him.

In this manner they were spending the afternoon, Elizabeth reading Don Quixote, but with very wandering attention, till her patient, in sympathy with her disturbed feelings, complained of drowsiness, and requested her to leave him.

She seated herself at the window of her small dormitory, vacantly gazing on the rain-drops as they pattered on the glass, and with listless observation of what was passing below, mentally calculating the progress of her messenger, and musing on the probability that Wolfe might perchance hasten to her even on this night; and resolving to watch the probability of his arrival.

While thus occupied, her attention was engaged by a woman who, scantily clothed, emaciated in person, and with a look of settled wo which

even exceeded those external signs of misery, sat on a stone opposite the jail, indifferent or insensible to the thick, soaking rain, which made every other creature hurry on in search of shelter. Her eyes, with an expression of intense sorrow and self-abandonment, were fixed on the grated loop-hole of a cell of the prison, as if they would have grown into the dungeon wall.

Elizabeth thought she had seen this drenched mendicant when she entered the town; and there, though six hours had elapsed, the unhappy creature still sat, with somewhat of the mild dignity which ever attends undeserved and patient suffering. The compassionate spectator was now convinced that this was no common beggar, and her pity and curiosity being interested, she summoned the landlady to learn in what manner the misfortunes of the helpless being could be assuaged.

"Know her, do I?—know Chaunette?—Its myself that does but too well, the creature," replied our old acquaintance, Madam Mulroonie. "But plaise sit down, my lady;—and I hope the ham and chickens give satisfaction. I have a bottle of the ould claret yet, for my friends, though if your ladyship had passed the way four months

agone, in the lifetime of my Mhaister Mick, I could have shown you another day of it. The dear soul would not survive the loss of the wine and the beer license, and the house's charackter. You find me in a small way here, compared with St. Peter's Kays. Mr. Frederick Delancy compelled them to restore the wine and beer license, and shewed *The Flail* which was trumps, though too late to give joy or pace to the heart of my Mhaister Mick. Chaunette was then as tight and handy a girl about her work as St. Peter ever turned kay on: and now she'll sit without there, foul weather and fair, day and night, to gain but one glance of a big rogue. If ever your ladyship's seen a creature like her in the grief, you may be sure some rogue of 'em, man or boy, is ever at the bottom of it. Plaise God! the gibbet will rid her of Dennis in a few days; for, till he bewitched her, Chaunette was a modest industrious creature."

"And is this poor prisoner so very bad?"

"Bad enough, the scamp; and the worse he would be she would love him the better for his misfortins forsooth! He robbed his blessed Majesty's Mail, which with the four bays always baited at St. Peter's Kays;—and there was some thrifle too about cropping *The Flail's* ears."

As the hostess still discoursed in this fashion, some movement, understood by the unhappy subject of the conversation, took place within the jail She rushed forward to the grated window of a stone gallery level with the street, where the prisoners were sometimes permitted to breath for a few minutes a freer air than their cells afforded. A group of men advanced, one of whom, a squalid and wretched-looking being, pushed his fettered hands through the grates to Chaunette,—and to these fettered hands the miserable creature wildly clung, pressing them to her lips and her bosom again and again, and exclaiming, while a gleam of transport lighted her wasted features, "Och! Dennis dear!"

A pause of a few moments was allowed for the indulgence of her feelings; and the jailers who attended the culprit from the hall, where he had been hearing prayers, hurried him forward.

Her eyes were for some time earnestly fixed on the spot where they had disappeared. She then drew backwards to her stone—gathered the old cloak up around her—and again commenced her miserable watch.

"Chaunette, ye would provoke the blessed Saints," cried Mistress Mulroonie, drawing up her

window. "Come forward and speak with this lady, who wishes to do something kind for you."

The girl looked languidly round and bowed her head as she saw Elizabeth. "The lady is very good, but I do not need any thing."

"Come into the hall, will ye, out of the rain. Sorrow on the girl for a wilful one."

"You are a kind woman,—and och, do lave me alone!" said Chaunette; and to the farther expostulations of her former mistress she replied not one word.

The shades of evening fell, and still the miserable and desolate creature kept her seat;—and fain would Elizabeth have stolen forth to console her, had she not felt that Chaunette's griefs were too deep and sacred for a stranger's pity. The rain had abated when twilight was falling, and Elizabeth at last went out—took the hand of the girl—pressed on her shoulder—kindly gathered up the old cloak about her, and over that threw a travelling mantle belonging to herself.

It was only by a broken sob the wretched creature discovered her sense of this kindness; but as the lady still hung over her she found voice to say—"Then indeed, and indeed, my lady, poor Dennis is not so bad as the Misthress thinks."

" I can well believe it," said Elizabeth.

" Bless you for that same word," said the poor creature, and now her sobs rose freely.

" It is false that he ever hurt a hair of the hade of that gentleman,—he never—he never! Well does his grandmother know that; and who dare doubt the word of so good a woman as the Widow Monica Doran."

" And where is Monica—where the gentleman—where to be found?" cried Elizabeth anxiously.

" The Misthress will tell you," said the girl, in a tone which made the questioner feel the cruelty of pressing on a being so heart-struck.

" God help you, poor Chaunette!" she whispered, and returned into the house to interrogate the hostess.

" Since the death of Felix Doran, the old woman and my lady have kept the *Black Castle*, for the convenience of the chapel for their Popish masses.—My Mhaister Mick and myself went to Church when we had time to go any where.—It was the lady sent both the boys to aid in the escape of O'Connor. He escaped—and they died for it—both the young brothers; and my lady in her grief says their blood is on her. 'Tis thought she lately helped to conceal Dennis, the rogue,

for his grandmother's sake; for his graceless mother is the Widow Doran's elder born—one who ran from the devil to the stage-playing, till the dacent mother fled the land with the shame of her doings. She's in town to-night, with an order in her pocket from Mr. Frederick to see her boy, spite of *The Flail's* teeth.—But speak of the devil and lo his horn!—Good even, Mistress Slattery. You come to see your boy, poor creature."

"The mother of such a boy is no poor creature," said the woman, fixing her eyes on Elizabeth; who, as if fascinated, involuntarily drew her into the chamber and shut the door.

"Lady," she said when they had got out of reach of the hostess, "you sent on your messenger, but wait not his return; to you he brings no comfort. Have you faith enough in me to accept my guidance to the Black Castle?"

"If there dwells the Lady Aileen, and Monica my dear old nurse—*yes*, I will, I do accept your guidance."

"And this noble Lord?"

"The Lord de Bruce accompanies me, or I go not one step; our fate is henceforth one—our home—our hope the same, never to be divided by choice of mine."

"Ye know not what ye say; but to me that matters little. If my guidance is accepted meet me in an hour where the thicket of wild plum trees marks the path leading down to yonder mill. —Now I must see my boy."

She passed out, and Elizabeth kneeling beside the couch on which de Bruce still leaned, hid her eyes, while she whispered this arrangement. To her the early story of de Bruce and this unknown lady was as mysterious as ever—painful, inexplicable. And when she felt the hand she held tremble as a cold dew burst over it, she hastily exclaimed—"Pardon my request—counsel, guide, command me to go or to stay. Am I not yours?"

"Elizabeth," he replied with firmness unlike his usual listless and languid manner, "*I* will be your guide to the Black Castle. Let us set forth."

It was with grateful alacrity that Elizabeth obeyed. But before the chaise of the Widow Mulroonie could be manœuvred through all the forms of delay then peculiar to Irish posting, or the garçoon properly rigged out in driving costume, there came an alarm that the prisoner Slattery had escaped, in the guise of his exemplary parent, who remained in his cell in his stead.

The man was not clear off twenty minutes when the discovery was made, and to escape the clamour and confusion which arose, Lord de Bruce proposed that they should walk on before the carriage. A rich, sweet-scented, dewy evening, had succeeded the long continued fall of summer rain; every shrub and plant along the way-side breathing odours and looking freshness; the little wild flowers in the meadows along the river's banks, lifting their drenched heads above the moist and sparkling verdure like so many fairy Venuses.

The Black Castle, by the route usually taken by pedestrians, which after following the river for a short time went over a hill, was not above the distance of four miles; and as they sauntered on, de Bruce, leaning on his young and agile companion, appeared to forget that they waited the carriage, till they had reached the thicket of wild plum trees marking the spot where a steep path led down to the mill. From this shrubby entanglement there stepped forward a tall figure in female weeds, wearing the mantle Elizabeth had wound around Chaunette. If her heart had fluttered violently when apprised of Slattery's escape, it throbbed with double violence now. This was the grand-

son of Monica Doran—the husband of poor Chaunette—the son of one who appeared to enjoy the confidence of those whom Elizabeth loved.

"If the life of Captain Grahame be dear to you, permit me to attend you to the Black Castle,—his fate hangs on mine!" said this person.

Elizabeth whispered earnestly to her companion, and replied aloud—"His fate is in the hands of his God and of his native courage. But we know your strait; follow us, and if we can, we will protect you."

They here struck off into the hill path, and after winding through a straggling plantation, obtained a view of the regular road which wound round the base of the mountain, and heard the whip and halloo of the garçoon who vainly panted after them. He verified the adage of "The more haste the worse speed;" for while he mid-way stuck fast in a rut they had descended the hill to the shore, and in deep twilight stood on the ridge or causeway of rocks which bore aloft, and out into the ocean, the old walls of the Black Castle.

The full tide was gently lapping its base; and in the zone of waters, smooth as glass, was reflected the cool clear heavens of a midsummer evening, save where the brightness was chequered by the

distorted and broken shadows of tower and bulwark which darkly quivered on this lucid mirror. A single twinkling lamp was seen in distant perspective, in a spot which de Bruce whispered was the chapel; and high in air, through a broken door-way or dismantled window forming a Saxon arch, was seen a partial glimpse of the opal-tinted sky, interlaced with wall-flowers, boughs, and streamers of ivy finely relieved against this glowing back-ground.

"'Tis a broken portion of Brian's Tower," said de Bruce. "An open terrace leads around it."

As they gazed on this fair and soothing picture, their follower being engaged in looking for the chaloupe to ferry them over, a slender figure crossed, and intercepted the light streaming through this arch, and Elizabeth felt her companion tremble from head to foot as if a spirit had crossed his path.

"What stays us?" she called aloud to the man below.

"Death!" exclaimed he; "the tide has flowed up. The chaloupe is upon the other side the causeway."

"Then save yourself," said Elizabeth. And while she yet spoke a female was seen to advance

to the other landing place, which was connected with a long vaulted entrance leading into the castle; and a sharp interrogative voice, with that accent which may be called "London particular," gave the salute of the evening to "Mr. Justice O'Toole."

"My lady and the ousehold are safe in the chapel for four good hours," said Mrs. Honour. "But thof she makes a veiled nun of herself, an English person born is not to follow her example; but if you intend to hexplore the waults to-night; I must insist to accompany you,—I also loves adventures, and so dotes upon hantiquities! So over, you gallant squire, if you don't fear this our hisland of Calypsor."

"But the tide is up, honey sweet; and the chaloupe on your side," replied Slattery, with an excellent imitation of the voice of O'Toole.

"O, Crimini, and so it is! Here, squire, were we lovers, are you situated for all the world like Lehander when he nightly swimmed the Ellespond to visit the lovely 'Ero.—Will you pardon the classical hillusion, squire; for what are lovers of our degenherate days to them of the pure hantique."

"Thry them, Mrs. Honour, jewel?" responded

the man; and Elizabeth heard his headlong plunge into the tide.

"O la! you daring gentleman, this is carrying the hillusion too far. I ave great dubiety about the strict propriety of your costume, and must retire."

"Never a foot then jewel;—here's a thrifle of a red petticoat or two—a new custom in Ireland, but quite classical and Scottish,—and very cool and clever."

"Oh, you rider of the dark wave! as Malwinar says. Indeed, my dear Mr. O'Toole, this haquatic adventure—such spirit.—Oh-h-h-h!" and the lady dwelt as long on the scream as a first-rate—nay, as a second-rate singer on some unfortunate syllable—"The monster Slattery!"

"Not a word now, my beauty. You see it is only your dear Dennis Slattery; who if you tune your sweet pipe another inch will shew you how cleverly a dhrop of salt water, and a night of the voutes, will damp a lady's music.—Shove off the chaloupe here. And tell Mistress Doran I bring visiters to your lady."

In less than two minutes the bold navigator conducted Lord de Bruce to his little vessel; and in twice that space he ushered the travellers into

a low vaulted room of Brian's Tower, now the most entire part of the castled edifice.

The furniture, rich, modern, and elegant, and adapted to the domestic accommodation of a person of refined habits and varied pursuits, made strange contrast with the rude structure of the apartment. Couches, book-shelves, flower-stands, were profusely scattered about; rich carpets, and hangings of glowing hues, imparted comfort and even splendour to the room, like the gay ornaments of a swart princess. One end of the apartment was occupied by an organ of larger dimensions than is usually found in private dwellings. The open music lying all about was of a style so solemn and antique that, except some of the compositions of Pergolesei, Elizabeth had never even seen it. It was, in fact, the old chaunts of the Romish Church. Round the walls, against scarlet hangings, were ranged several veiled pictures.

All this Elizabeth saw in an instant, pre-occupied as her thoughts were; and before she had completed her rapid survey of a place which her heart told her breathed of her mother, Monica appeared.

"Elizabeth, dear, dear girl—and thus accompanied! Alas, my Lord!"—and Monica gazed

respectfully on Elizabeth's companion—"sorrow ploughs deep furrows;—but I know you well—and that this, the home of your young, early, and dear friends, is no resting-place for you!"

"Monica, may I not repair to the chapel:—even in devotion may our sighs not mingle? It must be for the last time in this mortal life!—May I not myself restore to Aileen the child she gave me? Monica, tell this dear girl of her mother. I can find my way to the top of Brian's Tower yet. Let no one follow me."

And twice he kissed Elizabeth's brow, with a solemnity of tenderness which she felt at her heart;—and the hand which she clasped, and on which she bent her face, was wet with her tears. When he withdrew they fell in passionate showers on the bosom of her first-remembered and ever-indulgent friend.

"Oh, Monica, where have you all been?—and why to me so strange and cruel? At every step since I have touched on Irish ground, I thought *he* must appear. He is not here—and now one word were to me better than a thousand. Speak it—bid me live or die!"

"Do you remember this?" said the old woman, and she took up a small book.

"Do I? Oh, yes, yes!" and while Elizabeth pressed her lips to a date inscribed on the margin, her eyes flashed round the apartment, as if she expected the walls to open and give up to her embrace the form she so passionately longed to behold.

"He is not here," said Monica, smiling calmly as Elizabeth's questioning eyes turned upon her. They fell once more on the written words—a date of only three days back—an anniversary in the story of their united hearts! It was remembered still—and she was not forgotten! and to Elizabeth life at this minute contained no evil.

"You think me foolish, Monica; and another good old friend thinks sinful this wild excess of attachment; but I assure you I intend to cure myself thoroughly. If I meet Wolfe quite well, after the strange way in which he has broken my heart by his silence, I shall be as revengeful as possible:—not speak for a half hour, and chide for a whole one."

Again her eyes glanced around in search, blithely and brightly.

Monica shook her head as she said, "Those old walls have no ears, Elizabeth; and I could wish they had. How long is it since the echoes of

O'Connor's dwelling have replied to the accents of a light and loving heart? Elizabeth, I see you have not received your mother's packet, nor any message of hers—yet of you we have often heard. But it is not to-night I should tell you of those who loved as well as you,—though not alas so happily!"

Elizabeth, at once subdued into solemn feeling, in a low voice whispered what she had already learned of her mother's story—that mother whose image often visited her in dreams, and dwelt in her musing thoughts, pale, visionary, sorrowing—as much apart from every other human idea, as if her mortal existence had terminated before that of Elizabeth had begun.

It was, however, many weeks afterwards before she learned from the packet, so mystified by the diplomatic Deacon, in addition to Monica's narrative, all the particulars detailed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BETROTHED.

Will Heaven divorce us ere the priest has
Made our marriage perfect ? — — —
Though our bridal chamber
Be not adorned with roses, 'twill be green :
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands. Though no pine do burn
Our nuptials shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep
Free from all care for ever.

Old Play.

The penal statutes which were imposed upon the Catholics of Ireland, by the exigencies of the times, and the alarm and timidity of a government too feeble to enter at once upon a liberal course of policy, continued to be severely felt down to the middle of the last century. About that time the more oppressive of those enactments were swept from the statute-book. The galling effect of some of those legal restrictions and penalties on a nation, the bulk of which was Catholic, is foreign to our purpose. It is enough for us that some of those intolerant enactments held out to renegadoes

from the ancient faith, temptations to cupidity and baseness, which, in a few solitary instances, were found too powerful even for the virtue of a people whose national distinction is a wild and loyal sense of fidelity—of honour in dishonour—fealty in treason.

Of those bounties to dishonour, that which made over the inheritance of the Catholic to any male member of the family who abjured the old religion and adopted the established faith, was perhaps the most obnoxious to reason and to wisdom. Ireland afforded few examples of that double treachery to blood, and to family honour, to which this unwise law gave facility; and such solitary instances of heartless baseness were viewed with abhorrence corresponding to their enormity and rare occurrence.

Many years before the date of the commencement of this narrative, a case of this nature occurred in the south-west of Ireland, in a family claiming high descent, and possessed at one time of very extensive territorial possessions. For five centuries chroniclers and historians had blazoned its progress; while the bards of the province and of the household assigned its origin to that Milesian galaxy from which so many illustrious Irish

descents have emanated. In early periods the wealth of the family of "O'Connor of the West," was suitable to its importance and hereditary dignity; but repeated rebellions, forfeitures, fines, and legalized and arbitrary spoliation, together with that disregard to expenditure which seems native to Milesian blood, had circumscribed its revenues even more than the change of times had narrowed its local influence.

The last representative of this house had devoted his military services to the Empress Maria Theresa. But in his fiftieth year, declining health, or probably that chill which is so apt to fall upon foreigners who stand alone in the saloons of princes resting only on the merit of past services, induced this gentleman to crave his dismissal; and Count O'Connor returned to Ireland, with a barren title and a few military orders, which, half despising, he still wore on rural galas, in honour of his illustrious patroness, and in memory of his brilliant military career.

Whilst O'Connor was abroad his father had died; and his only sister had married Mr. Fitzmaurice, a near relation, next heir to the family estate. Both on their marriage abjured the Catholic faith, and thus obtained, by legalized injustice,

the greater part of the remaining family property. ——O'Connor never again saw his sister—never once breathed the name of the man who had impoverished him by what he conceived an act of the blackest and basest perfidy. Ireland also became an uncomfortable residence for Fitzmaurice and his lady, after this signal treachery; and they settled in England.

Shortly after his return, "O'Connor of the West" married a Protestant lady of his own province, and became the father of seven sons; and, after an interval of some years, of a daughter, whose birth the mother never recovered.

This increase of family had involved O'Connor in considerable pecuniary difficulty, when an old gentleman of large fortune, and of the same name, distantly connected with the family of O'Connor of the West, died, and left the Count his sole heir, on the whimsical condition of the estates being held only while an old family hold called Brian's Tower stood entire. The requisitions of the old gentleman were complied with, and the family, again raised to pecuniary consequence, lived the Irish life in all its hilarity and freedom, dividing their time between the wreck of their original property in Connaught, and their newly acquired possessions in Munster.

To the sons of O'Connor there was scanty choice of profession. The eldest was the heir, the two younger were devoted to the church, the others must, in foreign service, win with their swords that bread which their father had found so bitter.

At Vienna, Arthur, the third son, met the Lord de Bruce, then a very young man on his travels. Friendship is of rapid growth in early youth. Trifling circumstances soon made the young men from common acquaintances sworn brothers; and O'Connor talked to his friend of young Aileen, his matchless sister Aileen, with the frankness and warmth of his country,—of Aileen, the darling of her family, in whom every heart centred—till the mild and imaginative de Bruce was half in love with the creature of his own dreamy fancy—wholly in love, once and for ever, with all the strength, and all the weakness too, of his sensitive nature, before he had passed many months under the same roof with the secluded beauty.

At this period O'Connor's sister, the wife of his treacherous kinsman Fitzmaurice, came from England, unexpected and unwelcomed, on a visit to her brother. The lady was attended by her only son, a young gentleman of good person and polished manners, plausible, well educated, pos-

sessed of large fortune, and considerable family interest. In seeking to promote an alliance between her only son and her dowerless niece, this lady was probably actuated by no bad motive; nay, she perhaps sought to assuage her secret compunctious reflections—for she was more than suspected of having instigated her husband to the betrayal of her brother. The proposal of alliance with the traitorous Fitzmaurices, was received with unmeasured scorn and open contumely by Count O'Connor and his sons; as well as by every living thing, confessor, scullion, and cottier, throughout the three loyal baronies of Ballyrhea, Killinagaad, and Quilenan. Even the gentle Aileen herself, actuated by the rancour of "all the priest and all the nurse had taught" of hate and scorn for the treacherous, black-hearted Fitzmaurices, expressed unmingled contempt of the proffered alliance. The scorn thus rashly expressed, roused every evil passion in the haughty and vindictive mind of a proud woman, meeting insult where she fancied herself entitled to gratitude and thanks; and sealed the destiny of the ill-fated girl. It is probable that young Fitzmaurice might have renounced all hopes of obtaining the hand of his lovely cousin—for which

he had sued with humility which rankled his proud mind—but for the bold spirit and fiendish promptings of his mother; who vowed, that if her son could not gain a bride, her revenge should find a victim.

The mother and son left O'Connor's castle abruptly, on the refusal; and the circumstance hastened the formal declaration of Lord de Bruce, to whom Aileen O'Connor was betrothed soon afterwards, with all the state and solemnity of ancient observance, all the warmth of Irish hospitality.

"Heaven and earth rejoiced over them," said Monica, addressing Elizabeth. "And God knows whether poor Aileen's love or her pride was the greater. Your mother is not like you, Elizabeth. You are taller, your brows and your hair are darker, your air is more serious; but you have her own eyes, so softly bright—her own smile brightening and blushing over every feature—mouth, and eyes, and cheeks, all kindling up and smiling together. She could be very wayward too, dear soul; but God wrought change on her—oh, what sad change!"

Monica went on to relate that the day for the marriage of the lovers was fixed. "There was, you may be sure," said she, "high banqueting,

and a deep carouse on the previous evening; but Aileen withdrew early, as befitted her state; and I saw the young de Bruce lead her to her chamber door. Arm in arm they went,—her clasped hands entwining his arm—bride and bridegroom. Even the hours of slumber seemed like something unkindly substracted from the sum of delights of a life to them all joy and promise! Or was it a presentiment of coming ill that held them there, lingering and repeating—'good night.' 'The night will be good that no longer sees us parted,' said de Bruce; and he kissed her hand—and thus they parted. Ay, poor souls, little could they guess how or when to meet again!

"Aileen was pensive for a minute or two after she entered her chamber, as if the shadow of coming ill was lowering on her spirit even then. But she was not made for sorrow; and the time had its duties. 'Monica,' said she to me, 'we hold our last maiden court to-night.' The flush of joy and pride returned. She looked like something soaring and bright, as if earth were not made for her.—On her summons, several young gentlewomen of the province, and young girls of the gentler sort, allies, or neighbours, or distant relatives, who had come to attend the bride to the

altar, gathered into her chamber; and in innocent maidenly mirth the hour was passed; she distributing among them little tokens of regard—bridal gifts, and such like—and they admiring her ornaments, and fitting them on her beautiful arms and neck, and jesting of whose turn was to come next; the happy girl sitting on a pile of velvet cushions, like a young queen in the midst of her court,—my little maiden, my daughter's daughter, kneeling, combing out the long silken tresses, which, hanging over the child's arm, yet swept the floor; the hair of which she was so vain, young soul: yes, they said Aileen was vain; but who ever looked on her surpassing loveliness without feeling more vain of her beauty than she ever did herself?"

The old woman went on fondly picturing the scene; and the wild happiness of a bashful, vain, and delighted girl, bewildered, and half recoiling from her own felicity.

"For a long time the girls laughed and chatted—my little maiden, Aileen's own name daughter, braiding and twining those fair tresses from mere delight in her fond task—'twas like wreathing roses for a banquet,—and Aileen, herself but a child, liked better to have that fondling little

thing about her than the clever English waiting gentlewoman sent by her aunt—for evil sent!—But I tire you with old stories, Elizabeth?"

"Ah, no, no: go on—tell me all."

"Well, ould O'Connor, the Count, always went to bed sooner than the boys, you may guess; and, as he passed our door, he tapped, and was admitted where younger men would not have been received. He bowed like a prince, as he was, to all the girls; but his eye was for his own Aileen. He bowed like a prince—but spoke like an Irish gentleman—blithe and frank. 'Rest ye merry, girls;'—and joked with one Bridget Hart, whose bachelor at the time was said to be a boy of my own.—My boy would ne'er have looked where she sat.—O'Connor sat down where his Aileen placed him; and she, poor thing, hung about him, and the girls stood apart from the father and his child. You may guess what was passing in the ould father's heart then, and in the maiden's too. Poor Aileen felt then as if she had two hearts—one for her bridegroom, and the other for the ould O'Connor. And had he said, 'Turn from your lover, and stay with me, my own Aileen,' she would have vowed it then, though the next hour had seen her in the arms of de Bruce.—

Elizabeth, you are not like your own mother. She was a creature formed for love and happiness—not for trial; but it pleased God to send her trial severe enough to fit her for better happiness. But O'Connor—for she was the light of his eyes—had not come into her chamber to damp her joy; it was the quick sting of her own feeling heart which made her throw herself on her knees at his feet, and bury the small head in his broad hand, sobbing out, 'My father!—my father!—love and pardon your own Aileen!'—For by times the quick temper of the spoiled girl had grieved the ould O'Connor; and she knew that she had sometimes made him feel how bitter it is to be wroth with what is dearest to us.

"All was forgotten now. O'Connor kissed her brow; and, to lighten her innocent remorse, joked about coming over to Ernescraig—your own Ernescraig, Elizabeth—to visit her, and shoot the black-cock—joked to hide what was passing deeper in his heart: for he was a proud father, and a sorrowful father. So he went away, and after a time Aileen became merrier than before. They said Aileen was wild and giddy: Alas! she was a mere child—a child and a woman too!—But I dally in my tale. All at once, when the mirth of

the laughing girls was at the highest, there rose a shriek so wild—so shrill—so piercing! It rings on my deafened ears even yet. It died away, no one knowing whence it came or whither it went. The girls becoming pale as death, clustered round Aileen, who looked as ever you saw the water-lily in the summer moon-light. But it was she spoke the first. 'The Benshee of O'Connor of the West, warning you all of the loss you are to sustain, girls;' and she smiled, poor thing, and added, 'Rest in peace, gentle guardian of the maidens of Connor,—Aileen has chosen a more beloved guide!'

"Elizabeth, I shuddered at the wild daring of her speech. But her spirit was touched. Fate was upon her—ay, dealing with her then. How often afterwards did these young gentlewomen remind me of this bold adjuration:—Alas! I needed no such remembrance.

"Scarcely had we recovered ourselves when another wild, loud shriek was heard—and we saw spots of blood like the specks on a sea-bird's egg, all over the white dress of Aileen; and no one near her save ourselves, and the English waiting gentlewoman.

"'Tis the owl whooping from Brian's Tower,'

said Aileen, again the first to speak, though she was a great coward too; yet extreme in every thing her light heart ever rose as quickly as it fell.

"O'Connor's daughter loved the antique customs of her native land. She had been born and bred among us, Elizabeth, and to-morrow she was to leave us all. Kneeling, half in play, my little maiden offered her the cup of spiced wine, which she put to her lip, having first, in Irish, drank to the health of every young girl there by her christened name, as they all stood linked arm in arm, forming a bright circlet around her. Each returned the pledge, fond tears mingling in the cup. It looked, Elizabeth, like some holy rite! There were gentle sighs, and soft whispers for long, long life—and dear, dear happiness;—*but it did not please God!*"

The old woman paused with these emphatic words, and prepared herself for the conclusion of her narrative.

"Aileen bade each of the girls a kind 'good night.' Her gaiety was flagging again; she detained me alone, whispering, 'Monica, if I had a mother I could weep to-night—weep on her bosom.' She shed a few tears on mine as I assisted her to undress, but more in maiden tenderness than

from any presentiment of coming ill. 'Tell your beads for me to-night, my kind Monica,' she said, smiling again, 'and call me to-morrow morning your own kind self. De Bruce must not wait a lagging bride in your lazy Aileen.' And thus between jest and tenderness we parted; and I am sure I heard her draw the night-bolt of the chamber, whence to us she never again came forth!

"Accursed be his hate—doubly accursed the love he bore the doomed Aileen!—Elizabeth, this Fitzmaurice was *your father!*—She was your mother, whom I left in all her pride of beauty—in all her flush of hope—the most wildly happy creature that same night under the cope of God's heaven. Her cup was too full to carry!

"When weeks and months were flown I found her again! Oh, Elizabeth, wonder not if the name of O'Connor should, even in you, dear and blameless girl as you are, loathe the child of Fitzmaurice!" said the old woman, too much absorbed to think of the feelings of Elizabeth.—"The hell which aided them," she continued, "best knows by what means the cruel mother and her son, with the Saxon traitress they had left in the household, could, from the midst of her family, carry off their victim. I am sure that the wretch-

ed girl had not possessed her senses, when, in the presence of her aunt and other persons deluded if not inhuman, she was united to her base relative in a mockery of marriage. It was a subject on which she could never bear questioning. The old O'Connor never again left his bed. Parting his darling was hard enough—but to lose her thus! Her brothers were fiercer than demons; but for the young de Bruce my heart bled deeper.

"Some weeks of misery elapsed. De Bruce left us for Scotland, in wretched health of mind and body; and my heart was yearning after Aileen as if she had been mine own and only one, when Roderick, the eldest O'Connor, one day came to me exclaiming in his terrible wrath,

"'Yes, Monica, she is the wife—wretched girl—the wife of the infernal villain! Yes, his wedded wife, by her own base acknowledgment!' He stamped in his fury. 'Yes, Monica—else had the English laws, unjust and partial as they are, sent him to the hell which yawns for him!'—It is now for me, the guardian of the name of O'Connor, to do her the right from which her own base spirit shrinks. She cannot, she says, destroy the father of her unborn child. *His wife she shall not live!*'

"Elizabeth, these were terrible words—more terrible was the deep oath which confirmed them: and I knew that Roderick had the red unbaptized hand that never yet shrank from the purpose of his strong heart. The O'Connors of the West were ever a bold and a daring race. Their name, their spirit, and their wrongs, had gained them many adherents among the lower sorts; and it was by violence that Roderick, and Arthur the friend of de Bruce, assisted by a band of lawless men, obtained possession of their unhappy sister. I, alas! was too happy to follow whithersoever she was carried. We embarked at Sligo, and sailed all round that wild north-west of Scotland. Elizabeth, they were cruel to her—almost unmanly. She, so late the pride of their hearts, was become loathsome to their eyes. The burning thirst of vengeance had dried up in their hearts the sweet fountain of kindred blood which till now had welled up so freely. How she survived all this the God who in wisdom afflicted her alone knows! During that long and stormy voyage she never once opened her lips, scarcely unclosed her eyes,—seldom all day unloosed her grasp from the mantle which shrouded the altered and enlarged figure, on which her eyes never fell but there followed a convulsive shudder.

"I do not understand, Elizabeth, how it was feared the laws against our religion would have taken their lands from the O'Connors on the birth of the child of their sister Aileen,—but so it was said. Yet I do not think they would have harmed you, an innocent creature; for they were *men* —fierce men as they were;—yet for what lawful purpose had they brought us in mystery and secrecy to the deserted mansion of de Bruce?—for what purpose trafficked with the midwife to free them for ever of your presence?

"The guilt which they meditated it pleased God to avert, whether it related to their unhappy sister, or to the blood of the innocent babe which came to us in deep wo, and in midnight solitude. The hour of your birth I had often feared might prove the death-warrant of your unhappy mother: but it was not so; and nature was stirred again in its sweetest and deepest sources in the frozen bosom of the poor Aileen. Yet ours was a sad gossipping, Elizabeth. When I entreated your young mother to look upon you—to kiss and to bless her living child—even then she turned sullenly from me, and hid her face on the pillow; but I believe she wept then—wept and prayed! I laid you down beside her. Aileen never could be un-

gentle, even when most wayward; but she writhed back as if a viper crept towards her, and in a short time fell fast asleep from mere exhaustion. Yes, she slept the sleep of a tortured victim at the stake! What a night-watch was that, Elizabeth! And how I prayed to God, and his Saints, and the Virgin Mother, to guide me, and to save us all—but most of all my master's sons from the blood-guilt which I feared they meditated!

"Ere poor Aileen awoke your little hands had rested on her bosom. She started into consciousness with a sudden shudder; and then nature asserted her sway in a heart which was all woman's—ay, ever in its wavering virtues as in its fond errors. With a passionate fit of sobbing and tears you were clasped to that heart once and for ever.

"'They will slay *us*, Monica!' she exclaimed: 'Roderick so fierce, whose scowling eye kills me, and Arthur once so tender of me, now so cold, so cruel even in his gentleness. Oh, tell me how I may redeem *its* life with mine!—Oh, tell them not that *it* lives!—Do not abandon us."

Elizabeth became so violently agitated, that Monica suspended her story till she should recover her composure.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ADOPTION.

And thou wilt break my chains;
And thou wilt take me to thy arms again!
How is it thou dost not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Faustus.

Fear not! for all the stars, and all the power
Which sways them; I would not accost yon infant
With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Byron.

"'Do not abandon us!' were almost the first words I had heard Aileen utter," said Monica, when entreated to proceed in her melancholy narrative,—"her first words from the hour when I had left her the proud Bride of de Bruce.—Upon that unhappy lover her mind turned even now, in the energy of its despair, as her last and dearest hope. It required a strong heart, and the conscious capacity of a boundless love in

her own bosom, to imagine so wild a plan for the safety of her infant;—but her heart was ever just as strong and as weak too as a passionate love could make it; and this plan was hers. 'I could love the child of de Bruce,' she whispered to me. 'Oh, how dearly love it!—had it sprung from villany even deeper, more infamous than this! Will *he* not love mine?'—The poor thing again sunk on her pillow; but I saw whither her thoughts tended, and it seemed a ray of heaven lightening our darkness. Elizabeth, we concealed your existence from your cruel uncles, and I contrived to apprize de Bruce of Aileen's wish to see him—to see him once again—alone—at midnight.

"Aileen had never once left her chamber, and scarcely her bed, in all the weary days we had passed in Cambuskenneth Lodge, so that there were no obstacles to our purpose of concealing your birth. Most of the day you slumbered in a distant chamber, communicating with our apartments by a private staircase; and every night you nestled in the bosom of your young mother like the returning spirit of her peace. In those hours how much of sweet affection was lavished on you, poor Elizabeth! If to pass lightly from innocent sorrow to peace, shows a light nature—I rather

think it shows a blessed one—poor Aileen was as giddy as they said; but you had brought her something to love; and with any thing to love Aileen could soon have been happy in the wild desert. Led by some fond delusion, she often appeared to forget her wrongs, and to cease brooding on her fate. Gradually her despair was assuming a softer character; though still a word, a look, a tone, would drag her back to that gulf into which the human fiends had plunged her. The vivacity of her grief was then dreadful. She was first taught self-command through her maternal feelings.

"Often would she bathe your little face in floods of tears, and 'Aileen a-roon,' said I to her one evening, trying to smile on her, 'our country people hold that it is not lucky for the damp of human tears to fall on an infant's face before the blessed and purifying waters of baptism have washed it.' She never shed another tear over your face; on her own there still fell abundance,—yet was her spirit lightened. But days passed—I gained no tidings of the de Bruce—and became more miserably anxious than even Aileen; for though her confidence in the extent of his affection fluctuated, it never failed, and her heart was more and more

filled with her new and lively feelings. Meanwhile the brothers, on their stern watch, became more impatient for its termination. What a life! what a duty for men—and for men like them!—But when they came daily to the chamber-door of their sister, at a stated hour, and learned that she was still alive, they gave no external sign of impatience whatever were their feelings.

"It was on the twelfth night after your birth, that Aileen having risen at midnight, we sat whispering together by her chamber fire, the eyes of both resting upon you. You were a sweet and lovely infant, Elizabeth, had the devil been your sire;—but I get wild in my speech.

"'I will name her Elizabeth, like the mother of de Bruce,' whispered Aileen. 'She must not bear the name of the mother of Roderick and Arthur—though that dear mother was also mine: —my little Elizabeth de Bruce!'—She kissed you with her tenderest smile; and then sinking her voice to the lowest pitch, her face covered with flitting blushes, she whispered, 'Monica, is she like *him?*—I have often heard you tell in your old stories, that the dear images which haunt the fancy of a mother will stamp a beloved resemblance on her child.'

" I durst not flatter her fond folly, Elizabeth; and I could not break her heart. I remained silent, and the poor girl, with a little fit of her natural petulance—for she was still a child, and a spoiled one too—reddened in haughty displeasure, and cried out, ' Your eyes get old, Monica.' And she threw her mantle over you in haste, as if I were unworthy of beholding the beloved resemblance which she fancied to exist. At length I said, ' Alas! Aileen, is it for me to find the likeness of de Bruce in the child of the wife of Fitzmaurice?'

" She shrieked in passionate rage, and held up her little clenched hand, as if she could have struck me to the earth. ' I gave the felon wretch a forfeited life when he crawled at my feet supplicating the mercy of the creature he had destroyed,' she exclaimed; and more softly added, ' I am, alas! Monica, more a woman than an O'Connor—made to love and to pity—not to hate, even if I would, those who wrong me;—but I have not forgot that I was the bride of de Bruce; and accursed be the tongue that names me the wife of Fitzmaurice,—though true it is I am that most wretched thing!'—and she burst into tears.

" Wayward and unreasonable as perhaps she was, to chafe her mood was madness;—and I

indeed at this time cared for little save her life—for yours too, dear Elizabeth, who were every hour becoming more precious to me. When hope was sinking into despair I at last heard of de Bruce, who had suffered and risked much to come to poor Aileen. The night the final interview was to take place, for which Aileen had so languished, was that wild night of which you have so often heard speak—the WINDY WODENSDAY. The weather did not permit the brothers to indulge in the usual nocturnal ramble, which was all the exercise they had; and after midnight—God forgive me if it was wrong—I was fain to despatch my master's sons on the errand for which they had so long waited, that I might admit the de Bruce to their sister's presence.

"Now that the brothers were gone forth, Aileen up and dressed for the first time for many days, alternately sat and leaned on her bed, listening in an agony of expectation for the footsteps of de Bruce. Beautiful she looked in that hour—wan and wasted as she was—never more tenderly beautiful; but trouble soon clouded her eyes and gathered to her brow; and long before she had spoken I could see whither her tortured thoughts were wandering.

" 'Oh, Monica!' she at last cried, 'he comes not!—and I shrink from his sight!—Would that I had not summoned him!—And he comes not! Oh, Monica, if *he* too—if de Bruce should scorn me—me—the lost—the miserable! If he should, like Roderick, bid me die; or turn from me cold averted eyes like Arthur's, striking my heart as an ice-bolt!—Let us die—let us die together!' And she clasped you to her bosom, as if to bury you there.

" At that moment she too surely heard the signal of de Bruce, and sprung to me with new and frantic feelings, crying, 'Take it away—take it away—and stifle it well up!—De Bruce shall not hear its wawling. Oh, haste away!'—I trembled for her reason, and obeyed her."

The old nurse went on to relate that the unhappy girl had written to her former lover of the birth of her infant, the rage of her brothers, and of all her fears and agonies. To his heart her appeal could never have been made in vain, painful and even revolting as was its subject. But whatever had been the contending feelings of either of the late betrothed—the ever beloved,—whatever either of them had previously meditated to be arranged

at this miserable, trying, and final interview, all was for the moment swept away in that overwhelming tide of passionate feeling, which, on the first fascinating glance, made them rush into the arms of each other, as if an eternity of love and happiness were again dawning upon them—Aileen again clasped in the arms of her lover, in transports more wildly fond than had ever agitated the most hopeful period of their mutual loves.

Monica shook her wise old head, and, faintly smiling in Elizabeth's face, said, "You will not like me, honey-sweet, to meddle with your beautiful old ballad, which you used to tell me it grieved you so much to hear the fine ladies at Rantletree House singing; but I would like to change one single word, and make it,

'Sair did we weep but *little* did we say;'

for it was thus I saw it with them."

Elizabeth also smiled very gravely. "I believe you, Monica. Deep love is ever silent—in its birth, in its growth."—"And only like other old things becomes garrulous in its decay," said Monica; and more gravely she continued to describe that, with them at least, words were not needed to interpret feelings; and that when the hour was well nigh

run, Aileen had not spoken one word, nor the Lord de Bruce one that was intelligible. Her sudden brightness of joy had been very speedily eclipsed; and she lay weeping and trembling in helplessness and hopelessness, but still probably feeling that tears shed on that bosom were sweeter than the brightest joys of a life passed apart from that beloved sanctuary.

"I now," said Monica, "looked every moment for the return of the brothers, whose errand, and indeed whose existence, appeared to have been forgotten by their ill-starred sister. When their approach was heard, de Bruce, reckless and hardened in despair, refused to quit the side of his former bride, and in that chamber they all met. What a meeting! Even then, though there was strong passion, there was but brief questioning and sparing speech. Aileen had shrunk from de Bruce as the O'Connors entered; but he still continued to kneel by her bed-side, resting his brows on her hand. Roderick, the elder brother, stern as he was, appeared touched by the misery of the young man, and softened towards that crushed flower he had late prized so fondly. He too kissed her hand," said Monica; "and the poor thing raised her eyes to his face, for the first time in all those

dreary months, with a look so full of meek gratitude, as if she alone had been the offender, and were now the forgiven one. The relenting of the elder O'Connor towards his sister was followed by a burst of imprecation against her destroyer; and he hurried away. Arthur first spoke to his former friend, saying, 'My Lord, rouse yourself; this is no place worthy of you.' Oh, Elizabeth, I shall never forget the heart-struck voice in which, without looking up, he said, 'Arthur, my friend, Arthur—it was in other spirits, and with other hopes, I went with you to Ireland. Give her to me still—she is dearer than life to me! This unhallowed connexion may be dissolved. Oh, give her to me still—she is dearer than life to me!'—And now he first raised his eyes, whispering to her—'Aileen, my own best-beloved Aileen! shall we not still be happy?'—And poor Aileen, in the strength of her pride and her joy in his deep and unimaginable love, found courage even then to speak the fondest blessings that ever were spoken; and to take the most sorrowful farewell that ever was taken."

The unhappy gentleman, as has been related, assumed the charge of the infant so strangely confided to him; and the brothers were only appeased

by the young mother coming under the most solemn engagements never to behold, never to claim as her child, a creature whose birth was in every view mortifying to their pride and alarming to their interests. They conducted their unhappy sister back to Ireland—her secret never suspected; while old Monica, under the charge of Hutchen, retired to a distant place to watch over the infant Elizabeth de Bruce. At that period there was not much intercourse between the Irish and Scottish nobility. The Dowager Lady Tamtallan, duly apprized of the intended nuptials of her nephew, and beyond bounds enraged at the disappointment of her own views, never once doubted but that his marriage had taken place. It was in a very vague way she learned, that the family malady of de Bruce having broken forth in her nephew shortly after this, he had wandered abroad, and she concluded that his wife had probably returned to her own family. His only child she knew lived at Ernescraig, but it was a female. His estates were at nurse.

The contents of one of the packets abstracted from The Whim by the mad-woman, first raised her doubts of the legitimacy of Elizabeth's birth.

Mr. Hutchen had, for some time, a theory of his own on this subject. Solemnly assured of the legitimacy of Elizabeth's birth, he concluded that her mother's original marriage with de Bruce had been set aside by some power, or scruple of the Catholic Church; but it was so much his interest to administer the affairs of the lunatic nobleman, without the intervention of either wife or relative, that he kept silent on this point, nor ever hinted that the supposed Lady de Bruce and the wife of Lord Montegle were the same person.

The sums so lavishly transmitted through Rougemantle, for the use of his little charge, were, fortunately perhaps for her, appropriated to purposes very different from those intended by the fond mother: for how durst the wife of Montegle complain of neglect shewn to the daughter of de Bruce. Yet the alarm that her patron might, in spite of all the means taken to keep him abroad, unexpectedly return, at one time produced some shew of attention to the education and external comforts of the little girl, till increasing individual greatness, and the confirmed despondency or mental alienation of the self-exiled nobleman, made Hutchen at last become indifferent even to appearances. Though Hutchen heartily despised

the meanness with which his wife despoiled the apartments of Elizabeth of all their lady-like garnishings, only to furnish a secondary set of rooms at his villa, the thing was done before he was aware, and was unworthy of his farther notice. And indeed the resistance which Elizabeth began early to shew to his wishes regarding her visits to Monkshaugh and her nurse, and her spirited demands to know the real condition and residence of her father, had drawn upon her his high displeasure. To force her upon the protection of the Dowager Tamtallan, was the purpose both of prudence and vengeance. Where could a haughty female spirit be more effectually cowed?—and what better protection could the anxious and absent mother desire for her child?

The O'Connors, we have said, conducted their sister back to Ireland; but so strongly had their harshness and violence alienated her affection, that, shrinking alike from husband and brother, she voluntarily placed herself under the protection of an aged dignitary of the Catholic Church, who was nearly related to both of the families. By his mediation all disgraceful and painful disclosures were avoided. The mutual prosecutions which had been threatened were quashed; and a for-

mal separation was agreed on, which assigned for the future residence of the lady the Black Castle and her husband's adjoining demesne, it being specially stipulated that she was never to see her brothers, or any member of her own family, but by the express permission of her husband; nor was he to approach her residence save on her invitation. Fitzmaurice, naturally ambitious and enterprising, became a man of great public importance, acquired title and wealth, and attained forgetfulness of all the wrong he had wrought, but never forgave that which he imagined he had suffered. And Aileen—the feeling, the tender, the devoted, the early-blighted, if, when rising from her first sense of utter hopelessness, she sought consolation in an almost superstitious observance of the rites of the Catholic faith, is it wonderful? Perhaps this devotional spirit might have been carried to a pernicious excess, but for the good fortune which sent in her way the little sickly orphan boy who was to usurp the inheritance of her own unacknowledged Elizabeth. Young Delancy soon found a child's place in her bosom, and repaid her affection with more than a child's love. The bitterest pang which the proud mind of Monteglc ever felt was to see that on this boy, his heir-

stranger to her blood, was voluntarily lavished that affection which, withheld from himself, he would have grudged even to his own child; and that the boy, shrinking from him, unthankful for his indulgence, and indifferent to his affection, as he grew up became even more alienated from himself, and more tenderly attached to his aunt-in-law.

Monica Doran, yearly called to Ireland by family reasons, or to visit the recluse of the Black Castle, brought the lady accounts of her child—her beautiful, affectionate, and most promising child, whom she was never to see—never had seen, save that once when hearing her Elizabeth was languishing under some malady incident to children, she forgot the sister's rash vows, and obeying only the mother's impulse, hurried to Ernescraig under the strange guidance of her faithful emissary, embraced her blooming, and healthy, and happy little girl, and returned to feel her solitude more deep and melancholy. It might be one of the visionary and romantic projects of solitude which led this lady to contemplate the possible union of her daughter with Wolfe Grahame, as the dearest hope remaining to her in life.

Lady Montegle, who in life had known but one great absorbing grief, and pined under one want—

the society of those for whom alone she cared to live, and for whom she was willing to die—had never for a moment thought of her daughter's patrimonial rights but as something that might mar or encumber her happiness. When acquainted by Monica of her fears for the consequences of the increasing intimacy between Elizabeth and Wolfe Grahame, her alarm lest the same evil destiny which had blighted her own existence might extend to her daughter, made her embrace every means to secure this union; and, by a very natural perversion of mind, she had all along appeared to think that the instrument of her own bitter misery had no portion in her beloved child.

By the time that Monica had concluded her long, sad narrative, Elizabeth was so much exhausted that her old nurse, after compelling her to take some refreshment, insisted on her retiring. "I shall attend my Lord to-night," she said; "and think not, Elizabeth, that gay as your prattle is, or engaging as is your serious talk, but I shall find for one night discourse even more interesting to him."

"Alas! I know that well," said Elizabeth, leaning her aching temples on the old woman's shoulder. "To-morrow will he love me? Monica,

I am a bad man's child,—and I am the wife of the noblest. Will *he* love me still? And to-morrow shall I see her at last—my mother?"

"Elizabeth, she knows you well—though but through the picturing of Wolfe. Then follow me to-night. I must quickly seek her who has much need of preparation."

It was to a small turret chamber, at the very top of the division of the Black Castle called Brian's Tower, that the old woman, with some difficulty, conducted her young guest. It opened from the narrow spiral staircase which gave access to the several stages of the Tower.

It had been judged a caprice of sorrow which, from the death of Felix Doran, had made the Lady Aileen again fix her residence in the long desolate Black Castle. It consequently now contained very few furnished apartments; but that into which Elizabeth was ushered had been arranged with every attention to the comfort of the inmate.

"Here we must lodge you, Elizabeth," said the old woman, placing the lamp upon the table.— "And here we lately kept a state prisoner whom we obtained at high ransom, who long required

our nursing, and latterly all our watch and ward to keep him out of mischief."

"Oh, Monica, how can you thus trifle with me!" said Elizabeth reproachfully. "I knew it, I knew it; and has he indeed been so ill? Why do I not see him now? Well might I have known that however cruel to me you all else may have been, this dreadful silence never voluntarily could have been his. Speak then in pity—Was this little bed his sick couch? Was he tended by my mother? You durst not—you could not look thus in my face were he not well now."

Elizabeth sat down on that little couch, her tears dropping fast, and conjured Monica to tell her the actual truth and instantly. And the old woman told that Captain Wolfe Grahame, indignant and deeply mortified at the result of the attack of the rebels, with the rash and headlong confidence of youth, had resolved, at all hazards, to regain the official papers which were in their rendezvous, and to have some amends of the desperadoes who had so dexterously over-mastered the party with which he travelled. Though it was not practicable to stipulate for the safety of Slattery, he informed his commanding officer of

the service he personally owed to that resolute partizan, and obtained an assurance that the good offices of his rebel friend should not be overlooked.

It was to the idle vaunting of the sergeant who accompanied his party, that Grahame owed his second capture. In a village ale-house, where this person stopped to refresh his men, and boast of their deeds of valour that night to be consummated, sat a piper puffing away at his bag with might and main, but losing nor word nor look of the military detachment which Grahame never again saw. More enraged than ever at the prospect of being a second time made prisoner, he struggled against the numbers who surrounded him, till overpowered and severely wounded, he was once more borne into the vault of the Black Castle, and owed the remnant of his life to the little golden cross which Elizabeth had tied round his neck being then found in his bosom.

"Forbear the red-coat, he is a sort of a Christian after all," said the man who rifled the person of Grahame. "Read, Padhre, you pretend to be a scholar, what it manes."

"Holy and blessed things it manes," replied Padhre, devoutly crossing brow and bosom, and

holding the inscription on the cross, with the letters head downmost, he uttered some unintelligible words—"Not fit for your thieving ears, Dennis; so I'll put the blessed sign into my bosom."

"You'll do no such thing—and I'll read truer, boys, what it manes, without Padhre's crooked spelling. It manes," said Dennis, "that he that there lies is a bold fellow—nephew to the Lord de Bruce who should have married our Lady. See, the name is on his sword. It manes that but a few days since he gave horse and purse, and would have drawn sword to favour the escape of O'Connor,—and that devil a one of you shall touch him to his farther hurt. He has had too much already."

It is not easy to tell how the altercation might have ended, had it not been overheard by poor Chaunette, whose bosom overflowed with the sweetest milk of woman's kindness; and who now flew unperceived to apprize the solitary worshippers, assembled in the chapel above to witness the midnight mass vowed by the Lady Aileen for the soul of the youth, who, in trying to accomplish her wishes, had forfeited his life.

These solitary worshippers were but three in

number—the lady, the priest, and the nurse. Together they rushed, led by Chaunette, into the den of the banditti, in the midst of whom lay Grahame extended as if already dead.

The reverential affection entertained for the Lady Aileen, whose extensive benevolence and sanctity of life had long been regarded as something above humanity, was not unfelt even by those lawless men. To her entreaties were added the commands and supplication of the aged priest, armed with, and using the authority of the religion for which they entertained some superstitious reverence even while violating its strongest precepts. But these united motives would have failed, had not the Lady engaged to retain the young man as a prisoner, should she be so happy as to preserve his life; or to surrender him again into their hands on the same spot on which they stood.

And many days had elapsed ere the young man, hovering between life and death, was able to recognise the aged priest in his medical attendant, and in his nurses, old Monica and Chaunette now the wife of the outlawed rebel Slattery; and many more before he learned that the fairer vision who had flitted round his pillow,

listening to the affectionate raving addressed to Elizabeth, was no phantom of delirium. The warm devotion with which, even in the wanderings of fever, he kissed the little golden cross, proved not more edifying to Monica, as a good Catholic, than to the Lady Aileen on another principle.

The first effort of returning possession of mind, was to attempt to scrawl from his bed a few feeble and disjointed lines, to allay that agony of apprehension which he knew must be the consequence of his strange silence. Too much exhausted to be able to finish this letter, it was entrusted to Monica to be sealed and instantly forwarded. It was on perusing the feeble and trembling characters, traced for the solace of her whose image first rose to welcome his return from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that the mother of Elizabeth, weeping tears of tenderness, first resolved to summon her daughter to Ireland, and made herself known to Grahame.

Meanwhile her generosity in rewarding service, and the address of her emissary, had procured for the invalid the blessing of those letters which now proved more cordial and restorative than all the prescriptions of the priest, and the nostrums of Monica; and to the lady, and to her only, could he

now indulge in talking all day of the subjects nearest to his heart, without any fear of the theme tiring the listener, or a particle of the dread of ridicule, or of being thought *uxorious*, which would probably have sealed his lips in any other presence.

Afterwards came Elizabeth's token-ring, as he, by the excellent address of the bearer, was made to believe it. Still his impatience to be well, his astonishment that of all the letters he sent to his regiment none ever were answered, that no one came to see him, not only retarded his recovery, but compelled his protectress to acquaint him with his real position,—information which neither increased his patience nor resignation. He had no personal scruple about the violation of an engagement—if it deserved the name—made with miscreants who had no power to exact such unwarrantable conditions; but she who had entered into it for the preservation of his life, and who would at that moment have given any ransom, and agreed to any terms, shrunk from the faithlessness of a broken promise; and became so fearfully agitated when Wolfe requested that she would at once restore him to the power of those desperate men, and leave him to the consequences,

that he for some weeks patiently waited the negotiation entered into for his enlargement between the lady and those to whom she had pledged her word.

"The arrest of Dennis—unhappy boy," said the old woman; "and the certainty that his fate could only be mitigated by the re-appearance and intercession of Captain Grahame, unexpectedly procured his release from this strange durance only two days ago."

"And he is at last with his regiment?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Why conceal it?" replied the nurse. "They looked coldly and suspiciously upon him,—even his pleading for Dennis increased their doubts. He at once placed himself in voluntary arrest, and demanded a court-martial. Such is the purport of his letter of to-day."

"It was wisely and nobly done," said Elizabeth, looking upward, a glow of pride and satisfaction suffusing the cheek which the story of her mother had left so pale.—"Late as the hour is I must acquaint Lord de Bruce with this. Than him, Monica, I can never know another father. To-morrow we will seek Wolfe Grahame together; and let fate bring what it may, it will find us

united. Monica, my hopes already rise far above my fears. But my mother—my beloved and most unhappy mother!" and she clasped and raised her hands.

"Elizabeth, dear child, you reckon rashly of the secret dealings of heaven with the spirits it has in wisdom chastened. Call not her unhappy to whom God has given the assurance of faith, and the meekness of resignation.—Hark! yon is not the voice of sorrow."—And Elizabeth heard the low, rich, blended tones of the voice and the organ, breathing one of those heavenly compositions which at once elevate and sooth the spirit, which are at once music and devotion.

"My mother's voice," Elizabeth whispered, leaning forward in the attitude of charmed attention.

"That sweet voice would bid you sleep now," said Monica; "and, alas! I fear other ears may be listening to its strains. Elizabeth you are but come, and already I wish you gone from us. You must both be early travellers." And the old woman began gently to unlace the boddice of her former nursling, as if she had still been a little child.

"And I will do the pleasure of that beloved voice. In this little cell, Monica, my sleep should

be sweet and sound. Carry my good-nights to Lord de Bruce: to him you will say better for me than I durst say for myself."

Elizabeth was quite sure that it was impossible to sleep, though Monica, in fondly arraying her in a night dress of her mother's, had enjoined repose; nor would she probably have known till next day that the sweet oblivious dews of slumber were, with gentle mastery, subduing her senses, had she not been startled by a stealthy step advancing to her bed-side. It was Monica,—and Elizabeth would have spoken but for the gentle whisper, "Does she sleep?—May I approach?"

"Yes, dearest Aileen, she sleeps and soundly—the balmy, fast-coming sleep of the young and the untried." And Elizabeth, scarce breathing, saw through her dewy eye-lashes the lovely shadow that noiseless glided to her bed-side.

"My blessed, my happy child! How beautiful is her repose! as tender and serene as that innocent slumber in which she unconsciously passed from my bosom to another's! And you tell me she has at last met and intuitively loved him? May her affection atone for cruel wrongs!"

Elizabeth trembled but lay quite still, as the soft, quivering kiss of her mother was pressed on her

lips and her eye-lids.—" Unhood your lamp once more, Monica. Can this be the little sleeper that once nestled here? Neither Grahame, nor Delancy, nor you have painted her fair enough. My beautiful Elizabeth,—how full of bloom, of life, of health!" She gazed on her daughter, over whose lips a little smile now played, and kneeling down silently breathed a mother's prayer for her only child; arose and took the arm of Monica, saying, " I have seen her now, and I am content. I must leave them; but I leave them together, and my heart in the midst of them."

Had Elizabeth dared to obey the impulse of her feelings she would have clasped the neck of her mother, and wept on her bosom tears of tenderness and joy. As it was she opened her eyes, and for once saw that living mother—a vanishing shadow.

The hour was now so late that the clear-obscure of the night-sky began sea-ward to quiver with myriads of rays, all of those transparent opal-hues which, in a brilliant dawn, are the garment of new-born light. Elizabeth arose, and leisurely, and with imitative girlish fondness, dressed herself in the elegant morning habit belonging to her mother which Monica had laid out for her use. She tried to braid her hair with somewhat

of the serene grace of the fairer tresses which shaded the brow of her mother; and this office was performed before the little mirror which had so lately reflected the features of Wolfe Grahame that it almost deserved the kiss which her lip half advanced to bestow upon it. She wrapped herself in a crimson shawl, also her mother's, and groped and scrambled her way to the airy terrace which hung around Brian's Tower, and over the open sea.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BAPTIST'S MORNING.

O! fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew—how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, go with thee!

Old Play.

FAIR was the view over sea and land which now met the animated gaze of Elizabeth, as she stood, for the first time, in the very centre of her ancestral inheritance. On the one hand was the vast and boundless ocean, its mighty heart calmly heaving; its living bosom green and lustrous, or variegated with all the shifting hues which embathe the dying dolphin. Though to sea-ward the sky was clear and serene, a silvery haze from the drizzling rains of the former day crept along the steaming earth, and partially blotted out the inferior features of the landscape; but above this fast shrinking scroll, the ancient trees of O'Connor's demesne, the scene of Wolfe Grahame's noc-

turnal adventure, were lifting their heads. The green knolls of the intervening downs along the shore, began to emerge from the vapour like islets in a misty lake; and on the heights still more remote, the fires lighted in observance of Midsummer-eve—the rites of Paganism and Christianity picturesquely blended—began to pale before the increasing splendour of the glorious morning.

For some time Elizabeth saw nothing of life around her, save a little fishing skiff crossing the bay which is crowned by that mountain lying between the Black Castle and the Market-town she had last left. It appeared to be rowed by a woman, and another sat in the prow unoccupied. From this object her musing attention was diverted by troops of a small and beautiful kind of black aquatic fowl, which ducked, and dived, and chased each other, as if sky-birds, through the rosy and purple clouds of the inverted heaven, now exquisitely pictured in the zone of waters with which the rising tide had once more girdled the Black Castle.

Lost in agreeable reverie she continued her circumscribed walk, when she was joined by Lord de Bruce. She sprang forward—then paused and hung her head; and her offered hand dropped by her side.

"Elizabeth, are we to be friends?" he said, taking the dropt hand. "Do we understand each other—are we friends?"

Elizabeth raised her eyes brimming with tears. "My lord, have not I an hereditary right to love you? Can I be untrue to my mother's blood?".

De Bruce, too much affected for speech, kissed her tenderly; and, instead of leaning upon her after his usual manner, drew her arm within his, and continued the walk she had commenced around the overhanging terrace. It was with an almost imperceptible sigh he said, "Two may walk abreast here, if they are friends."

While thus sauntering, talking of their journey to Grahame's head-quarters, which was immediately to be undertaken, Elizabeth perceived an array of military weapons glitter in the morning sun. It was in fact a small party of soldiers, who shortly afterwards emerged from the sandy downs and green knolls along the shore, and who bore aloft their bayonets. They were headed by three or four persons on horseback, who, so far as distance permitted observation, did not appear to wear military garbs. About the same time, the skiff which Elizabeth had formerly seen ran in under the rocky, natural bulwarks of the Black

Castle, and in it she recognised Rouge-mantle, and Chaunette the wife of the prisoner.

"I fear yonder party are in search of our poor refugee," said Elizabeth. "And how can they be parried?"

As she yet spoke the horsemen were seen to leave the party they headed and gallop onwards. At the same instant a drum and fife struck up, and the soldiers put themselves into quicker motion. In two minutes the horsemen were on the rocks opposite the landing place of the Black Castle, gesticulating to some unseen persons below the place where Elizabeth now stood; and she saw the chaloupe, with a man and a woman, instantly put off as if to pass over, and Slattery dash into the water to drag it back. He appeared too late.

"The squire comes to hexplore for himself, Master Dennis, with my lord, and a few of Sir Watkin's lambs to help," cried Mrs. Honour, as the boat glided off. "And yonder, I vow and protest upon my modesty—which is the maiden's oath—is my lady in her crimson catchmeere, walking on the bartizan with the sick gentleman; the same without dubiety as has been kept a secret from all the English born of her household."

"A big secret, jewel; stay till I hexplain it for you," cried Dennis, extending his hand to

seize the little dancing vessel on which he now fast gained. The voices of his mother and Chaunette called him back; and in surprise of their unexpected presence he lost some seconds of time.—Well did Dennis know his danger; yet even in this extremity it was impossible to resist the delight of bestowing a parting token of his regard on Mrs. Honour, whom he rapidly laved with salt-water; and even when she got beyond the reach of his hands, he repeatedly filled his *caubeen*, and sent the flying shower-bath after her. His merry laugh and her angry scream continued in the same key and note till the respective parties touched land on opposite sides.

"Here is a fellow would joke with the hangman, while he adjusted the rope about his neck," said de Bruce, who shared Elizabeth's anxiety for the result.

The party on the rocks, four persons in all, had already jumped into the chaloupe; and Elizabeth advanced to the very dizzy brink of the terrace, where some of the balustrades had fallen down; for she thought she recognised the white hat, nay the very features of Delancy; and behind him another—there was to her eyes but one such noble outline, one such distinguished being among mankind!—"Good heaven can it be he!" She

waved her hand and the drapery of her crimson shawl. She leaned forward, and de Bruce, afraid of her precarious position, circled her waist with his arm and drew her back. The gentlemen who stood in the little vessel moving so many fathoms below, all gazed earnestly upward, and one waved his hat.

"Oh, my lord, it is he!—Wolfe, dear Wolfe! and you have suffered so much!" She smiled in infantile ecstacy, and still spoke in fond mutterings as if the person so far below could have heard those whispers which must have been unintelligible to sense, had he even stood by her side. "Not he standing in the prow, my Lord,—not he, that stern and haughty looking man,—nor the man behind, he looks some vulgar person,—nor yet the other, that is Mr. Delancy,—but he!—he moves forward, he knows us. Wolfe! dear, dear Wolfe!" She poised her body over the dizzy brink like a swan taking wing. De Bruce again drew her back, her blood ebbing and flowing in a tumultuous tide.

"Trembler, lean on me," said de Bruce, smiling kindly upon her; "I will assist you down to bid our young kinsman welcome."

The vaulted entrance to the Black Castle somewhat resembled a cave; and was in reality an excavation in the solid rock, opening from that

causeway which, at low water, connected the building with the land. A drawbridge and double portcullis at this point had been among the original defences of the Castle; but they had long been neglected: the former was supplied by huge logs visible at ebb tide, the latter demolished. Verdure, and even such plants as endure the sea air, crowned this vaulted passage; and the front wall of the Castle, which was a continuation of the living rock, sprung sheer from it.

Arm in arm de Bruce and Elizabeth were hastily advancing through this darkened and singular tunnel, as the chaloupe, impelled by the impetuous strokes of the double-oars, struck on the jetty, and vibrated through all its planks.—At the sudden appearance of a total stranger, Elizabeth, recoiling a step into the shadow of the vault, clung closer to the arm of de Bruce. His eye caught that of the person who stood in the prow in the attitude of command; and he became pale as marble, as if some noxious reptile—the object of a horrible antipathy—had suddenly glanced on his path. He and his trembling companion were still in shadow, the advancing party in broad day; and Elizabeth caught the eye of Grahame beyond this tall and haughty looking stranger whom she had seen from the terrace.

"'Tis himself—Fitzmaurice!" said de Bruce, moving to rush forward. At the same instant the complexion of the person thus named caught the pallid hue which, in the countenance of de Bruce, had given place to a deep suffusion, Lord Montegle, hastily turned round and snatched a pistol from the person who stood behind him;—and Elizabeth, with a wild shriek, threw herself before her companion. She was clasped in the arms of her mother, and in the same indivisible instant of time, the bullet, which lodged in the breast of her who first and last had been a victim, slightly grazed the temple of her child.

"Unhappy and accursed!" cried Grahame, springing to land. "Begone, nor tempt my vengeance!" The person thus addressed staggered aside and leaned against the wall of the passage, supported by his zealous retainer Mr. O'Toole; and the intertwined arms of Elizabeth and de Bruce sustained the wounded lady, who, after a few moments of stupor, softly lifted her eyes as if unconscious of injury, saying, as they rested on de Bruce, "So you are come at last—ye are all come!" And her eyes, with angelic expression, wandered to Grahame and Delancy, again revisited de Bruce, and rested on her daughter.

Could the lives of all present at this moment

have redeemed that which was ebbing at every breath, how gladly would they have been laid down!—but Heaven selects its chosen ones. She was gently borne into the lower apartment of Brian's Tower,—the frantic despair which would have vented itself in shrieks of agony, stilled and subdued in the presence of her meek and saint-like fortitude.

Scarce was the wounded lady borne away when the wild Irish whoop, alike characteristic whether in the madness of riotous mirth or in the fury of headlong revenge, rung through the vaulted passage, the whoop of a savage, who, already embrued in carnage, thirsts but the more eagerly for blood; and Slattery made a tiger-spring from some recess of the subterranean way.

"My Lord Montegle, at your peril stand between me and my just revenge—stand aside! Though a host encircled him I will have his blood!"

The wretched victim, while the chill perspiration of mortal terror burst over his brows, cringed and writhed back behind his patron, as if to shield himself from the fate denounced by the eyes of his foe.

"It shall not avail you!" exclaimed Slattery; and another tiger-spring placed him by the side

of Lord Montegle, who was sunk in stupor. Dennis snapped his pistol at the very throat of his victim. It missed fire, and he dashed it into the skull of the man, who instantly fell. He leaped on the chest of the groaning wretch—sprung in air with the bound of a stag, and lighted on the breathing carcass, while the vault echoed the shout of "Erin go bragh!" and the laugh of a demon.

"Mother!" he said aloud in Irish, addressing Rouge-mantle who stood in the skiff, "I said there would be many a dark night between All Saints' Eve and the Baptist's Morning. The broad blessed sun is in the heavens; and I bless his beams which guided my hand so truly. I have finished my work, and am ready for your leading—Erin go bragh!" and he spurned the dead body with his foot.

"Cease, homicide! 'tis your aged grandmother commands you," cried Monica, advancing and addressing him in the same emphatic language he had employed. "In the living man the divine stamp may be defaced and polluted; but in the dead face respect the image of the Creator.——My Lord Montegle," and, now speaking in English, she turned to the unhappy man, who, without changing his position, vacantly gazed on the dead countenance—"My Lord Montegle, I do not bid

you come under O'Connor's roof; for well might you tremble lest it should fall upon you and crush you; but I bid you go from among us and speedily." She turned to her daughter—"Unhappy woman, what make you here?—must I to you repeat my adjuration?"

"Mother, for twenty years, bad as you think me, and hardened as I may be, I have not dared to look in your face," said Rouge-mantle, standing up in the skiff which rocked below, and stretching out her arms towards Monica. "I have done some good to those you love, at pain and peril to me and mine. We now leave this land for ever. Mother, let your curse pass from me!"

"Mother dear," sobbed Chaunette in her soft voice, looking imploringly towards Monica.

"Christ Jesus, for his Mother's sake, have mercy on you!" said Monica emphatically. "Go in peace, unhappy, but I trust not incorrigible woman."

Tears swelled in the bold black eyes of the vagrant; she turned aside and dashed away the unwonted moisture; and her son sprung into the skiff, as the military party, only five minutes behind their mounted leaders, approached the opposite side. Worlds may be wrecked in a space as brief!

Ere the skiff could be pushed off Monica retreated, and Delancy appeared and signalled Dennis to remain. "My Lord Montegle, I counsel instant flight," he said in a low voice. "Rouse yourself. The same unhappy persons, whom your prejudices or your enmity have largely helped to drive to desperate courses, and now send from their native country, are in that skiff. More generous than you have been, they will permit you to be the companion of their flight."

Though both the mother and son had heard the report of the pistol, neither of them knew what had been the aim, nor who the victim. They accordingly remained quiescent; and the miserable man, now roused to something like recollection, hastily said, looking on the corpse, "That sordid villain has practised on me;" and with his foot he pushed back the dead body which encumbered his cloak. "The daughter was mistaken for the mother. But have I no reason of complaint? My only child reared in ignorance of her father,—taught to distrust and abhor him; and to give her affection and confidence to another, that other my bitterest foe.—Does her mother survive?" and he changed colour in whispering the question.

"Do you live and ask such question of me!" said Delancy, dreadfully agitated. "Begone! my

lord. I, the nearest of your blood, renounce your kindred;—human society throws you from her lap as something more polluted than the vilest of the things by which she is defiled. Yet is your rash murder of this day less foul, less cruel, less damnably detestable than your deed of twenty years since. That sunk her into the most wretched of women: this raises her—long on earth but little lower—to be all angel. My lord, that angel sends you her dying forgiveness, and implores your instant flight."

The heart-struck man, on whose countenance despair and remorse had already imprinted the true Cain-mark of the murderer, bowed his head on his breast, muttered somewhat of the "shot being a random shot;" and Delancy stept forward to talk with Dennis, to whom he gave his purse. The soldiers were meanwhile embarking in the chaloupe left by the persons who had been despatched to summon medical assistance.

"Not bad pay for my lord's passage, if we only knew why he did us the honour," said Slattery in his natural easy manner, and putting up the money.

"I wish him off, Dennis—he is one too many here," said Delancy.

"Och," replied Dennis, "I take it now,—with

the gentlemen already in the castle above he makes one too many. Well, avich, yon same kick of the Flail came hearty from our passenger. So aboard, my lord ; yonder lobsters are pushing out their long claws ;" and he pointed to the military, who had luckily been retarded a few minutes by getting into the tiny vessel in too great numbers, which obliged them to put back and land some of the party.

"My lord, there is but one alternative, and only a second for deciding that.—Cast your lot for the present with those people, or I have no choice but delivering you up to justice."

"I am a peer of this realm, Mr. Frederick Delancy ; and my fate, whatever it may be, can only be determined by my peers," returned the unhappy man, drawing himself up haughtily.

"My lord, this is no time for debate. By the kindness of that outlaw you may reach the Isle of Man, and thence escape ; or you may remain to find that in this land the murderer, if a peer instead of a peasant, is but the more conspicuously a wretch, or a villain !"

Casting a wild and hurried look around and upward, and without saying another word, Montegle went forward and dropt into the skiff: the eyes of Rouge-mantle fixed on him with an expression

which made Delancy shrink. He waved his hand as the skiff darted off under the shelter of the rocks. Before disappearing Slattery rested his oars to snap his fingers as he shouted in triumph to the baffled military; and a shower of bullets harmlessly skimmed the waves far in the wake of the little vessel. With some spice of Irish contrivance, Dennis, with his old *caubeen*, stuffed a leak which was fast filling the boat, and hoisted his mother's red cloak, at once a sail and an ensign; it fluttered, filled, and swelled; and a favouring breeze bore the frail bark and its ill-assorted crew far out to sea.

Delancy, after giving orders for the dead body being removed into the chapel, returned to the apartment already described. Among the many saddened hearts it contained, there was none more deeply affected than his, as he gazed upon her who had been the object of his childish affection, of his youthful enthusiasm, of the mingled reverence and love of his matured understanding. It was by de Bruce that the lady was still supported, though her head reclined on the bosom of her daughter. Her aged nurse stood by, stupified with the grief which found no vent; and Grahame remained at greater distance, his eyes rivetted on

her who engrossed all feeling—all thought. She extended her hand to Delancy, by her eyes inviting his approach. "Your look tells me I am obeyed," she said. "Dear Frederick, who ever since you were a little child have been to me such a comfort and blessing, whom I have loved so well; our Elizabeth must not forget that your frank and honourable dealing has impoverished yourself to enrich her. Yet poor you will not be—would that my portion of the remnant forests and undrained bogs of the O'Connor, were more rich and fertile for your sake."

It was not in words that Delancy made his acknowledgments to her whose affection he valued far beyond her gifts. When she spoke so much, and even with cheerfulness, his hopes revived, and respectfully kissing the hand she had given him, he whispered, "You will live! and that to me will be better than twenty earldoms."

"Alas! dear friends, it is all too late! I cannot stay with you—but you will all come to me? While I live be all about me—when I am gone love each other. Oh, dearly, dearly have I loved you all!" She pressed the united hands of her daughter and de Bruce to her bosom, looking upward with a saint-like expression, as if she implored

a blessing upon them both—and then requested to be left alone with the aged priest who had lived in her family for nearly twenty years.

This interval was one of unspeakable suffering and anxiety to her friends. Delancy rushed to a solitary recess of the rocks, where, in childhood, he had been accustomed to sit at evening by her side, watching the sea-birds brooding on the calm. Grahame took another direction; and Elizabeth struggled with her own secret anguish, to assuage that despair which she trembled to think might hurry on a paroxysm of de Bruce's fatal malady.

The necessity of appearing with composure in the chamber of the dying lady manned him to self-control; and had a much stronger influence over his mind than the entreaties or consolations of Elizabeth could have had, had she, at this time, been capable of speech.

When the priest re-admitted this mournful group, the lady was found to be alarmingly worse. Her wound bled internally; and already her bosom heaved with the increasing difficulty of her respiration. Wolfe Grahame, witnessing the ashy colour, fixed eyes, and shuddering agony of Elizabeth, bore her from a scene which it was worse than death to witness.

Though the dying lady never again spoke, her

eyes steadily followed her daughter. It was now on de Bruce she leaned. It was he who held the untasted cup to her pale lips—who felt the faint pressure of her hand, even when the dews of death burst over it. It was he who wiped away the few small carnation bells which gathered on her lip—who caught her last sigh—who felt that the warm and gentle heart, which had sometimes throbbed too wildly for its owner's peace, was stilled for ever!—and who, after a breathless pause, closed the tender lids over those beautiful eyes which had grown dim and fixed in languidly gazing on him. It was from his silent embrace Elizabeth learned that she had no mother. She went from him to perform, along with Monica, those holy duties to the dead in which she would permit no strange nor menial hand to share.

The paroxysm which Elizabeth feared might ensue upon the death of her mother, was either restrained by the strong mastery which the unfortunate de Bruce strove for her sake to retain over his wild moods, or from the calming and hallowing feelings with which he contemplated the remains of her whom he had so fondly and fatally loved.—"In her coffin she is all mine!" was his solemn whisper to Elizabeth, when on the fourth day, and long past midnight, she went to wile him from the

chapel where the remains of the lady now lay, and in which he had every night kept his solitary vigil. "All my own! and for twenty years I have not slept so soundly."

Though Elizabeth could not participate in this somewhat perverted sentiment, she understood its source, and was grateful for its soothing influence. All those days were spent in entire seclusion, and when Elizabeth affectionately forced her way to his chamber, she was admitted, but scarcely welcomed. At last, however, though his frozen eyes could not mingle tears with hers, there came to be a melancholy pleasure in witnessing the lively grief which sprang from the same source. Her weeping relieved his tearless sorrow.

The dust of the ill-fated lady, if ill-fated she could now be called, was no sooner committed to the tomb of her ancestors, than de Bruce yielded to the anxiety of Elizabeth to remove from a scene which was becoming to him so dangerously attractive that he had seriously spoken of making this desolate hold, sought by the Lady Aileen for a temporary purpose, his permanent dwelling. This was a proposition which could not for five minutes stand before the frank, warm, and devoted affection of Elizabeth.

The presence of Grahame was still required in

Ireland, not only on affairs connected with Elizabeth's succession, but from the involvements which Delancy had drawn around himself in permitting the escape of Dennis. The death of Lady Montegle by the hand of her husband, was alleged to have been, as in one sense it was, purely accidental; and there was a general satisfaction that the unhappy homicide had escaped, and a certainty that he would not provoke inquiry by appearing in his own country. Delancy had written to the High Sheriff of the county, offering to surrender himself as soon as he had seen the remains of his aunt committed to the earth; and Grahame had recently owed too much to the generosity and active friendship of this young gentleman to desert him at so trying a crisis, even although he had not been the near relation of Elizabeth, and the beloved *protegé* of her mother.

It was from Delancy that Lord Montegle learned he had a daughter, and heiress—and that this unknown daughter had a husband, who, though obnoxious from family connexions, was nevertheless in all respects entitled to the honour of such high and wealthy alliance. Whatever had been the secret feelings of Montegle, when he was legally assured that this Scottish marriage could not be dissolved he lost not a moment in employing all his personal

interest, and that of his powerful political friends, to extricate his son-in-law, the future inheritor of his wealth, and probably the bearer of his family honours, from the scrape into which heedless gallantry had drawn him ; and this even before he had seen the young gentleman who had such unexpected claims.

Lord Montegle's extreme displeasure with Delancy, and a latent desire of proclaiming to the world the injustice which he had suffered by this conspiracy of the family of O'Connor to conceal from him the birth or existence of his daughter, probably furnished the strongest motive to his activity. It is enough that the Court Martial demanded by Grahame, was prevented, in a manner the most honourable and gratifying to the feelings of the young man, by a declaration from all the field officers in that quarter, that his conduct had been, in every point, becoming a soldier and a gentleman. All the influence of Lord Montegle might however have failed to obtain this acquittance, but for the frank and prudent confidence which Grahame had reposed in his commanding officer many months before, on the affair of O'Connor's escape. To this gentleman's honour he had, with prudent frankness, communicated his adventure at the Crossgates of Calerax, informed him that the fugitive O'Connor

was, he had every reason to believe, a near relative of his wife, and tendered his sword. This the high-spirited old soldier refused to accept. He said that Grahame had indeed acted rashly and most unwisely; but he owned that for his soul he did not know what else he could have done. The sword he had no title to receive; he hoped, and he was sure that in the same hands it would yet do gallant service. The courage and pride of Grahame were alike piqued to fulfil this prediction, and he in fact, painful as was the sacrifice both of domestic happiness and family interest, never resigned that sword till he had seen Ireland restored to peace.

The narrative of Delancy made quite intelligible to his uncle many mysterious passages in the correspondence held with Hutchen, during the period of O'Connor's concealment in Ernescraig. Lord Montegle's own recollections of the miserable period when his wife had been forcibly carried off by her brothers, fully elucidated the strange tale. He was pleased to have found something to forgive to his deeply injured wife; and looked forward with considerable satisfaction to a general family amnesty, no longer opposed by the hatred and violence of O'Connor, and to an old age more peaceful and honoured than the evil course

of his early life entitled him to anticipate. So argued one who having sowed the wind was fated to reap the whirlwind. The body of Lord Montegle, washed ashore on the Welsh coast some weeks afterwards, was recognized with difficulty. It was conjectured that he had leapt from the boat in a paroxysm of despair and madness. But tufts of wiry black hair, grasped in his death-clenched hands, told Delancy a fearful tale of a desperate struggle for life. It was found impossible wholly to disengage these relics from the grasp; and, however the truth might be, this fatal witness was buried with him, in the little obscure church-yard near which his body had been found.

It was O'Toole, his wretched instrument in the persecution of the race of O'Connor, and of their deluded partizans, who was the immediate cause of his last fatal crime. Mrs. Honour, though "English born," might, without much difficulty, have been persuaded to become Irish by alliance, and, in consequence of this philanthropic sentiment, chose to make the person named by his countrymen the Protestant Flail, the depositary of the secret of the supposed wounded rebel inmate of the Black Castle; at which she was not allowed to live, but which she visited occasionally to superintend her lady's wardrobe. The disastrous issue has been seen.

Delancy, we have said, conceived it necessary, for the vindication of his own honour, to surrender himself for trial. He had connived at the escape of one, who accused of felony, had since added murder to the catalogue of his crimes. In the panic-struck and exasperàted state of men's minds, at this most unhappy period in the annals of Ireland, considerable anxiety was felt by his friends for the result. But his personal character stood high and clear. The death of Lady Monteglc had been hushed up as accidental; and on the escape of Slattery the Grand Jury abandoned the bill for want of sufficient direct evidence. Delancy, who felt deep remorse for the rashness with which he had forced his unhappy uncle upon the protection of a man so desperate and revengeful as Dennis, became, for this and other reasons, extremely desirous to quit Ireland. He embarked, with his friend and relative Lady Harriette Copely, on board her husband's ship, then under orders for the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar he left the vessel and went into Spain, and for two years was not once heard of by his anxious friends.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

And its hame, and its hame, and its hame I fain would be,
And its hame! hame! hame! to my ain countrie!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Again I saw that lady fair
Oh! what a beauteous change was there!
In a sweet cottage of her own
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With happy smiles, and happy sighs,
She kissed the infant's closing eyes,
Then o'er him, in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed.
I thought upon the proud saloon,
And that Enchantres Queen; but soon
Far off Art's fading pageant stole,
And Nature filled my thoughtful soul!

WILSON.

AND now Elizabeth and Lord de Bruce, to whom she was become dearer and more necessary than ever, made their slow and melancholy way back into Scotland. Captain Grahame who was detained by various business, both his own and Delancy's, having escorted them to the door of the

Widow Mulroonie, agreed to rejoin them before they could reach Monkshaugh.

Elizabeth, the sun and centre of the system of Monkshaugh and Ernescraig, was now become the dearest remaining tie which held old Monica Doran to earth; and though the nurse had ever in secret blamed the intended marriage of Aileen O'Connor with a heretic Scottish nobleman, as the cause of the wrath of Heaven so visibly revealed against the whole race, she could not withstand the pleading of her beloved foster-child. It was intended by Elizabeth that this venerable and most excellent person, whose mind and education were so far above her lot in life, should henceforth manage the domestic concerns of Lord de Bruce, which Elizabeth had resolved should be arranged distinctly from the household of Monkshaugh.

The first gleam of heart-felt delight which had brightened the features of Elizabeth for many a day, shot blithely up, when, on the pier of Port Patrick, she discovered Mr. Haliburton, clad in deep mourning, but, as is not rare in a similar garb, looking uncommonly well. Through a loop-hole, formed by his arm, there peered another old familiar face, a dwarf Comus; nor could Elizabeth look without satisfaction on the apple of gold thus set in a picture of silver. As the packet touch-

ed the landing place, Lord de Bruce, with a grave smile, and a silent shake of the hand, acknowledged the presence of the reverend stranger, with whom he left Elizabeth alone in the parlour of the inn. This journey had been undertaken by the Minister to give her solace and welcome, by her own written request, sent on understanding that he was suffering both in health and spirits from the domestic calamity which, however, had been more afflicting in the manner than in the event.

It was Gideon who first broke silence—"Burd, we have all been i' the furnace; but, oh, 'Lizbeth, let us ne'er forget the merciful hands that were around us even then!"

Elizabeth made an earnest and expressive gesture of acquiescence.

"Poor Effie! I tasked mysel', 'Lizbeth—but I maun learn to be more respectful in my speech. When ye are far away, I sometimes fancy ye a great heiress and grand lady; but when I see your winsome face again, I think of nothing but yoursel', and forget my manners, though the Laird cautioned me——"

"If you ever forget to see in me your own Burd 'Lizbeth, I shall indeed fancy myself much wronged and forgotten," said Elizabeth.

"Weel, Burd, when we are alone, even in this

wilderness, so be it—and then will come the better day!—But poor Effie, I tasked myself, in the strength that is not mine own, to go through my Sabbath duties on the second Lord's day after my loss. It was dour wark, but I was upholden; whilk is more than I could say on the loss of Marion Hervey, my wife; so let us hope we are making some small progress in the Christian course—for then no sic grace of composure and resignation was accorded."

Elizabeth would not have smiled outwardly for the world: on the contrary, she made a kindly eulogium on the undoubted virtues of the deceased.

"Undeniably, she was all you say, Mrs. Wolfe, frugal, temperate;—and her great love for me such as it shames and grieves me to think I never could repay. We have all our sins and shortcomings:—the young man in the gospel, though, from his youth up, 'all these things he had kept,' yet lacked the one thing. Poor Effie's heart took a tough grip of the world; and it has aye been a mystery to mysel' that lively believers—ay, over many of them—who profess to think world's gear but coil and cumber, impeding their progress in the valiant fight of faith, should so cleave to the perishing things of time,

appearing to our blinded sight to hold them more precious than the nobler and enduring heritage, seeming to covet the citizenship of the New Jerusalem, chiefly, 'Lizbeth, because its streets are said to be paved with pure gold! And is it not deeper mystery that benighted Romanists, in their blinded will-worship, shew more zeal and devotedness, so far as regards stripping themselves of the encumbrances of worldly possessions, than the disciples of our purer reformed faith. They deny salvation to all beyond the pale of their own church, but, forbid, that we meted to them with their ain measure! Though ye need not mention, Burd, that I said sae—especial to John Trann."

Elizabeth knew well that part of this liberal declaration was intended to console her on the death of her mother, an avowed and zealous member of the church of Rome. But this unfortunate lady had been more devoted to feelings of true charity than to dogmas of sectarian belief; and, though her daughter was grateful for every kindness, this was a subject on which her mind required no soothing.

During this conversation Master Frisel had entered the room; and, in the first place, tendering his despatches, with many bows, he said—" The

Minister has gotten a clean new light on that text, 'A bishop should be blameless, the husband of one wife.' Ay the warld! the warld!—the heavy clog of the warld! for, wi' professors, come to discreet years like Mrs. Effie, it grapples harder than the rebellious flesh itself."

"I am glad you are aware of the snare," said Elizabeth, "as I understand you are now a rich man.—But give me the letters."

"This is a placet from douce Deacon Daigh; and this again, the Laird's journal, duly kept. But mony braw thanks to the Edinburgh Writers: they are like to free me of the soul-snare of abounding wealth. Mr. Andrew Dalrymple privately counsels me to take the five hundred pounds the trustees offer, though the Laird is for buckling on the black gown, and belling the cat for my right. Howsoever, John Baillie kicked the bucket last week—he's well away if he bide—and, they say Captain Wolfe is to be factor himsel' now; so I'll expect your good word, my lady, for the lease of the Grahame Arms, with the farm. I'll have enough to buy 'a neat post-chaise', with a 'stock of old wines, and sound malt liquors'—for I'm determined to keep the best of articles—to marry for love and work for siller; and lawyers and lairds may go whistle for Francie!"

"Heroically resolved! and my good word shall not be wanting with the new factor," said Elizabeth, smiling.

"They never yet wanted it who needed it, and a blessing with it. But let me now crave your letters; for I must ride home post. The wax candles were set in the silver branches of the Flanders' mirror a fortnight since. The blawmange came out of the Thistle-and-shamrock new mould a week since, like the polished marble.—The Laird took that as a grand omen.—The gudewives have brought us as many fat kain hens as have replenished all the cavies, and would furnish a bridal banquet every day for a month; but the worthy gentleman himself will be clucking about like a hen seeking a nest, till he see you all arrive in your glory!"

It was not long that Elizabeth detained the messenger of pardon, peace, and congratulation; and on the evening of the eighth day afterwards, the homeward party, now joined by Captain Wolfe Grahame, descried those jubilee fires which, like new-risen stars, studded the *braes* of the hill-side parishes, from the misty sources of Oran, to where the mountain ridge sinks into the fertile champaign, amid which its lucid waters mingle with the tide.

The jubilant shouts of the Pitbauchlie squadron were only subdued by the copious libations of ale and usquebaugh, ordered as liberally by Captain Grahame as if he had been a candidate for Parliament. Another welcoming group, but composed of more decent materials, was stationed at the Fords of Oran. Among these were the Magnates of the Sourholes' congregation; though it is to be questioned whether their pastor saw them with half the pleasure with which he beheld the clumsy-jointed, awkward-looking animal of the horse kind, which, on his exclamation of glad surprise, uttered a most ass-like bray of recognition.

"As I'm a living sinner its Jenny Geddes, 'Lizbeth!"

"Ay, and a new saddle on her back," said Frisel, who stood here; "and her foal trotting by her side. Lady Harriette sent all back in a compliment to you, before leaving the country."

"Jenny's foal! Its liker a filly; and for beauty just a picture!"

"And as like Jenny as an egg is to a water-ouzel;—so loup on and awa."

The filly was indeed a beautiful animal, most delicately shaped, a few stars of the purest white, scattered over a skin of bright deep grey; and Mr. Gideon, as he tried to draw his caressing

hand over Jenny's wincing, supposititious offspring, which tossed its mane, threw up its heels, and bounded off, resolved that it should be his gift to Elizabeth.

Under the shadow of the guardian trees of Monkshaugh's dwelling the carriage halted. "Our old friend will conduct me through the garden to my chamber," said de Bruce; "and do you stay, love, to be received. Robert will break his heart, unless he break your head with his cake. Come to me again when you can." And, conducted by Monica, he glided out of the anticipated bustle of hospitable reception.

It is reported, that even after so many weeks of diligent preparation, Monkshaugh, in his final hurry to receive the future mistress of his household on the threshold, forgot to undo the damask napkin which preserved his new light sage-coloured full suit from the contaminations of housewifery; and becoming quite conglomerated, even in the exordium of his speech, abruptly broke off with an embrace, which brought a rush of tears into the bright eyes of its subject.

"The right arm, Mrs. Wolfe, my love. And so our graceless nephew was quaking in his boots—but I hope he'll not enter the drawing-room in them—lest the auld uncle had gotten the heels

of him. Francie, the loon, let that cat out of the pock."

"Now, master, is that fair?" cried Frisel, holding up his silencing hand.

"Well, well, Francie, I'm prudent;—and she is standing by my side, red as a rose, for whose sake Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh, tenth of the Christian name in direct succession, will die as he has lived, a single gentleman, without marrying a leddy!"

"Bravo, uncle!" cried Wolfe. "But I hope we are to have supper?"

"I misdoubt me, after all," said Gideon, whose features travailled sore in producing a dry joke— "I misdoubt me, the youth is in a sort mansworn, after all. Did I not hear him, almost on this door-step, plight word and troth never to bring home, as lady love, to the Ha' house of Monkshaugh, any lang Irish madam, in the room and stead——"

"Most true!" said Wolfe, laughing. "This lady," and he passed his arm round Elizabeth's waist, and drew her affectionately towards him, "though not quite a giantess, nor even a 'lang madam,' is undeniably Irish."

"Hold your peace, nephew!" cried Monkshaugh, reddening with shame and indignation at the indelicacy of insulting "poor 'Lizbeth" with

the disgrace of her country. "The Honourable Mrs. Wolfe Grahame, younger of Monkshaugh—that is, if I marry a leddy—both in respect of her birth in the metropolis of this ancient kingdom, and my adoption and up-bringing, is a true-born native of Scotland, though an Irish heiress; and who names her less makes me his unfriend, Mr. Gideon. Elizabeth, my love, to me ye never will be other than John de Bruce's child—for if ye be not, ye should have been. And we trust our scant-o'-grace nevoy will never give us cause to regret we were not a half-score years younger, for your fair sake. Let me now conduct you to your chalmer, where ye may probably notice some trifling changes. If the fairies have dropt a few bridal tokens on your toilette-table beside a certain carcanet left in my custody, they may have fancied them fitting ornaments for the trifling collation which tarries your re-appearance."

Once again Monkshaugh returned to survey the banquet, his joy and exultation at the spring-tide.—But the web of life is of mingled yarn.

"Who durst drive the Turtles a-jee?" he was heard to exclaim. "The turtles billing on the bride's cake—its a matrimonial emblem, Francie."

"Ne'er the hair the worse emblem for being a thought a-jee at an odd time," replied Frisel, re-

storing the billing sugar-turtles to the perpendicular. "For my part, I thought them cankered kaes, they look sae sharp i' the beak."

"Kaes an emblem for a bride's cake, ye ignoramus !" said the Laird, giving the ornaments another finishing touch.

"I have seen as unsuitable devices," said Frisel.

"Mrs Wolfe must admire the delicacy of this garnishing of pomegranates and orange flowers: these are emblems too, Francie. Now, on Lady Amelia Rantletree's London-made bridal-cake, they had rabbits, of sugar paste, which was a monstrous indecency ! But fall back, Francie—there's my lord—ye take too much upon ye."

To gratify her old friend, Elizabeth had for the hour laid aside her deep mourning, and put on some of the ornaments which his fond vanity had arranged on her toilette—very inferior to the diamonds presented to her by Delancy, which he for one hour only possessed as the sole heir of her mother; those once purchased by de Bruce for his bride, and peremptorily returned to him by the family of O'Connor, had ever been intended for Elizabeth, when de Bruce was capable of forming any intentions on a subject to him so futile. He had forgot to give orders about those valuable ornaments, on which she could not yet have looked.

It was, however, de Bruce who conducted Elizabeth to Monkshaugh's banquet, and who took his place by her side. It was de Bruce, in a voice quivering with emotion, but which gathered firmness from the energy of the heart-felt wish, who, over the crowned goblet, named the old-fashioned pledge of the night—"*Long life and happiness!*"—And the prayer was heard.

It was upwards of two years after this period that Mr. Frederick Delancy, who had some months before returned from the continent, in the course of a rambling and solitary excursion through England, passed over to the Isle of Wight, the fairest gem in Britain's island-coronet.

In the wane of a fine afternoon he found himself near the villages of St. Lawrence and St. Boniface; and began to look round for a little cottage dwelling which was the main object of his journey. From a wide and noble sea-view, the ribbed surface of the billows gleaming in broad lines, bright, or dark, or purple-tinged, cape and headland melting away in soft lines and aerial hues, and a lively spring-tide coming whistling and dancing in, Delancy's attention was attracted by

the romantic beauty of a small white cottage backed by shrubby cliffs, and surrounded by a trim paddock and flourishing orchard. The verdure of the span-breadth lawn descended even to sea-mark; though a low fence of chequered pales divided the fairy demesne from the beach, along which the solitary horseman now slowly advanced. The glittering front of the dwelling seemed to be all framed of glass, so large and airy were the diamond-paned windows, and the sashed door, which glanced through a treillage of clustering vines and roses. The gables in the frequent fashion of that part of Isle of Wight, were covered even to the tops of the voluted chimney-stalks with broad-leaved ivy.

Among the many homesteads, uniting elegant rusticity with comfort and exquisite neatness, which Delancy had seen in the course of his morning's ride, this might have been overlooked, save for something in the air of the lady who, stepping from the sashed door within the pillared open porch, began to direct the labours of an old gardener who arranged bough-pots of choice plants around the walls.

" The same remarkably elegant turn of the head," thought Delancy, soberly smiling at former recollections, and checking the already slow pace of his horse. Could this, indeed, be Lady Har-

riette Copely, or a younger sister, who looked fairer and fuller, the complexion more pure, the eyes more brilliant? They became yet more bright when, looking up at the pausing horseman who had now approached the low gate, she exclaimed, "The long looked-for come at last!—Welcome, Delancy! alight, alight!"

The ancient domestic, at once butler and gardener, advanced to take the bridle of the gentleman to whom his lady gave such warm and cordial welcome.

"Lo! Andrew grins delight, and Neptune wags his tail!" said the lady, in allusion to her Scottish gardener, and her magnificent Newfoundland dog.

"But from whence last Delancy, you m t ungallant of correspondents and unkind of cousins?"

"Last from Scotland. This day month I received the stirrup-cup in passing the new-fronted Grahame Arms, from the fair hands of Mrs. Francis Frisel, that gentle giantess."

"Now, haste, give me news of bonny Strathoran, here in my porch. Above all, of Lord de Bruce—him of whom I shall never cease to think save with the liveliest interest."

"Better, Lady Harriette, than he has been for twenty years. But where shall I begin? With your 'dear Lord Rantletree,' with whom I dined—no *vino vitrawno*—which, after all, cost him only

about fourteen acres a bottle," said Delancy, laughing.

"Come, now, that is not so bad," returned the lady; "for I presume the preserved pines were included?"

"Certainly included. But may I ask whom your Ladyship's peculiar tact and industry have lately picked up for Juliana? The ladies of Rookstown and Strathoran are all in the dark: only something very grand is hinted—and doubted too."

"I give myself credit there, Delancy—a Cheltenham match—a thing which, nowadays, does not succeed above once in seven years; and last year the men, 'though strong on the wing,' were particularly 'shy.' Considerably dingy and damaged, Juliana's nabob is, no doubt—*un Monsieur agé;* in short, the identical papa of my pretty Rajah pou'ts, to whom Juliana mama's it with the most edifying mixture of dignity and captiousness. She has *cut* her mother for marrying 'a Doctor Mallock,' which she very properly calls—'a low and pitiful connexion for papa's widow.' But I think she still patronises me; quotes me at least, or appeals to me on the subject of papa's gardens, carriages, wines, and connexions among the Scottish nobility."

"But you don't inquire for tall John?"

"I do inquire for tall John, and with friendly interest," said Delancy.

"He is still my good-humoured favourite, and becomes the dragoon saddle into which you pitched him uncommonly well. He admires the stag-eyed Indian girl, his new relative, prodigiously; and is promised my influence; but Juliana demurs on the point of blood, which, you will allow, is in excellent taste for her. However, there is fortune—inalienable fortune. I made this a preliminary to Juliana's matrimonial overture; and I must speedily accomplish this marriage; for the union of the one sister will emancipate both.—But back with you to Strathoran. How does all look?"

"There are few changes," said Delancy. "There is one, however, that would gratify your Ladyship—a low, long modern wing, but in excellent keeping with the old mansion. It contains a handsome suite of apartments, looking back, over bank and *brae*, on the silver links of Oran. A private door opens on a new shrubbery, once the Ducot park; and a long covered passage, with double doors, of which Mrs. Wolfe Grahame alone keeps the key, communicates with the house. These apartments are Lord de Bruce's constant residence. Old Irish Monica is his housekeeper—Fugal his

groom; and from the period that the gable of the Sourholes cottage fell down, Mr. Haliburton occupies an apartment here, as friend, tutor, chaplain, librarian; in short, a person who cannot be wanted, even for a day. Lord de Bruce wishes him to resign his ministerial office; but this he will not do. He, however, receives none of its emoluments, which the kirk-session accordingly doles out in groats a week to old women and orphans. He has now a most sinful propensity to the game of chess, and daily beats Lord de Bruce, who was his instructer."

"But the mental health of de Bruce—is he serene—is he happy?" inquired Lady Harriette.

"He is not a man of this world, Lady Harriette, never will be—but who dare call him unhappy? He refuses to mingle in society, but he often rides out with Elizabeth, and sometime alone. She is his sun-light!—how pure and affecting is their union."

"But is he not well?" said Lady Harriette.

"Lord Rantletree still gravely opposes a verdict of *sane*," continued Delancy; "for he alleges, that though his lordship is better on some points, he is worse on others. He has, in short, taken a 'religious craze;' and entertains at the same instant a Popish housekeeper, and a Came-

ronian preacher:—what his own peculiar tenets are no one can tell."

"Perhaps his are the tenets of the gospel," said Lady Harriette, gravely. "Those of one who, long neglected, or neglectful, has at last, for himself, drawn living waters from the fountain head."

"I only know," said Delancy, "that in the room in which Mr. Haliburton presides, I saw Hooker and Boston, Pascal and Wesley, Fenelon and South, with a copious admixture of the Scottish Worthies from the Sourholes, lying together in amicable confusion. His lordship is exceedingly kind to Dr. Rubrick, whom we attended at Innervallie Chapel; he has met Dr. Draunt, several times; and Mr. Haliburton is his *fides Achates*."

"But his lordship never mingles in ordinary society?—receives no company?" said Lady Harriette.

"In his own apartments none, save the privileged Mrs. Wolfe Grahame, who spends many of her morning hours there. At one time she spent all her evenings with him; but just before my visit to my cousin, another guest had made her way into those enchanted chambers,—one, who, under the able instruction of her grand-uncle Monkshaugh, already kisses her hand, and curtsies with more of

the grace and dignity of the old court than any young lady of her months in Scotland."

"Ah! I comprehend," said Lady Harriette. "And indeed this is the only sort of young lady that I find irresistible."

"The doors fast closed against all the villanous and mature part of mankind," said Delancy, smiling, "never fail to fly open at the small scratching noise, and the infantine, inarticulate, coaxing murmurs of the little thing, tottering in its first attempts to walk, which has been named Aileen O'Connor."

"To some who inhabit there, the dearest of names," said Lady Harriette.

"To others there is another as dear," replied Delancy; "Mr. Haliburton caresses this little girl by the fondling diminutives of his 'Wee Burd,' and his 'Fairy Burd.' They tell that at five months old she knew him, and flew to him; and now, in spite of maidenly decorum, and the remonstrances of her grand-uncle, she discovers so much of her mother's early tastes as to clasp his knees whenever she meets him, mingle her fair ringlets with his 'lyart locks,' press the delicate cheek and small pouting cherry mouth to his grisly beard, and kiss him from ear to ear twenty times a day.—You find me eloquent on the subject of childhood," continued Delancy, smiling, though

very gravely; "but till I saw my own chosen, little heiress, *Aileen O'Connor*, I had never looked on children but either as pests after dinner, or figures in a landscape."

The infant Aileen, of whom Delancy now told, bore so striking a miniature resemblance to the lovely being for whom she had been named, in disposition, tone of voice, and expression of countenance, as well as in form and feature, that de Bruce, as he gazed upon her and held her on his knee, could again have become a dreamer; and have fancied that the angelic spirit of her who had 'made the starlight of his boyhood,' was once more invested in a lovely and innocent human form. Some little fit of childish petulance or playfulness, would dispel the illusion without paining the visionary. By the affectionate address of her mother, the artless facination of this child, in the course of the second winter, drew de Bruce every evening into the domestic circle of Monkshaugh, to read to Elizabeth as she pursued her work, or to assist in her simple concerts.

The remarkable resemblance of the little girl to Lady Montegle made her also the darling of old Monica; and if kindness and caresses could ever spoil a creature generous and affectionate by nature, the young Aileen ran some risk of being

fairly spoiled. Scarcely, however, was she perfected in her minuet curtsy, when her instructer left her wholly to the inhabitants of the enchanted chambers; and giving up knitting garters and laces began to study Telemachus, and the Chevalier Ramsay's Travels of Cyrus, for the benefit of his grand-nephew John de Bruce Grahame, now a Trojan of three weeks old, whom the Dowager Tamtallan had taken under her special protection. For his sake she forgave the sins of all his generation. Besides copious directions for rearing this young hope, she sent, together with her pardon, the ancient carved family cradle scooped from an Ernescraig oak three centuries before. The benediction of a Cardinal had hallowed the couch in which woman-child never lay,—and this with no disparagement to the witch-rhymes also muttered over it. The pageant of a public baptism in Tamtallan House, the Dowager being now too old to travel, Elizabeth evaded, both from dislike to all grand movements, and respect for the feelings of the younger Lady Tamtallan, who to her original sin of the nine Muses had since added the three Graces.

"O, how I should delight," said Lady Harriette, as Delancy concluded, "to say to the old unnatural hag—How interesting and beautiful

Lady Tamtallan does look, surrounded by her twelve unmarried daughters! How her green eyes would scorch me!"

Delancy, smiling at this burst of native spirit, now said—"Dare I inquire how long it is since the breezes of the Isle of Wight puffed away that attendant imp which resisted all my exorcism? How beautiful is your sea-side dwelling—with not a corner for spleen to border in!"

"It is very pretty, certainly:—I do enjoy a sea-view, and the music of the sea; for, since we parted, I have trode the quarter-deck—ay, and the main-deck; and seen old Ocean in all his moods—of sullenness, fury, or softness. But do not disparage your own powers—both the spirit of the storm, and the stronger spirit of solitude, failed to exorcise the inveterate fiend which defied your friendly philosophy. In truth, it required two roaring imps to expel that one; and less, I believe, could not have done it—but follow me."

And, on tip-toe, she led the way through the sashed door which formed a window of her small drawing-room. The trailing plants wreathed round the casements, and the light draperies within, shaded the elegant little apartment to twilight obscurity; and, in an alcove in yet deeper shade, Delancy beheld one of the fairest sights in nature,

lovely twin children sleeping together on the same downy pallet. The little fellow lay on his back—his dimpled feet and hands drawn up towards his rosy face—the lips busily employed in the mimic action of drinking in the maternal nutriment. The infant girl, already of softer beauty, lay with her face inclined towards her brother—her mother's long dark eye-lashes resting on the rich crimson of the little cheek—the smile of happy dreams dimpling the little mouth. Lady Harriette gently drew the shawl over the naked ivory shoulder which peeped out from this ingenious maternal quilt.